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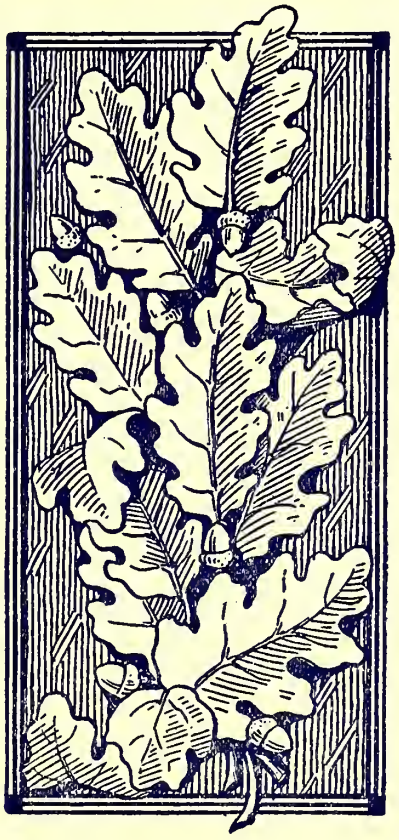

Number 1 October, 1924

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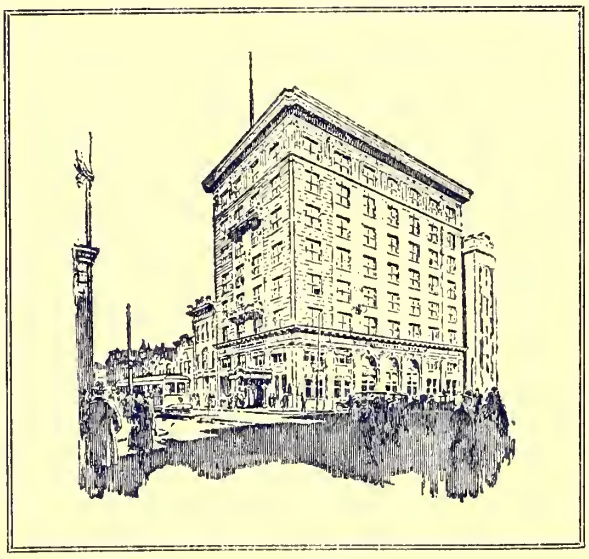

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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OUR LITTLE PLAYHOUSE

"The Carolina Magazine . . . is a literary magazine and none of the students read it. Not enough pep in it." Excerpt from Commerce School thesis—June, 1924.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't been reading the Magazine for some time now." Reply by faculty member to a question regarding an expression of opinion in the Magazine—May, 1924.

"The Magazine, although it has been the subject of much criticism during the year, has been but the barometer of literary ability on the campus. It has had much room for improvement, but even then not as much as the literary appreciation of the student body as a whole." Excerpt from Tar Heel editorial—May 30, 1924.

"The Magazine is too literary. The majority of students never open it. They want something with more jazz in it. They get enough textbook stuff on class." Statement by med. student in bull session—April, 1924.

The above forms a fairly accurate symposium of campus opinion anent the Carolina Magazine at the close of the past collegiate year. It is certain that during the past two years a pitifully small percentage of the student body has read the Magazine, not that that makes any particular difference—the student body being what it is—but what few did read it found little to merit attention. And three years ago a wider interest was sustained largely through a series of flaming editorials.

In consequence, it seems that we editors of 1924-25 have fallen heir not to a self-respecting periodical but to a super-annuated playhouse, a sort of boutique de joujoux, in which we may prattle and prance about for nine months and then pass on in favor of new occupants, with nobody much the better or much the worse for our having capered. So be it!

It is for this reason that we have deleted the trick line on the title page which used to call this "A magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor;" it is because of this fact that we preface our year's work with these remarks rather than a laborious tabulation of ideals for the Magazine. We have no ideals. That is to say, we have no ideals we care to set forth here. We have, simply, one intention. That is to play just a little harder than the editors who have gone before.

Nobody is more conscious of the manifold deficiencies of the Magazine than we are, though never for a moment did it occur to us that it has been at fault through being too literary. Rather we have waited in vain for the day when it should be enough literary.

We have little sympathy with insipid copy printed merely because the Magazine must contain a certain number of pages, though it is quite possible that we may be reduced to the same practice before our house of blocks is complete. We have no sympathy for editorials or articles which flame red for no better reason than to see the pretty fire burn, though we may very soon be taken to task for doing just that, or appearing to do it.

Do not be surprised if we print things this year which you never expected to see in the dear old Magazine. Do not be surprised if we chance to encroach a bit upon the field of the Buccaneer. Nor even if now and then, we laugh at you and at ourself. Nobody reads the Magazine; what difference does it make?

We have not bothered our head to provide a new cover for the Magazine. We shall not trouble in future to round up and print cuts of the Well and D. Poplar for the sake of your esthetic sensibilities. You see them daily.

But we hope that we may not say at the end of the year, as a former editor did, that "because of the fact we relied on no one else, the experience belongs to us, and has done us, not someone else, untold good." We should like the campus, if it will, to get some good out of the Magazine.

We do say this: If statements similar to those at the beginning of this little preamble are being made next spring, if they can be made truthfully and intelligently, we shall conscientiously recommend that the publication of the Carolina Magazine be discontinued as a useless expense.

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

October, 1924

A Controversy

My Reasons for Neither Supporting Nor Belonging to a Church

W. T. Couch

Before entering college I began seriously to doubt the authenticity of the Bible as the revealed word of God. However, I have never doubted the, to me, obvious truth of the existence of a power or powers outside of and greater than myself. It does not seem to me that this power or powers can be credited with being either definitely benevolent or malevolent. If it is characterized by either one or the other, I cannot see it.

Nature seems to work in an ordered manner, with continual change operating according to seemingly unchangeable laws. By direct observation I have seen the working of this power or powers in its laws to be ruthless and cruel as well as gentle and merciful; productive of misery as well as happiness; and it often seems that the misery is predominant, extended through greater time, and touching more people.

I do not claim to understand such a scheme of things. I cannot praise or worship any power or powers responsible for this scheme. I may worship and love it through my worship and love of the good, the true and the beautiful; but I may also hate it in my feeling toward the hideous and the false. I can disregard no one of the elements; each has its existence only in its opposite; that seems to be in the very nature of things, and if there is *one* supreme power, that power is responsible. I could not be sincere and belong to a church which claims to worship without hating at the same time; and sincerity is to me of more value than the problematical saving of my hypothetical soul.

But in spite of this objection, if I could find, to my own satisfaction, that the church is a real agent for social betterment, I should give it my hearty support; but I could not, without being intellectually hypocritical, claim to worship the God the church claims to worship or believe the doctrines it teaches. However, either my observation has been incorrect, or the church is not intelligently organized and intelligently working for social betterment. Superficiality is, as ever, its characteristic. For instance, the doling out of charity to the destitute, where the need is a study and remedy of the condition which produced that destitution; blind opposition of birth control and other proposed reforms because of the "Word of God;" the sending of missionaries to foreign countries where, as in the case of China, they discourage native means of birth control and emphasize the value of life—even if it be a "dog's" life—, thus not touching the big, immediate problem of the country, but only tending to increase the miseries of an already over-populated territory.

The church, as I see it, is a mere bulwark against social change, reflecting man's tendency to hold to the old and outworn, rather than an intelligent director and builder of change. To some, however, it seems to be necessary as an organization producing soothing intellectual pabulum; it may continue its existence, as it is, as long as they continue theirs; which, seemingly, will be for a while yet.

I can neither belong to nor support such an organization.

My Reason for Supporting and Belonging to a Church

S. O. Bondurant

Even the highly esteemed author of "My Reasons for Neither Supporting nor Belonging to a Church" admits the present necessity for such an organization. In a society where so many people can be classed as illiterates, even he believes it dangerous suddenly to convert to ashes the sanctuaries of God and to mummies the ministers of the Gospel of Love. And in consideration of the prevalence of the belief in the necessity of the church in a society organized as ours

is to-day the writer will not demand the valuable time of the reader by giving proof of the vaidity of this general accepted proposition.

That it would be dangerous to destroy the church to-day means simply that society could not, without marked detriment, maintain itself without the church. Now, so far as the effect upon society is concerned, the writer cannot discriminate between destroying the church outright and contributing to its death through omission. Either means death, and the death of the church, not the manner of death, is what means a ruined society.

I would belong to the church if for no other reason than this: that the human race can not at present (and I believe can never) dispense with the church without marked, immediate and permanent detriment. I believe I have no more license than any other person. If I have and use the right of not belonging to a church every other person living may have and use the same. And if everybody refuses to support a church, there would of course be no church, the necessity of the existence of which is undisputed. Obviously this contains motives both selfish and altruistic in that that which is beneficial to the society in which one lives is also beneficial to the individual.

Having thus stated, as briefly as consistent with the ideas I desired to set forth, my major reason for belonging to a church, I will now turn my thought to the reasons for not belonging to a church as set forth in the preceeding article. First, however, I wish to acknowledge an appreciation of the size of the subject together with the acknowledgment of an incapacity to deal adequately with a problem so comprehensive even if I had the space such a topic demands.

The author of the preceding article refuses to belong to a church and worship the "power or powers" equally as responsible for misery and cruelty as for happiness and mercy, and "could not be sincere and belong to a church which claims to worship without hating at the same time." As to the power being responsible for both misery and happiness, the author evidently fails completely in any appreciation whatever of a personal will. He says that "nature seems to work in an ordered manner,—according to seemingly unchangeable laws." As a person, he recognizes that. He knows that if he puts his finger in fire, he will suffer a burn; he knows that if he commits a sin, he will suffer. But even with this knowledge packed back in the confines of his own brain, in case he does what he knows to be wrong, and, as a result, suffers misery, he tells us that that greater power is responsible. In such a case we believe his personal will, as developed from youth, is the final determinant.

As for his inability to "be sincere and belong to a church which claims to worship without hating at the same time," the reasoning conflict here appears to be founded in the failure of distinguishing between the hating of persons and the hating of evil. We are taught to love our enemies as ourselves but to hate evil and love good. Love all persons, love the beautiful and the good but hate evil! For example, I love the author, I hate the spirit of the article, "My Reasons for Neither Supporting Nor Belonging to a Church."

There has never been an organization which has proved to be a more real agent for social betterment than the church. The author of the preceding article claims that the church is superficial, that it does not touch the big problems, but tends only to increase misery, that it does not attempt to find the cause of destitution, but rather treats it on the surface. We take the stand that there is but one big problem which, if solved, will have struck at the cause of all misery. If people are taught how to live right (and, from all record, that implies living according to the teaching of the church) there will be no destitution to relieve. Invariably the countries supporting the smallest number of churches are the ones which suffer most. The church, in teaching the individual and the group the principle of love, faith and hope, is striking at the heart of the problem. For if the heart of the individual is right, if his attitude is right, society need have no anxiety for the group. The church does not fail as an agent for social betterment.

If the purpose of the church were the same as that of the higher institutions of learning, that is, the development of the intellect, then its major function might properly be considered "an intelligent director of change." But there is no doubt that certain individuals have no capacity for high intellectual development. The same individuals have a capacity for spiritual development. The church must serve all mankind. It cannot be provincial.

I cannot refuse to belong to and support a church because (1) it is an indispensable organization; (2) it needs whatever I may contribute; (3) I need it. This, of course, is the purely rational view-point and supplements something which, though very real, is difficult of explanation. I refer to the noblest, highest human feeling, that feeling which whispers "This is right; that is wrong," a feeling which builds or kills, and cannot be neglected.

The Thing

Mary Calhoun Henley

The human mind presented to mystery strives to find a rational explanation for it. Then there is no longer mystery. That is the reason for Sherlock Holmes. In nine hundred ninety-nine mysteries there is a chain of logical fact. The thousandth mystery, the one that defies logic, is the one which clings and grows upon the mind until gracious oblivion overtakes it.

"Hi, there, Honeycutt, come in a minute. Here's something I'd like you to take a look at."

I halted in my hot afternoon walk to see big Alex MeRae standing in the door of his "Plain and Fancy Groceries" establishment. MeRae was one of my few friends in the little Southern village, "town". Business had thrown us into contact with each other and through him I had met a few other men. But the majority of townsfolk were naturally conservative and suspicious of any Northerner.

I was not surprised at MeRae's hail. He was always calling me into his place to "take a look at" something, a first cotton blossom, an extra large melon, a curiously shaped turnip; for MeRae, like many of the other shopkeepers, was farmer as well as merchant. It was, therefore, with mild curiosity that I followed him to the back of the store where packing cases partially screened a portion of the shop from public view and also from the light. In its dusk I recognized Jim Baxter, MeRae's sole clerk, and, to my surprise, "Crazy" Duke, a half-witted vagabond of the town. Duke was slouched on a low box, eating a piece of vividly striped candy from MeRae's showcase. He looked up unintelligently at our entrance, then returned greedily to his candy.

McRae gave me no time to ask questions. He stepped over to Duke and jerked the ragged felt hat from his scraggly hair.

"What do you think of that?" he asked, pointing to Duke's forehead. I leaned forward. A red mark about the size and general shape of a man's thumbprint stood out on the dingy skin.

"But what—? How—?"

"Don't know," answered MeRae, "and he don't either. Can you tell what kind of weapon caused it?"

I pushed the protesting Duke to a better light at the back door. The spot glowed blood-red on the dirty forehead. The skin was not broken, but a slight yellowish cast under the red indicated bruising.

"Does it hurt, Duke?" I asked, gently pressing the spot.

Duke mumbled something unintelligible, his little eyes shifting stupidly.

"No, it don't hurt," Jim, the clerk, answered for him. "He cries like a baby when anything hurts him."

I am no doctor but in my varied career I had become familiar with the appearance of skin under various influences. This spot had apparently been subjected to suction or to a vacuum pad. At any rate, blood had been drawn up through the pores and stood just under the skin. I said as much to MeRae.

"Here's a looking-glass," he said after a moment. "Maybe that will help him remember how it happened."

I held a rather wavy mirror before Duke. "How did you get that, Duke?"

Duke touched the image of the spot in the mirror and laughed, the terrible, foolish laugh of the idiot. "Big tree," he mumbled. "Big tree."

He would say nothing else and as he was showing signs of restlessness under our examination, we let him shamble out of the store.

"Where did you find him?" I asked MeRae.

"Jim, here, saw a bunch of kids following him and picking at him, so we brought him in. Then we noticed the spot."

"Did he say anything else that you could understand?"

"At first, when we asked him where he'd been, he kept muttering something about 'black woods, black woods.' Then you heard him say 'big tree.' If he means those woods belonging to old Lady Sarah Black, there's plenty of big trees in them. Mrs. Black hasn't had a stick cut out since her son, Angus, went into 'em more'n forty years ago and never came back. Sort of fetish with her, I guess."

"But would Duke have sense enough to know the wood belonged to a Mrs. Black?"

"Yes, all the niggers around, and whites, too, talk about the Black Wood. They say it's haunted."

"Indeed, and by whom or what?"

"By the ghost of this same Angus Black. He always was a wild boy, I've heard, and most folks thought he went out West. The old lady believes it yet, but the niggers tell that he got lost in that black stretch of wood, though a gang of men raked it through and never found a trace of him. He was a

Klansman and the darkies claim his spirit walks around there of nights. You can't get one of 'em to go near there if it's close to night. He was a terror—''

But here three important-looking matrons came in, overwhelming Jim with demands for ''some of those lovely peas that you had yesterday,'' and McRae hurried to his clerk's assistance.

I dismissed the case of Crazy Duke from my mind and went home. I was not to forget it for long, however, for I had scarcely finished a late breakfast the next morning when I was interrupted by the hurried entrance of McRae. He bent over my desk and spoke in a breathless whisper.

''Honeycutt, it's happened again.''

''What has?'' I asked stupidly.

''The blood red mark. I just met Crazy Duke on the street and he has another spot, on his cheek, this time. I asked him where he'd been and he pointed north,—toward the Black Wood, Honeycutt. I've got him out here in the car. You can come and look at him yourself.''

I went and looked. Sure enough, as McRae would say, there was a red mark on his cheek which matched the one on his forehead.

''How'd you get it, Duke?''

Duke laughed his idiotic laugh, looked at me almost intelligently and muttered: ''Big tree.''

''This ought to be looked into,'' McRae suggested.

''The police?''

McRae snorted. ''Imagine Bud Davis chasing a red spot in the Black Wood. I say, Honeycutt, let's do it ourselves.''

''Ourselves?''

''Yes, if we can get Duke to show us where he slept last night.''

''But will he show us? He can't remember anything.''

''Well, we can try him and see, if you're in for this.''

''Oh, sure! What do we do first?''

''Jump in the car and we'll see what kind of a guide Duke is.''

As we sped along the mile and a half of country road which separated the Black Wood from the village, I considered this new side of McRae. A sober, steady, shrewd grocer with this strange vein of adventure cropping out! It was a little pathetic as well as amusing—faded dreams, you know. I laid a mental wager that his eyes had not held that look of eagerness three times since his marriage.

The Black Wood was a strip of woodland about a half mile square, roughly speaking. As we approached its edge I could see that the trees which composed it, almost entirely long leaf pine, were the tallest, finest specimens of the kind that I had ever seen.

We enticed Crazy Duke out of the car by means of a stick of candy and with him began to walk around the edge of the wood. We had gone but a few steps when he plunged like a dog into the thicket which surrounded it and struck into the wood. We followed as best we might through the brambles, low bushes and vines which overgrew everything. McRae and I were both puffing when we arrived at a small open space, about the middle of the wood we judged. Here Duke shambled over to a gigantic dead tree in the center of the place and began eating something out of one of several tin cans scattered there.

''This is where he was last night and the night before, too, I reckon,'' said McRae.

We looked about us. On every side bushes hedged in the narrow opening and beyond them were the tell pines. The dead tree in the middle drew our attention. It was of enormous girth and in its prime had probably been taller than any of the surrounding trees. It had been broken off about fifty feet from the ground, doubtless by the same stroke of lightning which had stripped every vestige of bark from its dull, gray sides. I wondered at a tree in the middle of a wood being struck, since electric storms in these parts are rarely violent.

''Do you know,'' remarked McRae, as if I had voiced my thoughts, ''that tree was struck in the sixties, when the rest of these around here weren't much more than saplings. That's how it happened to draw lightning.''

''Funny it hasn't fallen before this. It must be rotten all through.''

''I guess the woods around it protect it from the wind, but it ought to be about ready to fall, anyway.''

''Well,'' I said finally, ''we're here. What do we do next?''

''I don't expect that we can do anything in daylight. Whatever happens, happens at night, from the looks of that.'' He pointed to Duke squatting at the foot of the tree. ''What do you say to our watching here tonight and seeing what we can see.''

I agreed, although dubiously, for McRae was not to be denied.

Seven o'clock found us, McRae and I, at the blasted tree in the open space. We had brought with us a blanket apiece, an axe to cut fire-wood, and our electric torches. Being of a cautious nature, I had slipped my automatic into my pocket.

After we had built a small fire, we sat at the foot of the tree and smoked and talked. McRae was a good talker, but tonight his conversation seemed to turn on the grewsome tales of the Black Wood, of which he had a full repertory.

''Yes,'' he would say, ''the Klan went after this nigger about midnight and brought him out here. They tied him to a post and burnt him, then made a cross out of his leg bones, put his skull on top and set it at the door of the next nigger meeting they held.''

Or again: "Before the war, niggers used to run away into these woods, which were thick even then. Lots of the slaves were brought back. Bloodhounds, you know. But the dogs traced several to this very tree, then lost the scent, and the niggers were never seen or heard of again. Just disappeared into thin air."

I am not of a nervous type, but I called time when he told the story of a bloodthirsty old man who had a mania for murdering red-haired people—my own hair was red—by decoying them into this wood. "Some of their bodies were found, and some of them just vanished," he added.

"No use of our losing all our night's sleep," I remarked hastily at this point. "We could take turn about watching."

"So we could," assented McRae cheerfully.

I agreed to take the first watch and McRae settled down in his blanket. I sat with my back against the tree and looked out on the surrounding blackness. Uncomfortable as McRae's stories had been, I would have preferred them to the visions which my excited imagination conjured up for me. The Klansmen were holding their mock court on the other side of the shadows. Their hoarse whispers were in the mournful wind driving through the pines. The old murderer of red-haired people leered at me across the open spaces. Every twig snap marked his step toward me.

I laughed at myself, but it was the instinctive fear of the unknown. Here I was, here we were, waiting for Heaven knows what manner of creature to come upon us out of the dark, and it might not be as lenient to us as to Duke. We had no idea how or when the attack would be made. It might be sudden or we might have a moment's warning. If it should be a quick, crushing leap—I shuddered and closed my eyes, leaning closer against the tree. And it happened!

A sudden weight on my chest, then a cold, clammy something sliding, groping, groping over my neck to fasten itself on my cheek. My arms seemed pressed to my sides. I was paralyzed for a second, an eternity. Then with a jerk I freed myself and snatched at the clamminess on my cheek, at the same time crying out to McRae. The thing slipped from my fingers like slimy, oozing mud and was gone.

McRae quickly flashed his torch over the little space. We saw nothing. Then, quite accidentally, as he said later, he turned it up the dull side of the dead tree. In the pale flash of the torch we saw it. Eight long, writhing, twisting feelers, or legs, were dragging a small colorless body rapidly toward the broken top. Even in my horror I noticed that the broad tips of the feelers clung to the tree trunk like a fly's, and that the body was covered with short fuzz. Instinctively I pulled my pistol from my pocket and fired—twice. The thing, poised on the top of the tree, flared up in one blaze of light to the tips of its feelers. It writhed convulsively like a coiling snake, then crumpled and fell,—not at our feet as we had expected, but into the trunk of the tree.

"Hollow," muttered McRae.

We looked at each other. What had we seen? A spider? No spider ever had writhing, coiling feelers like this thing. An octopus? Ridiculous, though it certainly looked like one. No octopus ever lived in a tree and the motion of the feelers demonstrated the absence of the rows of suction pads which characterize Cephalopoda. A grossly deformed snake? The red mark on my cheek was never left by a snake. There were suction pads on the end of the monster's feelers. Then there was the phosphorescent glare at my shot. That pointed toward a sea animal, but the sea was fifty miles away.

"I'm going to find out what it is," said McRae doggedly.

"By all means," I returned, trying to shake off my dread. "What do we do?"

"Watch this tree till morning. It might come out again. I don't think it will, though, because you hit it, all right."

"And if it doesn't come out?"

"We'll cut the tree."

We watched until morning. The words sound simple, but may I never watch until morning again with such a numbing terror pressing on my brain, fearful to open my eyes lest I see that writhing, twisting Medusa's head clinging to the bare tree; closing my eyes only to feel that cold, slimy feeler slipping over my neck, groping for my cheek. Ugh! It chills me yet. I was amazed at McRae's steadiness, but I could not tell what he felt. That odd strain of daring would take him through anything. And he was a "plain and fancy" grocer!

We watched until morning. The Thing did not appear, so when daylight came we cut the tree. The dead wood yielded easily to our axe and the ancient pine fell, breaking into pieces by the impact of the earth. It spewed out the whole contents of its rotten sides as a fit climax to the horror of the night. Bones! Layer on layer of skeletons of hundred of small woods animals were in that tree, and further down near the bottom were rotting crumbling human skulls, with bones to match! Each narrow layer was separated from the others by a mass of matted twigs and leaves, utterly decomposed near the bottom, but actually fresh at the top.

Not a trace of the monster could we see, not a trace, save on the topmost layer of twigs and leaves was a heap of ashes. They were not wood ashes but

(Continued on Page Twenty)

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1924

The Literary Societies

The Di and the Phi are out of joint; that is obvious to the most casual observer. One has only to attend a session of either to realize that they are approaching a palsied death, or, at best, a state of comic coma. This, in view of their past glorious traditions and the campus' present need for the societies, is nothing less than a tragedy. But what can be done about it?

After having observed the state of mind of this student body for several years, we believe that the abolition of the present unwritten rule which requires that a man from the eastern part of the state join the Phi and a man from the western part the Di, and the inauguration of a system of bidding members similar to that employed by the majority of campus organizations, would go a long way toward solving the problem.

Rabid proponents of campus democracy may consider this idea heretical. But we say to you that with a rapidly growing and ever more democratic, if less cohesive, student body, the literary societies have steadily decreased in vigor, have failed to hold their place in the sun. They have filled up with deadheads who have made nobody happy but the treasurer, who joined simply because (to them) it was the thing to do, because Daddy belonged, or because a friend or old grad asked or advised them to join.

In large measure, the really able members, especially of the upper classes, bored and disgusted with the drabness of the meetings and the pettiness of discussion, have sought diversion and mental stimulus elsewhere, notably in the gentleman's bull session. The members who attended the meetings derive little benefit from them as a result of the lack of leadership, initiative, and intelligence.

But with membership by invitation, the personnel of the societies would form a selected group, and discussion, quite naturally, would be on a high and interesting plane. To be a member of either society would constitute an honor; competition for members and membership would be resultingly keen. With the line of demarkation abolished, and good men eligible to bids from either society, each one of them would have to keep its sails trimmed and its decks cleared in order to have something to offer the new man.

Of course there would have to be a field from which new membership could be drawn. This could easily be provided by enlarging the scope of the present Freshman Debating Society and making it open to members of any class. It could be made into an open forum and might eventually come to fill a need on the campus which even the societies cannot. A six-months rule, similar to the one-year rule in athletics, whereby a man must serve a two-quarter apprenticeship either in the debating society or on the campus at large before being eligible, might even be adopted.

Another field fertile with embryo members would be Professor George McKie's classes in public speaking. All in all, a fair proportion of the members of the freshman class passes through his hands during the course of a year, and we have no doubt he would be delighted to make recommendations.

We believe that the adoption of this plan would serve to improve the societies greatly or to kill them off quickly. Either result would be better than the lingering death they are now in the process of dying.

Not so Flattering

In the Sunday edition of the *News and Observer* for August 31, 1924, the following item appeared in Miss Nell Battle Lewis's column under the heading "Highly Flattering."

"Governor Morrison's ships and terminals proposition is now to be submitted to the vote of the Great Sovereign Peepul. Speaking as one of the Great Sovereign Peepul, I am highly flattered by the legislature's assumption that I am an expert in economics and qualified to pass on this technical and complicated question, the extent of my knowledge of the subject being actually something less than nil."

For the enlightenment of Miss Lewis and any others who may be in darkness we should like to state that a commission under authorization of the legislature

has investigated the subject and has published a pamphlet making available the information to those who desire it.

We should also like to suggest to Miss Lewis that an interest in public affairs is one of the things she should have developed in her college life; and if she is truly educated to take her place in a democracy she will read, criticize, and call to the attention of others this source of information instead of bewailing her ignorance. Her not having discovered this is almost sufficient proof, so far as it applies to herself, of her last year's contention with the editor of the Carolina Magazine; namely, that the formation of friendships was the biggest thing to be got from college life. From this particular instance, we wonder whether, before or after, she has gotten anything else?

Now if Miss Lewis doesn't know where to get one of these pamphlets, or how to go about getting one, in her state of sadly neglected and incomplete education, we, though we cannot complete her education, offer to give her the following information free: call up Governor Cam and congratulate him on having done at least one sensible thing during his regime, then ask him for a dozen or so copies of the Report made by the commission; if success does not attend these efforts just write to the Editor of The Carolina Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C., and he will see that copies are sent immediately.

Or, better still, in the next issue of the Magazine, there will be an article on the subject from which the ignorant may learn.

The report referred to is easily understandable; all that is necessary is the ability to read and an intelligent interest. We assume that Miss Lewis has the first, and we hope she has some of the latter, though it seems from the item in her column that she has no more than a desire to be humorous, and a desire to cast stones at a form of government which even she, with all her college friendships, could hardly improve upon. Or if she can, she is criminally negligent by not doing so; for the Lord knows, as do we fresh college men, it is a poor form of government which has to look for direction to such ignorance and almost indifference as that which she, a supposedly intelligent citizen, has admitted.

W. T. C.

The Cover

Reviewers of the Magazine as well as others last year raised more or less kick against the monotony of the cover and against the cover itself. We, however, rather liked the design and were not particularly oppressed by its sameness. Certainly it was superior to any Magazine cover of very recent years. And far better periodicals than this one have worried along between unchanging covers.

Consequently, the design of this year's cover remains essentially the same as that of last year. However, we have adopted a varying color scheme which we hope will do away with the dread fault of monotony. This is, in a sense, an experiment. Heaven forbid that the result be as disastrous as in 1922-23!

A Word to The P. U.

The Publications Union, inaugurated last year, was a great success. The circulation of the three publications under its control leaped from a scant several hundred to more than two thousand; financial troubles melted away; the future looks bright. But we have one word to say to the board.

The Union last year paid entirely too much attention to business at the expense of the editorial department. The several editors were not accorded the support they should have had. And naturally the publications suffered. The Yackety Yack, even though the editor of that book receives a handsome salary while the editors of the Tar Heel and the Magazine receive nothing, was the heaviest loser.

The student body voted the Publications Union into being in order to secure better publications, not to furnish a stamping ground for ambitious young commerce students. We hope the new board and the new business managers see fit to recognize this fact.

Library Hours

The Library closes too early. We venture that as much studying is done between ten and twelve P. M. as during the whole of the remainder of the day, and as much Sunday night as on any other two nights, regardless of what Dr. Frank Crane or the Epworth League might think about the matter. Certainly these are the hours when one is most prone to do the sort of studying that requires the use of the Library. Yet at both these times the building is closed.

It is asking too much of the undergraduate to expect him to get seriously into research work before eight-thirty. As it is now, he hardly gets settled before he is chased out at ten o'clock. It seems reasonable to think that the Library could very easily employ one or two more student assistants or open an hour or so later in the morning. It would be of some assistance, especially to lower classmen, if simply the reference room were left open from ten until eleven.

The fact that other libraries in the South, both collegiate and public, maintain similar or more scanty hours, and are closed at times when they are most in demand, is no reason why our library should remain in the same rut. Longer hours would serve not only to remove a hardship for many students and faculty members but also to lighten the load on the already over-burdened Library.

THE PASTURE

J. E. H. AND W. T. C.

Hello.—After a brief but hectic existence last year *The Pasture* was turned under and allowed to lie fallow for a season. With a brand new crop of alfalfa in full bloom, new reinforced fences, a patent gate, and two inmates instead of one, we, the said inmates, announce the re-opening of this *plaza del toros*, and snort greeting to the dear peepul. Let the Taurus flow!

* * *

Anent Taurus.—My secretary is now engaged in the process of calculating how far the pictures of Cal Coolidge in the newspapers and elsewhere would reach if clipped and laid end to end. I mean the pictures where he is shown playing tiddledywinks on the back stoop or speaking to the Rotary Club of Podunk or turning the first spadeful of earth for the new home for Has-Been Hoboes in Googleville or milking the pet buffalo on his father's farm. The secretary thinks that with next Sunday's crop of supplements the line would fall a mile or so short of Denver.

After hearing Cal do his stuff once, after reading some of the things he has said and written, after watching him cavort about in the news reel several times, I am convinced that he is the central figure of one of the shrewdest and most far-reaching publicity campaigns of recent years. The thoroughness with which his few virtues have been applauded and inflated and his numerous faults buried and forgotten is almost amazing. My hat is off to the press agents who have made Cal Coolidge from a h'ck into a hero.

* * *

Question.—For the eleven hundred and forthy-seventh time, more or less, I have been told by sympathetic well wishers "Oh you're young yet; you'll change your ideas about things."

Yes, I guess I will. I hope I'm not dead yet, either physically or mentally—like some people I know—and, in spite of the summer school, I'm hoping I shall not die soon. That is saying no more nor less than that I do not want to cease to change; for when one ceases to change, either physically or mentally, one is then partly or totally dead.

Question: How many people are partly dead, and how much dead are they?

Note: If you haven't a strong mind, accustomed to handling big numbers, and if you haven't had several courses in higher mathematics, you had best leave this problem alone.

* * *

Furriners.—North Carolina has less alien blood per square inch than any other state in the Union. That is one good reason why she also has less writers, less painters, less sculptors, and, above all, less musicians than practically any other state of equal resource; certainly any other state of equal bombast. Of the sparse crop, only one, a writer, has ever, to my way of thinking, achieved real greatness, and that outside this state.

* * *

Bombast.—Speaking of bombast, the state legislature held a special session during August and bombast was that which there was right much of present. Passing through the Capitol square not long since, I noticed that a limb just outside a window of the Senate chamber, a limb on the most magnificent tree in the square, was dead. Tree surgeons worked on the tree a short while ago and the limb in question is the only dead wood on the tree. I couldn't help but wonder if its proximity to the Senate chamber and that room's variegated hot airs had been responsible for its demise.

It was during this session that I noticed a characteristic of legislators which had not occurred to me before. This was their *penchant* for quoting poetry—reams and reams of it. All of them did it, young and old. Needless to say, it was didactic poetry, and oh, what a lot of it was loosed on the helpless listeners.

It was used to drive home the point of an argument; it was used to extract and blunt the point of an argument which a former speaker had driven home; it was used to implore the gentlemen to be sedate and serious; and it was used to make light of grave matters. In a word, it was the factotum of the General Assembly.

Nearly every member succumbed sooner or later to his innate "poetic complex" and ended or climaxed an address with a gob of poetry. A lot of it sounded

like Eddie Guest, and I had a suspicion once or twice that some of it, some that I couldn't quite place, was original with the speaker. Maybe, though, the faintly discernible paternal air which accompanied such pieces was the Addison-Sims-of-Seattle sort of pride rather than pride of authorship.

The Capitol, since its renovation by Atwood and Nash, is more beautiful than ever. It is like a very handsome coal miner after a bath. And the new chandeliers add greatly to the appearance of the interior.

The building, to my way of thinking, is one of the most beautiful in the South as well as one of the most pleasing in the Nation. Yet I have heard I don't know how many people bemoan the fact that the State does not tear it down and build an "up-to-date" Capitol.

I am proud of and grateful to the legislature of several decades ago which (whether it was from an aesthetic motive or not) killed with little comment a bill to do that very thing. The state can dig into the earth for more executive space if need be; but for pity's sake, do not let us destroy the most beautiful building in the state.

* * *

Kluck, Kluck.—During the Defense Day parade in Raleigh a more pronounced ripple of applause was accorded to the representatives of the K. K. K. than those of any other organization. The difference was caused by the kids' spontaneous approval of the glaring red fusees (the parade was at night) which attended the progress of the Klan kar. At least I hope it was!

* * *

Supplication.—We had just come from Gooch's and were walking past the Methodist Church where services were being held. Suddenly we stopped and listened;—a fervent prayer was being spoken by someone, and it seemed to be coming from within the Church (although it might have been our imagination.)

"How long, oh Lord, how long are we students to suffer the penny squeezing exactions of a bunch of stew and soda-pop artists? How long wilt Thou, oh Lord, permit Miss Cates to charge about 25% higher prices than one J. O. B. writes that he is paying in Winston-Salem, N. C., for the same food? How long wilt Thou permit Miss Johnston to charge nearly twice as much for less food? Oh Lord, we thank Thee for Sutton and Alderman's; but even there we were recently dished up about two cents worth of ice cream for ten; and we have seen others receive the same again and again. Oh Lord, please reclaim Mr. Gooch from his unholy clutching at pennies; for he too has charged us ten cents for two cents worth—not to mention any of his other strayings from the straight and narrow way.

"Oh Lord, we pray Thee that Thou wilt show them the error of their ways; and if they continue not coming across with a square deal, send us someone who will."

To this prayer, I, who had been standing dumbfounded, who had just been gouged for two cents worth at ten, uttered a fervent and supplicating, Amen!

* * *

Men.—A man may be a man, and all that; but here on the campus of the University of North Carolina, he is not, in certain respects, given credit for his manhood, nor opportunity to develop it further.

Like the teething baby he is fed his soothing syrup regularly; so many times a day he must attend classes to get his medicine. He has no choice; his own judgment as to whether the class or something else is more important is suspended. His will, unless he cares to break rules, has no opportunity to come into play. He cannot go and take a bad dose of medicine on the supposition that it is good for him by willing to do so. He is reduced to a mere automaton, who goes and comes when the bell rings.

When men are made by such a system as this, of which class attendance is, of course, a mere detail, but nevertheless significant, the past is perpetuated in them. They hold the past in the present; life outwardly becomes stereotyped, but underneath, as ever, change proceeds with time; then crash! comes the breaking up of the unadaptable form. The past cannot fit a changed and changing present. If society is to perfect itself, as some seem to think it may, it must continually adapt itself to change. A made man cannot adapt himself; men without the power developed within them to choose, and the will to choose, cannot master themselves or their world. To exercise choice, within the limitations prescribed by nature, is a man's right; the ability to exercise it inteligently is a man's accomplishment.

* * *

Rot.—Last year I became thoroughly disillusioned. I had thought myself obligated to some extent to study every course which I took. But now I am thoroughly convinced that any man who wastes his time studying some of the courses he has to take either has very little else to do or has no sense about choosing that which will be valuable to him. For some of the courses which I took were pure rot, and taught in such manner. I for one, admit that I have a weakness for a Phi Beta Kappa key. But should

I classify myself as a fool in my own mind by studying what I consider foolishness in order to make an organization which is supposed to be made up of those who are not fools?

As to the courses in the University which are "pure rot" and taught that way something specific will be said in a later issue.

* * *

Tee Hee.—Things that have made me laugh recently: On Madison Avenue near Forty-Second Street: A woman on crutches selling the *Christian Science Monitor.*

In New York state: A woman ninety-five years old arrested and convicted for vagrancy. She begged a few pennies; she got six months in clink. (This was a hollow laugh.)

In North Carolina: The weather.

* * *

Frosh.—By Jove, I almost forgot! This being the first issue, it is practically encumbent upon me to say a few well-chosen words to the incoming freshmen. Not that I have any peculiar aversion to busting precedent, but some of my new brothers might feel hurt at being so neglected.

Hence:

The president of one of the Middle-Western state universities has stated four reasons why a great many college students fail. These reasons do not offer anything particularly new to the field of education, nor are they by any means all the reasons, but they do cover a fair proportion of the ground.

The reasons are:

1. "Sheer lack of intellectual ability.
2. "Absence of certain necessary moral and character qualities.
3. "Ignorance of what it means to work, and of how to work.
4. "Lack of definite objective."

A very large percentage, perhaps a majority, of our newest class (as well as a startlingly large number of upper classmen) will be deficient along one or more of these lines, especially the last and the first.

The first factor will take care of itself; the dumbbells will exit from the scene sooner or later, and properly so. The last factor is natural; few university men, from the very nature of the species, have a really definite objective in life. That is one reason for the large enrollment in the Liberal Arts school. The two remaining faults must be conquered by the student himself.

Here at Carolina the student comes nearer than at any other college in this state to being master of his own soul. It is perhaps the one school where he may develop to the fullest his own individuality *sans* coercion. He will be required to take some irksome courses, he will justly find fault with the honor system, but unless he is so self-centered or so impervious to environment that his mind is static, he will find ample opportunity (in spite of what has been said above—ssh! this is for freshmen, you know) to become a man.

On the other hand, the very freedom of the place makes it just as easy, perhaps easier, to go to the dogs here as anywhere else. There is ample opportunity to degenerate and plenty of companions to assist in the process. At Carolina a man is in a fair way to make himself or break himself. (Notice that I do not say Carolina makes a man or breaks him). You may take your choice.

And that's that.

In the next issue The Magazine plans to give birth to an Open Forum department. If you have anything at all to get off your chest, to kick about, to praise, to discuss, send it in and we shall be glad to print it—if it is bona fide. Address all communications to Box 1088.

Everything in

STATIONERY

Foister's

Kodaks Victrolas Radio

A Question *of* Morals

On the statute books of North Carolina playing cards for money is catalogued as a crime and made sufficient cause for punishment of offenders by the state. Strange to say, however, a man still may risk several thousand dollars, or his whole property in a real estate deal; he may risk his resources in buying and selling goods or labor which he never sees; if he succeeds, he is a good business man. Yet, if he bet on a straight flush in a poker game he is committing a crime! In each case, if he is a skilled manipulator, he is almost sure to win.

The poor fish has had his shiny scales raked off in real estate deals as well as in draw poker. As hackneyed as this comparison is, it is nevertheless true: the day laborer in North Carolina, as well as elsewhere, is playing a life game of poker with the deal nearly always in the hands of a small group of skilled manipulators; and the cards have been in the past, and can now be, easily stacked against the laborer. For instance, when the mills and factories want to shut down because of "over-production" or for some other reason, they can do so. The day laborer gets paid for the number of hours he works, whether that pay be sufficient or not. At certain times in our history and in a few places now, the laborer does not get enough returns from that which he produces to buy back enough of it to live decently. At times, the materials, not being sold, pile up in surplus, and the factory or mill hand loses hours of work and income because he is too good a producer! While some dealer juggles the surplus and rakes off millions, the day laborer eats half-rations. This has happened and there is nothing to prevent its recurrence.

The cards are dealt and stacked in this big game and our legislators, backed by women's societies, B. Y. P. U.'s, etc., make it a crime to take a chance on a paper card against four others. In the little game the immediate result of a bet, except rarely, could not affect over a dozen people; in the big game whole communities, the State, the Nation, and the world is involved.

We are not particularly desirous of gambling with cards just at present; we are too busy and too broke even if there were not other reasons. But we must admit that we enjoy a game of poker; it is good fun, when not too expensive, and seems to be good training for these other ways of gambling, which are bigger, have more thrill and more gain,—and also fewer rules. We only desire to point out that the legislature which made this law is in the position of the surgeon who operates on a man for an uninfected pin scratch when he has a groaning, rotted appendix within.

Now before anyone becomes too excited, let us admit that, so far as we know, never before has the laborer been in better economic shape than he is today; that he is getting a proportionately greater return than ever before; that our man's "appendix" is, at present, in fairly good shape. It even seems that the business man either has developed a soul or has seen that a satisfied workman is a business asset.

We don't care anything about changing our man's "system." Nor do we desire to change our economic system. It seems to allow us more freedom and opportunity for development of the individual and society in general than any other system could offer; consequently we, until shown a better, are devoted to it. But we shan't do as the ostrich does about it.

Yet, if we have the right, which we desire to keep, of buying a corner lot on the chance of making money on it, we believe we have the right to buy a chance on a paper card. Our man's "scratch" is no more likely to become infected than is his "appendix."

But let us add here, that the game, whatever it may be, should be played squarely and according to the rules. That eliminates most of us college fellows; for we cannot honestly risk another man's money unless he is a party to the game. In other words we can't be honest and gamble with dad's gold unless he knows it; we can't be honest and gamble with borrowed money unless the character of the deal be made known to the lender; we can't be honest and play bets on the Carolina campus because we chose to come here knowing it to be against the rules.—Yes, we *are* getting preachy, but we feel that some of us need the gospel.—W. T. C.

Givo

By A. K. King

I

I saw him for the first time out on the job one day when the superintendent had sent me up to the end of the line to inspect a shipment of new material which we had just received. As I stopped my car I saw at once that something unusual was going on.

"Get to work there, you Hunkey divils! What the hell do you think this railroad pays you for!" I heard the big red headed foreman yell at his gang.

One of the United States mail planes was sailing gracefully off towards the west. This novel scene had completely captured the attention of the Italian workmen, who had dropped their tools and were now craning their necks in its direction. So starved were they for some diversion in this wild country that they were actually oblivious to the shouts of the threatening foreman.

"I'll teach ye to hear me warning," he shouted again, and then did the most inhuman thing I have ever seen. A poor, drawn, shrunken, little fellow, half the size of the angry giant, was the nearest offender. Without any warning he struck him full force in the face. The Italian lay where he fell, dazed, shocked, bewildered, and absolutely ignorant of what wrong he had done. His comrades silently fell to work.

"Get up, you dirty Wop, and get to work," the foreman commanded. "I guess you'll know when to move now." He sat up trembling like a cowed pup, then without speaking he arose, although he was so weak and excited that he could hardly stand. One side of his face had struck in the cinders as he fell, and was covered with a great ugly bruise from which the blood was slowly trickling down his beard.

Seeing that he was unfit for any further work that day, I thought that it was best to try to get the poor fellow back to camp. However, I knew that one had to use diplomacy with Mac.

"Having a little trouble with them, Mac?" I asked casually.

"Yes, the lazy divils. Handle them rough, that's Mac's policy," he answered with a grin.

"Well," I complimented him, "looks like you've done a pretty good job this time. Better let me take him in and get him patched up."

As he didn't object, I told the Italian to get on the car and wait until I came back. After I had taken a look at the material and listened to Mac's inevitable grumbling about "rotten ties, warped rails, and damned Wops", we started back to camp. My passenger clung on to the car in silence, evidently glad to get away, but pathetic and inexpressive. I found out that his name was Givo Carzinne, and that he had been shipped in from Chicago with the rest of the Italians to help build the great railroad. But he shrank at the very mention of his cruel treatment at the hands of the boss, muttering "Ah yes, he gotta da bad eye, no good, no good."

Ragged and dirty as well as prematurely aged by constant toil this shrunken little man was a pitiful sight. There was something remarkable about the upper part of his face, especially his dark melancholy eyes that peered out from under great shaggy brows. The lower part was hidden by a thick stubby beard and an enormous moustache which were all matted with blood. When I think of him, though, I always think of his soft, musical voice. It used to be a mystery to me how such soft words could come out through that great moustache.

As we sped down the long shining track of the new railroad—the road that was invading one of the last strongholds of the old frontier—I thought of the lot of Givo and all his dumb, plodding countrymen that we had left back there. These exploited slaves of a heartless company were strewing their lives along this new path as a sacrifice to progress. Others would enjoy the fruits of this progress, while the company would be lauded as an asset to civilization.

II

When we got into camp I turned Givo over to the cook, who promised to fix him up for me, and then went around to the office to make out my report. Thinking of the way Mac was handling his men, I decided to mention it to the superintendent just to see what his opinion was. Inside the office, a cheery fire blazing in the little coal burner took all the chill out of the cool October air. The superintendent—we all called him "Chief"—was leaning lazily back in his chair with his feet on the rough board desk, a much-used pipe hanging out of one corner of his mouth, and a "Western Story" magazine perched on his chest. "Chief" wasn't one of these movie engineers who accomplish such marvelous things. He had been out of college for eight or ten years, but had not shown any suspicion of greatness yet, unless one would call facility at "passing the buck" greatness.

However, according to camp standards he was a "good scout," for almost any Saturday night down in Cheyenne, his blond head could be seen towering above the rest of the crowd in some one of the numerous dance halls. Content to remain secure under the wing of the company, he was just another one of these mediocre engineers who took his own life easy and nobody else's seriously.

Tossing his magazine aside as he removed his pipe with a broad yawn, "Chief" inquired, "Well, how's everything up the line today?"

"New ties are all right," I replied.

"No excitement, I reckon?" he yawned again.

"Mac beat up another Wop. What do you think of it?"

"Good for Mac!"

"But the poor devil wasn't doing anything," I retorted.

"Good enough reason; you've got to trim one of 'em occasionally on general principles."

"That's not a decent way to handle a dog, much less a man!"

"Well, Mac is doing just what the company pays him to do. What difference does it make, they are nothing but damned Wops anyways?" he replied uninterestedly.

I had to get out of there. "Chief" was like all the rest of them that had any authority in that camp. All their sympathy had been so hopelessly submerged in the interests of the company, that they forgot that a Wop had as much feeling as any other human being. If we had been the "damned Wops" I wonder if it would have made any difference? Someone is always ready to do just what the company pays him to do without thinking of the human lives he tramples on, or heeding the cries of misery that arise around him. Yes, the blame is placed on the company; we are not responsible for the consequences, although in our private life we have the greatest solicitude for our own little groups. We think that we have done enough when in our hypocrisy we sit up in some church and self-righteously advise the Deity that it would be a good idea to relieve suffering humanity, and, incidentally, to bless our great enterprise. What a pity they didn't make a hell to scare companies also.

But what was this particular company, which had secretly bought up all of the land around it before it built the road? Masquerading under the captivating slogan that they were "Working for the advancement of civilization at an enormous financial loss," they were all the time advancing the tentacles of a mighty organization at the expense of the wrecked lives and stifled hopes of a poor deluded gang of workmen—men who were shipped to their slaughter in worn-out box-cars. In each of these cars was one decrepit little stove around which they shivered on long chilly evenings thinking of their homes in far away Italy. Their bunks were nothing more than foul pallets on which they tossed until their troubled dreams were broken at five o'clock in the morning. Then they arose and went to a still more filthy mess car to receive their indigestible "chow" from hands that rarely knew the touch of soap and water. Out on the line by daybreak, they were loaded on flat cars to shiver in their thin clothes through a ten-mile ride. All day they toiled before the cruel drive of heartless foremen, with only a few moments to snatch their cold lunch. At night they staggered in, grim and weary, silent and unsmiling, resigned to their fate and unable to escape. Every two weeks they received their pittance, if they were lucky enough not to be in debt, but in the end it all went back to the company for board, clothes, and tobacco, and a mythical medical fee that never brought any medical care. Each day the job was completed before the contract expired meant for the company an extra thousand dollars. Human lives didn't count when dollars were in the balance; besides, these were only "damned Wops."

III

Looking for Givo, I found him where I had left him around at the cook shack, sitting on a box, silently gazing at the red glow of the stove. As nothing had been done for him yet, we went on to my shack where I helped him fix up his bruise. Thanking me in a very gentle tone when we had finished, he arose to go, but I begged him to stay on and talk awhile. In his broken English he told me of his boyhood dreams of America, how he had longed to come to this country of opportunity, and how he had worked and saved in his native home to get his family to their dream land. When he had landed at New York, he had been shipped to one of the great steel mills in the middle-west. There he had toiled year after year without a kind word or any guidance, a cog in the great mill's system. True, he had received fabulous wages during the war, but those were all gone now. Two years before the flu epidemic had taken his wife, and then came that memorable winter when all the factories shut down and the wheels of industry ceased to turn. Poverty and starvation stared him in the face. He heard that they were building a railroad in the West, that they needed men. His little children were about to starve. They must grow up and have a better life than their poor father; so he left them behind with friends and joined the company. Life was hard; yes, work was scarce. He must stay and work for the little ones back East.

He had been in this country nine years, and I was the first American that had ever spoken a kind word to him. The poor fellow was starved for friendship.

Although he was surrounded with friends and countrymen every day, they, too, had become fatalists, inured to their hardships, going on and on in the same way because they knew nothing else to do.

I saw a great deal of Givo that winter. Sometimes when the weather was so bitter cold that it was impossible to work, he would come around and ask permission to sit by my fire for awhile. Lots of mornings he would come in and kindle a fire before I got up. If I happened to be busy when he was there he would sit around the stove in silence, rolling and smoking one cigarette after another, but if I wanted to talk he would listen respectfully, always eager to learn. I passed away lots of long winter days listening to stories about his boyhood and home in Italy. We soon became great friends.

IV

At last the time arrived in early spring when the ground began to thaw. With this the men were driven more unmercifully than ever before, for the line had to be through in time for the big opening day celebration on the Fourth of July. During this rush Givo dropped in to see me one night. I noticed immediately that something was wrong as he sank down exhausted by the fire. His face was flushed with fever, a deep cough racked his whole body, and to make it still more serious, he was wet all over. Later I found out that he had worked all day in ice-cold water, setting a coffer dam, up where they were trying to bridge a swollen stream. Mac had driven him in.

I put him in our extra bunk as soon as I could and hustled out after the doctor, who happened to be up from Cheyenne. After a short examination the doctor pronounced it double pneumonia—and a very serious case at that. After giving me some medicine and a few instructions about how to make Givo a little more comfortable, he departed. About that time "Chief," who shared the shack with me, came in with a grouch on. "What the hell do you think this is, a Wop hospital?" was the first thing he said. He swore he was going to send for some men to move Givo out that night, but I finally pursuaded him to wait until the next day.

Poor Givo tossed and coughed in misery all night. At times when he would fly off in a wild volley of muttering in his native tongue it was almost impossible to hold him in bed. Of course I could not understand a word he said, but I imagined that he was cursing the company and Mac and everything that had brought him to this pitiful plight. At other times he would settle down, calm and peaceful, murmuring gently to himself. No doubt he was living over again some happy experience in his fatherland, or talking to his beloved children in the East. Once I even thought I heard him call my name.

All the next day I remained by his side, hoping that he would regain consciousness, but he sank lower and lower until at sunset he passed quietly away. There, by the side of the track that had sapped his life, we buried him with the others who had succumbed in this "advance of civilization."

I was still there when they held the big celebration. Great flocks of people came from afar to take part in this three-day orgy, which featured cowboy stunts and aeroplane acrobatics. Carefree carousers waved flags, drank their fill from freely circulating bottles, and danced madly to the jarring blare of the ever present band. Voluble orators in frock coats, made unctuous speeches praising the mighty achievements of the great company, but not one of them mentioned poor Givo and his countrymen on whose wrecked lives this new empire had been conquered.

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Spotted Fruit

Being a Discourse on Petting Parties

By W. T. Couch

After having collected a mass of data on campus courses,[1] petting parties, etc., from men in the summer school and men visiting the Hill for a day or two, I have been very undecided as to the advisability of giving it publication. There have always been so many sanctimonious hypocrites who seem to take a joy in pointing at the young people of the day as being perverted, without morals and without God, that it is with extreme reluctanee that I give them this basis for getting heated and alarmed anew; not because I care if they are disturbed and alarmed, but because I fear the foolish things they may do under sueh exeitement. Before reading further, whether you be in a state of venerable sanetimony, youthful idealism, or just an ordinary person with some degree of common sense, try to see if you yourself do not have something in actual or potential experience in common with what is popularly termed a petting party. Then, perhaps, you may form a judgment whieh may be of some real value in helping toward the solution of this aneient, medieval and modern problem of too many petting parties and too mueh eheap, noisy jazz.

A number of questions were asked eaeh man. He was also given opportunity to make any additional statement. After stating that no names would be mentioned, the following questions were asked: (1) How many different girls have you had dates with this summer? (2) With how many did you try to have petting parties? (3) With how many did you sueeeed in having petting parties? (4) How many were you sueeessful with at the first attempt? (5) Along what lines did you proeeed?

[1] NOTE: Several terms are used in this article the meanings of which may not be generally known outside of the younger set. The following are attempts to define as nearly as the author knows their meanings:

Neck—(verb, transitive, popular slang) meaning to hug and kiss as a sort of amusement when neither party cares particularly about the other; and it really doesn't matter greatly to either who the other is.

Necker—(noun, popular slang) used to designate either boy or girl who hugs and kisses promiscuously.

Pet and *Petter*—synonymous to *neck* and *necker*, respectively.

Petting party or *Necking party*—used to designate a "date" of some duration, during which petting or necking is the chief amusement; and if either be respectable, that one is afraid to let the other know it for fear of being called "slow" and thus being damned in the eyes of youth. A contest in which, oftentimes, each attempts to fool the other and only succeeds in fooling him or herself.

Campus course—a series of necking or petting parties, not usually with the same partner.

The following tables gives the answers to the questions:

Cases	No. of different girls had dates with during summer†	Tried to neck	Necked	Necked at first attempt
(1)	17	17	14	13
(2)	8	1	1	1
(3)	2	2	1	1
(4)*	1	—	—	—
(5)	5	3	3	0
(6)	4	2	1	0
(7)	6	3	3	3
(8)	12	5	5	5
(9)	6	6	5	4
(10)	13	5	4	—
(11)*	1	—	—	—
(12)	0	0	0	0
(13)	8	4	4	0
(14)	8	1	1	1
(15)*	1	—	—	—
(16)	14	7	7	4
(17)	7	1	1	1

The men questioned have all, at some time or other, attended the University; several of them are graduate students whose undergraduate days were spent in denominational colleges. They are nearly all conservative and with few exceptions not at all inelined to be philanderers. Eaeh one is personally known to the author, and was questioned as they happened to be met. No partieular ones were chosen or exeluded.

Summarizing the answers to the questions, we find that the average number of girls eaeh man had dates with was about 6; the average number of girls eaeh tried to have a petting party with was about 4; and the average number of girls petted was slightly less than 4. 87.7% of those tried were necked!

Several of the men did not have their parties here at Chapel Hill; they are the men who did not attend the summer school but whose statisties were gathered while they were here visiting. Their reeords show that a man or girl does not have to eome to this plaee

* In these cases where a man went with only one girl, no further questions were asked.

† With one exception the boys stated that the girls they went with were not picked; that they made dates as they happened to have time and met the girls; and that the girls gave every appearance of being just ordinary nice girls, somewhat prettier than the average.

for this particular sort of amusement; that the University campus has nothing on the old home town as a scene for petting parties.

To the question, "Along what lines did you proceed?" nearly every man answered that by conversation and observing his subject's manner he judged her to be a petter or not. Only one young man, number seven (who is known for his winning, winsome ways), after close questioning, admitted that non-resistance had been his policy. When questioned as to how he had escaped three others, he stated that he was careful to stay in the light while with them. However, great as his charms may be, we need not give full credence to this.

After a short preliminary conversation and close watching, the boy would simply take the girl in his arms; and she, as shown by the conservative statistics gathered, would remain in his arms eighty-eight time out of a hundred—or if not at the first attempt she would at the second. The boys were almost unanimous in reporting that they could tell by a girl's manner whether she was addicted to petting or not. However, as one of them said, "You can't be sure until you've tried." And another said, "After you've tried and found she'd pet, then you don't want to pet." Most of the boys consulted agreed to both of these statements. But the girls, poor things, desiring above all else to hook a man or to have a string of several men, defeat their own ends by the ease with which they allow themselves to be captured. To be sure, a man may be cinched, or a string secured by such methods,—but it would be only a man or men of a particular sort, without mental balance—subject to, instead of masters of their passions.

In most cases the boys found it unnecessary even to feign love; the girls would try to inveigle them into making a positive declaration of love, but the boys would nearly always avoid this.

Only one of the boys admitted using physical force to hug and kiss the girl he was with. However, the girl in this case was not reluctant after the first experience. All of the other boys questioned denied ever having used such methods and expressed themselves very positively as disapproving of such a way of beginning a petting party.

Another young man took a bet that he could not neck a certain girl. In some way he had found out that she was a petter, so he was practically certain of winning this bet. When he had taken the girl to a dark corner, spoken about his love at first sight, etc., etc., and his burning desire to hold her in his arms, she began giving him a lecture on proper conduct. But he knew her, and the slight flippancy of her tone conveyed her true character. Looking her straight in the face, he abandoned his love-like attitude and said, "Old girl, you can't fool me." That was all that was necessary. She made a second date. On the second, she made a third and also tried to make other dates for four nights in succession. "Then," he said, "my disgust overcame my other feelings; I hated myself almost as much as I did her. I broke the third date and had nothing more to do with her. I had a chance to go with some girls that I knew were decent, and I preferred their company."

This man is not an angel by any stretch of imagination; but few girls can find a better man than he. He himself would admit that he was not morally right in making the bet; and he would probably not consider the girl any worse than a poor fool playing a game she didn't know.

Nearly all the answers to this question—Along what lines did you proceed?—betrayed the rather startling fact that practically no conversational approach and maneuvering were necessary. When the question was asked, answers were expected showing a skilful development in conversation, of lines and methods of approach, of parrying and thrusting, giving some interest and fascination to the play. But no, these young ladies showed themselves to be almost absolutely ignorant of a man's nature, as well as without what is generally considered a sound moral sense.

It is strange that so many female neckers are so ignorant about the game they have chosen to play. They are as inartistic and crude in their methods as the ordinary street walker, and in the opinion of the writer, they rank morally second only to that select body of vagabonds. It seems to be only cowardly fear of results and public opinion which keeps them from going the limit, and not any moral feeling. The writer is not alone in this opinion; but it is, perhaps, somewhat stronger than most of the boys would care to express. No man can have any respect for a girl who succumbs before the invitation has been half-made.

And yet the majority of the boys agree that it is just as disgusting, and in their opinions just as wrong, for the boy as for the girl. Then why do they persist? There is no denying, if well played, it is a fascinating game; the boy does not want simply to win—a game of chess or checkers would have no allurement if it were made so that only one move were necessary for a sure win. The fascination is in the playing of the game. But the modern necker has eliminated both the opening and middle game; one has only to make one move: open your arms and she falls in. It used to be necessary that no one be looking, or for darkness to be enshrouding! but now even that is not necessary. Up and down the main streets of Chapel Hill they walk, locked in every sort of embrace, from hand-holding—with the girl usually dragging the man along as if he were a sort of unwilling consort—to a sort of half-Nelson—as if each were afraid the other were about to take wings and fly, (but not from ecstasy), for which no one could blame either.

The majority of the men questioned stated that they did not ask for second dates with the girls who petted. Number *one*, the most extreme case, had only three second dates with neckers. He further stated that the only girl in the bunch for whom he cared two hoots would not let him touch her; he knew better than to try her again; "and what's more," he said, "she's the girl I'm going to marry—if I'm lucky." A great deal of her charm, he stated, without being asked, was in her reserve, her valuing herself and refusing to pander her emotions to any and all comers. To fourteen out of the seventeen with whom he had dates, necking was the usual mode of procedure.

One of the neckers told one of the boys that she knew no other way to entertain him, and admitted, when questioned, that he was not the only one whom she allowed to pet her. Several of the boys reported the same answers from girls they had been with. But the most usual answer to such a question was a fervid "you're the only one" line, when, as in most cases, it was the first and last date of a new acquaintanceship.

"But if a girl doesn't neck when a boy comes to see her, he won't come again. I know. I've found that I *have* to; that is, if I want to keep a fellow. I see other girls around home who don't neck, and they don't have any fellows." This statement was made by a girl to the author, and it seems to belie some of the statistics gathered. But it must be remembered that the men questioned were mostly conservative; and in the author's opinion of a somewhat higher intelligence than the average college man. They are the men worth catching; but they cannot even be caught, much less held for any considerable length of time by such methods.

There was only one boy in the whole bunch who made a habit of repeating dates with neckers, and he seems to be abnormal; that is, if the others may be considered normal. For to most of them it was to a great extent an all-pervading desire to satisfy curiosity. When once the girl revealed herself a necker, she was done for, so far as that boy was concerned. "I don't care anything about necking them twice"—so number *one* said; "and I had much rather the girl be interesting than be a necker." With one exception the whole bunch concurred in this preference; and selected their "regular" girls with this as the paramount consideration in their minds.

According to the statements of some of the men the conditions described herein are not peculiar to any one place. Petting parties, some say, are tame here compared with those in the old home town. "I've had meaner dates with Sunday-school teachers *at home* than I've ever had with summer school girls at Chapel Hill," one of the boys said. The great and only difference seems to be that here one may have variety; in the old home place one's string seldom exceeds a half-dozen or more; and one *does* become tired of telling the same lies over and over to the same persons. If there are more petting parties here on the Hill, during the summer, than elsewhere, it is probably due to our shifting population, the newness of the boys and girls to each other and knowledge of the transiency of their acquaintanceship, if they so choose; it does not seem to be due in general to any lower or higher moral tone. The men questioned in this particular case do show a higher sense from their not repeating dates with girls whom they found to be neckers, and their expressed disgust; such men may be found almost everywhere. But since the level of intelligence here should be far higher, it seems there should be far less of this disgustingly crude means of amusement.

There are many men and girls here at Carolina who refuse to make a practice of cheapening themselves and wasting their emotions in this manner; they may not be good orthodox church members, but they have a sense of values which time seems to have proved; almost needless to say, petting parties hold no charms for them; indiscriminate pawing over one another is to them disgusting, and they only indulge, if ever, when cornered by a baby-faced simpleton whom they really desire to spank and send home with a note to its mother. Several men from this class are represented in the table of answers. They have either found one girl, or, as in one case, they have wasted time with none. To those inclined to it, philandering is tiresome because so few girls or boys are to be found who can make it interesting.

The purpose of this article will perhaps be better understood if it is known that those men whose "statistics" are given were heartily in favor of its being written. They know that most of that which may be had for the asking is not worth the asking; and a good many of them are disgusted with themselves for allowing worthless gifts to be shoved off on them. Even the most perverted of the boys, such as number *one*, highly approved of letting the public and especially the necking girls know that they regret the ease with which conquests were made.

Now getting excited and howling because some boys and girls have not the same sense of values which you have will not succeed in giving them such a sense. More restrictions will certainly not have a beneficial effect; for an individual's morality seems to be due to an individual feeling developed by a series of inner struggles and conquests—not to outward restrictions and laws. The causes of this state of affairs are what must be considered if it is to be got rid of. Whether it be due to inherent physical characteristics, improper home and moral training, too many or too few restrictions, or combinations of these—it is not easy to say.

As to whether this condition, even among the more conservative men, would place us higher or lower

than the animals upon whom we look down, is very doubtful. We are different, eertainly. And our differenee seems to be rather unflattering to us. When the next prater becomes eestatie in his ranting about the supremaey and superiority of mankind, whom he says God has made in his own likeness, someone should ask him to get down to eases, and find out how many different kinds of animals make elaims to be monogamous, but in reality are polygamous—how many different kinds of animals change their eooing partners every day or two. Ask him to show superiority in methods; he may find differenee: the animal tosses his head, makes a motion or a noise; the man speaks in stereotyped phrases, gazes with a hypoeritical, moonstruek air, and in general makes a speetaele of whieh a donkey would be ashamed. Indeed, the more one thinks of it, the more one eomes to believe that many men are no more nor less than two-legged jaekasses, with ingrowing ears. We shall make no estimate of the number of girls in a similar eondition. We desire to stay on the Hill for a while yet.

The Thing

Mary C. Henley

(Continued from Page Seven)

tough, almost rubbery flakes, perhaps the result of extremely rapid decomposition. There was an odor, though slight. Whilc I was gingerly examing these, MeRae bent over one of the human skulls. He ealled to me.

"Honeyeutt, look at this!"

The skull was but a fragment and must have been a long time in the tree. Set in one of its darkened teeth was a tiny cross of tarnished but nmistakable gold.

"I told you that Angus Black was a Klansman," he said. "When the Klan was disbanded, Blaek had the Klan symbol, the fiery eross, set in gold in a front tooth. I remember very distinctly how I admired it from a distance when I was a kid."

"Then this is—?"

"The same."

"After forty years," I murmured. "And these others?" I indieated the human fragments whieh we had found below this tragie skull.

"You remember I spoke last night of the disappearing slaves. I found this on a leg bone over there." He held out to me a thin shell of iron rust whieh crumbled at my touch.

"Then you think that this Thing—"

"—was once a good deal stronger than it was last night," he said grimly. "Men stopped a few minutes or a few hours under this tree and then—they disappeared.

"If you'll notiee, the larger skeletons were near the bottom of the tree, mixed with smaller ones, of eourse. The Thing wasn't partieular. But the animals got smaller and smaller as the tree filled up and the Thing grew older. At the top there's nothing but rodents and small birds. It was losing strength all the time. It might have died soon, unknown, if it hadn't been for Duke."

"We don't know anything yet."

"Exeept that," he waved a hand at the human bones.

"Yes, exeept that. And what shall we do with them?"

"I've been thinking," MeRae said slowly, "Sarah Blaek still believes that her boy, Ang, is living and maybe happy, out West. She's over eighty and she'd die if she saw this. The only thing to do, as I see it, is to eome baek here this evening and bury the human bones—and that thing, then leave the tree to explain itself. The ehanees are that nobody will find it in a year, exeept Duke, maybe."

"He won't understand or tell."

So we buried the poor remains of the lost human beings that evening and within a week I went away from that village, still wondering about the heap of ashes in the top of the lightning-blasted pine. McRae is wondering, too, to judge from the bare hints his letters sometimes hold.

I onee told this story to the famous Dr. X—, who knows a great deal about biology. He was interested in my description of the Thing.

"Hum—hairy body and pads on the ends of the legs like inseets, but with legs slimy and writhing like an octopus. It's probably analogous to the Australian duckbill platypus, Ornithorthyncus paradoxus, a mammal which lays eggs and has the poison glands of a reptile. We explain it as a form of transitional life, a premature halting of evolution in the development of a mammal. Your animal and its aneestors, apparently a cross between Inseeta and Reptilia, might have existed in those swamps around that plaee for a thousand years after the sea retired from the eoastal plain, and they gradually developed from amphibia to land animals."

"But the phosphoreseenee and the ashes?" I demanded. "What beast eould ever deeompose so quickly?"

Dr. X— smiled with a patient air. "I don't know, unless you aeeept the aneient story of the phoenix, whieh renewed itself from its own ashes every five hundred years—before firearms were invented. When you fired it might have been the psyehological end of the five hundred years and—"

But I pereeived by this time that the famous but sly Dr. X— was not only poking fun at me, but thought that my imagination had invented the Thing. I left him to his bugs and duekbill platypuses and went away.

But—I still wonder, when I'm not trying to convinee myself that it was only a bad dream.

The Children of Astarte

Upon this earth there are two races of men: the one stolid and phlegmatic, in whom the night arouses no desires other than that of a peaceful fireside; the other cursed with a wild strain of that black blood that flows in the veins of the creatures of the night. As soon as the shadow of the hills falls across the threshold the men of the earth-born race close their shutters, light their lamps, and settle down close to their cozy fireside with one eye on the clock. Or else, should they feel the impulse to wander abroad (for even they may have a touch of madness), they plunge into the crowd, burying themselves in the vast flood of humanity that surges through the city streets. Or they may take their places in the theatre to watch the painted mimes reenact scenes from the life of man—scenes of which they never tire.

But there are those of us who weary of too much humanity, and to us night brings a blessed relief. We know only too well what unutterable longings the baying hound tries to express as he serenades the harvest moon; we know the secret thoughts of the lean, gray cat as he prowls alone through the shadowy woodland. Creatures of the night, we are chained to the treadmill of our lives through all the daylight hours, but when the moon rises in the east and the silence of the night stills the bustle and tumult of our daily toil,—then it is that we are truly the captains of our souls.

To wander through the dreaming country in the silver moonlight, to swing down some straight, white road, agleam with mystic starshine, and watch the blue-black shadows as they flood our path with pools of inky darkness: where is greater joy than this? Over the hill and through the valley, now in moonlight and now in shadow, winds our road. Here we cross a brook on a pile of ancient stonework and pass a sedgy pool framed by the delicate silhouettes of the drooping willows. Instinctively one looks for the gleam of silver bodies and holds his breath to listen for the tinkling splash and elfin laughter of nymphs and dryads bathing in the starlight—sounds that no mortal man may hear. On and on through the enchanted landscape, past sleeping villages and silent windmills, winds the road to fairyland. At last comes the dull numbness of fatigue, and paradoxically refreshed by our midnight wanderings, we sink into a dreamless sleep—the fitting end of our nocturnal odyssey.

There is some subtle force inherent in the moonlight that arouses vague and chaotic memories of the childhood of our race. Standing on the summit of the rocky height that rises above Marseilles, the city hidden by a fog bank rolling in from the haunted waters that wash the beach below, one can almost hear the songs of the Phoenician oarsmen as they bend their backs in the high-prowed galleys returning from some voyage in uncharted seas. The moon rises out of the Orient and calls with an urge that can not be resisted. Italy and Africa lie just beyond the dim horizon: who can feel their call and not depart? Moon mad if you must have it so, but filled with such intoxication as never came from wine, the soul drinks in the beauties of the night.

Tell me, brother earthworm, did you never feel the pagan impulse to run naked through the moonlight, to feel the dew-wet grass caress your calloused feet long tortured by stiff and clumsy shoes? To plunge through the quiet waters of some mossy pool and when out of breath to pause on the grassy hilltop and listen for the pipes of Pan? Great Pan himself is dead, but his spirit is abroad on the night wind, and the sweet, hoarse croaking of the frogs in lowland marshes are the feeble echoes of the tunes he played in Grecian meadows in the Golden Age of man.

Cursed or blessed as you will have it, they are a race apart: with heart-strings tuned to the mad music of the fairy dancers they go wandering through the haunted midnight: such are the children of Astarte, the loyal subjects of the Great God Pan.

Hoch Der Nationalverteidigunstag

By Malcolm M. Young

In 1910 Germany celebrated its strength-at-arms with a national holiday. The aftermath of that demonstration was the World War, followed by the disastrous Treaty of Versailles.

In 1924, on September twelfth, the United States of America celebrated its strength-at-arms with a national holiday. This day, now notorious throughout the world, was known as "National Defense Test Day".

In discussing this event, we will first give a short history of what led to this display of force by our American *Fascisti*. National Defense Day, had a history with a "past". We will scrutinize this "past".

In 1920 Congress passed what was known as the Army Reorganization Act, which provided for a national standing army, a navy, a national guard, training camps for citizens militaristically inclined, and instruction in military tactics in certain of our colleges and universities.

The Army Reorganization Act was evolved from the Chamberlain Bill, introduced by Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, a lame-duck Democrat who has since tasted defeat at the polls, and the Wadsworth Bill, introduced by Senator Wadsworth, Republican, of New York. Both bills provided for compulsory military training of all able-bodied American youths.

Compulsory military training was at that time seriously debated throughout America, and Congress considered passing one of these bills. The pacifists, anti-militarists, and even respectable Liberals of our gold-laden land were for the time being smothered under a load of post-war hysteria.

Chiefly through the efforts of women's organizations, who bitterly fought both of these bills, the compulsory military training provisions were eliminated. Advocates of the Prussian system were to paraphrase the Salvation Army, "down," but they were not "out." They "came back" four years later.

Behold!—A Military Bull!

From 1920 until May, 1924, the Army Reorganization Act was apparently forgotten by civilized people, the only reminder that it still existed being the organization of local national guard units, the existence of an army and navy, and occasional jingoistic oratorical sprees by militarists, including this University's one-time appreciative guest, Brigadier-General Albert Jesse Bowley.

General Pershing, in a proclamation issued by the War Department last spring, announced September twelfth as "National Defense Day." On this day, he stated, the military strength of the United States would be mobilized in full force, as if war were imminent.

A storm of protest at once arose. Secretary Weeks, General Pershing, and other leaders of this so-called innocent gesture of self-defense, were at once compelled to defend themselves. Secretary Weeks referred to the Army Reorganization Act as his alleged proof that the day was perfectly legal, and insisted that National Defense Day was provided for in this Act.

Our military heroes thereupon backfired ignominiously. They desired that Mobilization Day, or National Defense Day, be known as "Inspection Day", and insisted that it was not in any sense militaristic. They hinted that it was to be on the order of a harmless fourth of July celebration. The American people, even those debauchees participating in the Prussian demonstration, were not hoodwinked so easily. The day was labeled "National Defense Test Day," and it was advertised as such.

The Goose-Steppers Do Some Goose-Stepping

At Secretary Weeks' command and with President Coolidge's approval plans for the day went forward. Governors of states and mayors of cities issued proclamations, generals delivered ultra-patriotic addresses, and the daily press was flooded with military propaganda.

Some of this propaganda tells us that National Defense Day was also General Pershing's birthday. It was likewise the sixth anniversary of the beginning of the St. Mihiel offensive. The people were reminded that it was Pershing's birthday; bloody stories of the St. Mihiel offensive were forgotten.

I was in a position last summer to secure some of this propaganda, to read it first-hand, and to keep it permanently in my possession. It came into the office where I worked in such copious quantities that one could not help noticing that some organized effort was on foot to boost artificially this "Test" which had been thrust upon the country by a Republican War Department.

In our own state, Governor Morrison goose-stepped the orders of Secretary Weeks, and thereby placed

himself in the inconsistent position of approving a militaristic display which his own national party leader, John W. Davis, later condemned.

Propaganda in the Press

Pamphlets, news stories, editorials, and propaganda galore flooded every newspaper office. Of course, propaganda opposing this national hysterical spree was nowhere to be found except in very few liberal dailies and weeklies; the anti-militarists had no paid press agents.

The chief propagandist in North Carolina was stationed at Fort Bragg. Most of the mental indigestion for the public was sent to the North Carolina press from this post. This propaganda was all of the same type; it repeated, in various prejudiced phrases the refrain "National Defense Day Is Not Militaristic."

Let us now examine some of this propaganda in detail:

Specimen Number *One* is entitled "How They Stand on National Defense Day". It cites 42 organizations, chiefly veterans of wars, or the sons or daughters of veterans of wars, as favoring this alleged action of self-defense. Only five organizations were named as opposing this nation-wide "fall from grace," although I happen to know that opposition to this debacle the country round was much greater than any mathematical ratio of forty-two to five.

This specimen did not mention, for example, that *The New York World*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *The Survey;* Presidential Candidate John W. Davis, of the Democratic party; Presidential Candidate Robert M. LaFollette, of the Progressive group; Governor Sweet, of Colorado; Governor Bryan, of Nebraska; Governor Baxter, of Maine; Governor Blaine, of Wisconsin; all individual Socialists, Liberals, Radicals, and even some Conservatives opposed this goose-stepping from expediency, if not from conviction. Various churches had come out in opposition to the day, but every denomination save the "Friends" was carefully omitted from the list of those opposing the so-called National Defense Test.

Specimen Number *Two* is entitled "Patriotic Societies Endorse Defense Test." It quotes from a letter written by Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, who, we are reminded, is the president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Cook names 25 organizations favoring the test; merely repeating those which had been named previously in a similar issue of this daily propaganda. Mrs. Cook tells us, for instance, that "War is a grim reality that must be faced by our nation with or without an army."

Specimen Number *Three* is headed "Veterans of Foreign Wars Endorse Defense Test." Brigadier-General Lloyd M. Brett is quoted as saying in his proclamation to the Veterans of Foreign Wars: "It is a demonstration of the plans for mobilization." (This contradicted Mr. Weeks' statement that National Defense Day was merely an "Inspection Day.")

Specimen Number *Four* is called "National Defense Day." It is a sinister threat, written by Mr. C. M. Penfield, who shows his distaste for pacifists. This threat will be quoted in full below, if the reader can bear with us somewhat longer.

Specimen Number *Five* is captioned "Defense Test Endorsed by Daughters of the American Revolution." Again Mrs. Cook, who writes another learned epistle to the War Department, says that the test "announces to the world the advent of a *citizenship organized for National Defense.*" (Italics are mine.)

And so on. Specimen after specimen of this propaganda could be quoted to fill every page of *The Carolina Magazine.*

Propaganda, and More Propaganda

But that is not the end to our propaganda by any means. Patriotic sermons were delivered by peace-loving ministers on the Sunday preceding National Defense Day; patriotic talks were made by prominent citizens; the peaceful object of this gentle gesture was explained affably to members of various Rotary clubs by uniformed Generals who were present as guests; the governors of states and the mayors of cities issued proclamations; patriotic exercises were held in the public schools, where martial glory was drummed into the ears of America's future cannon-fodder; above all, the radio, our newest agency whereby we propagate propaganda, was utilized to remind citizens of that great day—citizens who had from principle, perhaps, seen fit to remain at home.

Let us analyze this propaganda, sum up its contents, and reach some conclusions therefrom. Any conclusions that I may reach have National Defense Day propaganda or *The New York World* as an authoritative basis.

What was the nature of National Defense Day? Major General David C. Shanks, in a speech at Camp McClellan, Alabama, declared: "It is to be entirely *local*, entirely voluntary, and without expense to the Government."

From a standpoint of military tactics, I submit that *local mobilization* can never prove effective in time of *national danger*. How many military men favor local self government? None. How many military men oppose a strongly centralized government? Likewise, none. How many military men, then, could conscientiously take part in a *local mobilization* celebration?

But General Shanks is contradicted by Major General Hunter Leggett in a letter written to 8,000 members of the Association of the Army of the United States. General Leggett declared:

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"The Regular Army will assemble at its stations, the National Guard at its armories, the Organization Reserves at the headquarters of their respective units or other designated rendezvous. The purpose of this maneuvre is to test the plans which have recently been prepared for the mobilization of all units of the three components of the Army of the United States in case of a *National emergency.*" (Italics are mine.)

Let me repeat: National Emergency! But General Shanks says this demonstration was "entirely local." We are, then, to depend on local mobilization in time of national danger, because this is a local test, a local drill which is being held to prepare us for a national emergency.

In other words, the conflicting statements of our two Generals are on all fours with the action of the school teacher who sent one student down the fire escape every day and reported that "a fire drill has been held daily."

So much for our *local* National Defense Day.

As a matter of fact, National Defense Day was not local in character. It was well organized; orders came from the War Department in Washington; the same propaganda, word for word, was sent to every newspaper office in the United States.

General Leggett's letter described what actually happened. The Regular Army assembled, as did the National Guard. Did we call it the "Local Guard"?

Concerning Patriotism

Our analysis carries us further into General Shanks' speech. He says, "This Test will afford an opportunity for each community to give evidence of its patriotism."

A few moments later, in the delivery of his speech, we reach this Prussianistic phrase: "*America can never be beaten so long as the spirit of patriotism is maintained throughout our land.*"

In other words, when we give evidence of our patriotism, we blow out our chests, puff out our cheeks, and bellow to the rest of the world: "We Can't be Beaten!"

The Defense Test was held, thusly, "to keep alive the national spirit of patriotism" and we "can never be beaten" so long as we are patriotic!

It is evident, on General Shanks' authority, that patriotism is the pet fad of America in its days of national adolescence. The United States is in the position that the writer occupied when, as a child, his father presented him with a toy whip. Desiring to experiment with this weapon, at first he used it in lashing trees in the nearby woods. He desired to show his strength in the event that he needed to use it. Finding tree-beating unsatisfactory and by no means exciting, it was not long before he sought further grandeur by horse-whipping all of the boys in the neighborhood. The inevitable result: the whip

was taken away, the community thrown into an uproar, and the embryonic Bowley severely whipped by his own weapon.

This country is now in the stage of its development where it is experimenting on its national trees, figuratively speaking. These trees are small Republics, lying in the Caribbean Sea.

It is but one step from a flourishing brandish of a weapon until that weapon is put into use. Germany, before the World War, flourished and brandished its war weapons. Germany was spanked.

The United States has just found out that it is a political entity of some importance, and the discovery has gone to its collective head, just as it went to General Shanks' head. The patriotism frothing forth from the mouths of Shanks and Bowley, closely investigated, analyzed scientifically, is merely the enlargement, on a national scale, of selfishness, conceit, disregard for law, and the rights of others—just those qualities which in an individual civilized society condemns. Its two mottoes are "My Country Right or Wrong," and the even more candid "Deutschland uber alles." (Really, the substitution of "Ameriea" for "Deutschland" does not alter that fundamental immoral principle.) Patriotism, in the eyes of Shanks and Bowley, is raising to the *nth* power the fallacy that the welfare of a small fraction of the people—soldiers, profiteers, those who profit by war—is more important than that of the mass of the people—those who lose, who are enslaved, and who are butchered by war.

Mr. Penfield and the Pacifists

Our definition of the Shanks and Bowley brands of patriotism brings us, of course, to a position where we must—and do willingly—champion pacifism. And pacifism is what National Defense Day was intended to combat.

Having defined a patriot, we will now define a pacifist. A pacifist is one who regards arbitration, mediation, or conciliation as a better means of settling international disputes than fighting—in short, one who prefers peace to war. A pacifist believes in total disarmament; in times of war he refuses to fight.

A pacifist is by no means necessarily a radical. Do we term a man a radical who favors the elimination of typhoid fever or the destruction of mosquitos? Why, then, term a man a radical who favors the elimination of war and the destruction of the military?

Theoretically, if you talk to anybody who does not make his living as a soldier, you will find that he is a pacifist. He does not believe in war. When it comes to practicing what he preaches, he is too weak to stick to his principles; he relents, is conscripted into the Army, and the world is faced with another war.

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The out-and-out pacifist, however, refuses to fight or to aid the prosecution of any war or any action leading to war.

This particular brand of pacifists has been growing in the United States within the past year. They are becoming stronger, their influence is being felt, and Uncle Sam's war lords are fearful lest their plans hinder the purpose of the United States War Department in bringing about universal military training for all able-bodied young males.

One of the advocates of the international law of the jungle, who, consequently, fears the pacifists, is Mr. C. M. Penfield. A letter written by him to the Reserve Officers' Association, and published in one of the aforementioned propaganda sheets, tells us the real purpose of National Defense Day; it tells us that it was intended as a sinister threat to all pacifists.

Mr. Penfield's letter follows:

"That there is need of some kind of demonstration of this nature has been shown by the activities of the enemy within our gates, certain sections of the pacifist group and the "Peace at any Old Price Advocates" not to mention the Moscow-directed agitator . . . There is a powerful movement in this country against its program of security, and therefore it appears that it is all the more necessary not only to make this day a tremendous success but to show the subversive elements in America and throughout the world that the true patriotic citizens of America are in the majority and that efforts to cripple the United States will go for naught.

"This occasion offers to that large number of Americans who are conservatives, unorganized, and loyal, who view with alarm some of the activities that are disloyal, an opportunity for them—the loyal citizens—to show their willingness to serve America.

"Further, it offers an opportunity to these enemies of ours to come out in the open, line up, and be examined, so that all of us may be familiar with those who would do us harm."

What, then, was National Defense Day? What was it in Germany in 1910?

How It Looks Abroad

The first foreign result of our mobilization demonstration was the perfection by Japan of plans to hold a similar debauch there. Japan looked upon National Defense Day with great suspicion, coming so soon after the insult handed her in the recent Immigration Act.

In Europe or in Asia, *mobilization is equivalent to an Act of War.* It is always watched with the utmost anxiety, and it always creates high tension in international relations. The word "mobilization" is known only in connection with military science; it is a word which, by its very definition, implies concentration of military energy. What is concentration of military energy in peace time, if it is not concentration of military (or national patriotic) spirit; hence, militarism?

It is a known fact that the National Defense Test embarrassed our State Department in its foreign relations.

What are our conclusions, then, from this mass of evidence presented by defenders of the faith military? They are these:

First, the National Defense Test spree has endangered the peace of the world.

Second, the Test was held for the express purpose of discouraging pacifism.

Third, the Test was held, conversely, to rouse a dying and unnatural "patriotism."

Fourth, the Test was held to keep alive the unbelievable propaganda of the war period.

Fifth, most important of all, this Test was held preliminary to further attempts to foster in this country universal military training for all male citizens. (General Bowley would also include female citizens.)

Some Remedies Proposed

Although I pose as no expert, it is certain that criticism of any national fault, in order not to be destructive, should be accompanied by some constructive suggestions. Consequently, I shall catalog a few remedies we may adopt, which will relegate National Defense Day to the scrap heap, along with the pillory, the guillotine, and other former civilized demonstrations of innocent self-defense.

First, I would impress upon all pacifists, all haters of war, even if they do not call themselves pacifists, to vote Mr. Coolidge out of office and send him back to his Vermont farm. That state lost an excellent farmer when he became Governor of Massachusetts.

Second, I would pass a national law forbidding the nation ever to celebrate the birthday of General John J. Pershing.

Third, I would urge the repeal of the National Defense Act of 1920, and the substitution in its place of a law designed to put all soldiers and sailors to work in the middle western wheat fields, where they would be of some use.

Fourth, I would advise all college students to augment the ranks of the famous 36 pacifists from Northwestern University.

Fifth, most important of all, if all of the remedies named heretofore should, by chance, fail, and National Defense Day is again celebrated, I insist that it be called by its proper name; that is to say, its German equivalent: NATIONALVERTEIDIGUNGSTAG!

Hoch der Nationalverteidigungstag!

SEETHINGS

A Page of Poetry

Enigma

I must confess I'd like to know
The reason why no plot appears
Behind this shifting scene of years
Through which we puppets come and go
And mouth our lines and curse the show.
If plot there be, and man designed
For something other than a jest,
That purpose might have been expressed
By God Himself, the plot outlined
So we, no longer wholly blind,
Could see the path that we should take;
Instead of stumbling through the dark
And shooting at an unseen mark
We'd play his game; but we must stake
Our all, and then hypothecate
The unknown future—To what end?
He makes the rules, we play the game
With counters we call Love and Fame,
Or what we choose. Did He intend
That we should seek some special goal?
Or must we grovel in the dust
In abject fear of One who must
Be either mad or most unjust?
Seek though we may, yet in the whole
Vast universe there's not one clue;
The animalcule in the slime
Is born, it lives, and in due time
It procreates itself; and who
Can say that we do more? . . . The fly
Can do it better far than we.
It serves no purpose that I see
To live, to pass life on, and die.
Why Time? Why Space? Why you? Why I?

Written at Sea

Why does the ocean make me think of God
More than the stirring of life in a dry clay clod?
There is no logic in it, yet the sweep of the wind,
Fresh-blowing in my face, inspires a blind
Unreasoning faith, uncomprehendable, yet real,
In a God whom I do not believe but feel.

—H. R. F.

In Defense of God

Suppose the world were utterly content,
And life should flower in perfect beauty, like
the rose;
That man had not one evil to lament,
But everyone went cheerful to his duty—
Just suppose
That everything man looked for he found,
No mystery left above, beneath the ground.
For me the world would then be wholly evil,
And all of us fit subjects for the devil.

Apocalypse

I read once in a very old book
Something of groves being temples.
Temples where simple people worshipped
Simple Faith.

I wonder if those groves
Had anything in common
With that great granite and marble building
Across the way?

I wonder if those simple people
Had anything in common
With those pompous men
And diamond bearing women?

I wonder if that simple Faith
Had anything—but does it matter?
I am sorry for someone or something,
I don't know who, or what.

—S. G.

Whence

"There is no God,"
Said he, and laughed aloud in pride.
She nestled closer
And whispered, "Whence is love?"

—H. R. F.

Theatrical Notes

Conducted by J. E. H.

A Pin in Shakespeare's Balloon

My attention has been called to a recent drama to which our oracles of the critical world are uttering nothing but paeans of praise. These paeans, as may be expected, are sadly off key. The play, called, inanely enough, *Romeo and Juliet*, is by a would-be genius lately arisen, William Shakespeare. I would never hint that Mr. Shakespeare had an overflowing purse, and that the dear critics had receptive ones, but there is certainly something rotten in Denmark.

I myself have seriously considered *Romeo and Juliet* as a possible production and pronounce it hopeless. Mr. Shakespeare is merely a cheap *litterateur* who is commercializing what little talent he may have and who displays nothing of originality whatsoever. With his eye on the box-office receipts he caters to the public taste, and his idea of the precious public's desires is wild melodrama. Pot-boilers never made art.

The "family-feud" theme takes its millionth entrance on the stage. The author makes no attempt to revamp the hoary situation but lets it run its illogical course to the final reconciliation in the last act. The two young lovers from the opposing factions are palpably dragged in from the cinema, and similar characters have been the centers of at least fifty novels and plays this year.

The plot of Romeo and Juliet is by no means original, as I have said. It closely follows the original story of that ancient and noble philosopher, Charles Wham, (1400 B. C.), whose candle will throw its beam long after Mr. Shakespeare has shuffled off this mortal coil and is sunk in oblivion. I quote Wham to make clear my point:

"Romeo Montagu, a young cake-eater of Verona, pulled into a big blow-out at old man Capulet's joint, where Juliet Capulet was debooting. Romeo was half-high and fell for Juliet as soon as he lamped her jazzing some Russian bally stuff. He grabbed a ringside seat and when Juliet slid over near him, he whispered, 'Lo, babe, some kick.' They sat out the next one and Romeo, soaked in Pa Capulet's hooch, came back to Juliet's window about three o'clock the next morning. Juliet snapped up Romeo before he came to, and that same day, the two was hooked in everlasting bondage. (Juliet claimed she was fourteen, but the family Bible blabbed a different tune.)

"Now old man Montagu and Pa Capulet loved each other like Dempsey and Firpo, and their backs was practically broken from the weight of chips they carried around on their shoulders. The same day that Juliet buffaloed him, Romeo, still lit up, knocked Tybalt, a fire-eating bozo of the Capulet outfit, for a row of tombstones. That cooked Romeo's goose and the boss of Verona bounced him out of town. Romeo struck out to paint up a near-by hick town named Mantua, Juliet was mooning around the clock over her boob sparring-partner in Mantua, while Pa Capulet had picked a gump called Paris for a winner in her coupling match. She kidded Paris into believing she was nuts over him, then romped down a psalm-slinger, who sold drugs on the side. He gave her a hypo of morphine and she passed out.

"Her folks, nothing slothful, pulled off a big feed and then dumped Juliet into the family tomb. This capped the Capulet climax, as you might say. Romeo sneaked back from his jag in Mantua and jimmied the gate of the tomb. Paris, not to be done out, double-crossed this Houdini and Romeo pasted him one. Then he spotted Juliet and thinking she's croaked for sure he swigged off a pint of bootleg he's bought in Mantua, and went to join the eternal fire brigade. Juliet woke up at the racket and seeing as Romeo had kicked the tin punchbowl, she slid a knife into herself and exit, as the dramatists say.

"Those two old dogs, Capulet and Montagu, were walking off a few thimbles-full, and happened around the graveyard that night. When it sank in that their young hopefuls, Romeo and Juilet, had got their passports, so to speak, the two knew that they could worry along in peace and see all the musical comedy thereafter. So swearing mutual willingness to borrow a ten-spot, they departed in close friendship."[1]

Mr. Shakespeare's attempt, is, it seems to me, a downright plagiarism. The gods be thanked, such a pitiful effort will hardly live six months.

The dramatist has scarcely any knowledge of stage technique. He is evidently angling for the musical comedy rights to the piece, for he actually names 18 persons in the cast, besides a troupe of musicians, attendants and others. Even the merest infant knows that four characters are the eugenically permissible number. Mr. Shakespeare gives no preface, ignores stage-setting and costumes and never hints whether the reader's impression of Romeo should be a light-heavy weight in a tux or whether Juliet looks like

[1] Wham, Charles: *Babylonish Babbles*, translated from the original Bibblish, by Drysdust M. Binkley, Ph.D., LL.D., R.F.D. Pedantic Monthly Press, Boston, 1856.

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Mary Pickford or Pola Negri. The best dramatic etiquette and traditions of Bernard Shaw, Arthur Pinero, and Maurice Maeterlinck seem lost on the young man.

Besides the deplorable influence of motion pictures, mentioned before, the playwright has received inspiration from a variety of authors. He has done almost as well as Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson in representing the American bourgeois by Pa Capulet and Juliet's nurse. Rough, materialistic and shallow-minded, they exhibit some insight into the nature of our Philistine brethren.

The prologue gives this gem: "A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life." Star-crossed, indeed! In her more obtuse moments, Marie Correlli played with the same idea. See *Life Everlasting* for a fuller treatment of lovers with astrological theories of fate, reincarnation, et cetera.

Juliet's lines about the Capulet tomb are in glaring imitation of Poe:

> "Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
> So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
> And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
> That living mortals hearing them run mad:—
> O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
> Environed with all these hideous fears?
> And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
> And pluck'd the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?"[2]

Mr. Shakespeare has evidently made an enthusiastic study of *Morella*, *the Cask of Amontillado* and *the Fall of the House of Usher* to derive such images as he gives. There is scarcely anything more despicable than these Englishmen who disdain American art, yet imitate it. They show both bad manners and bad taste.

There is a painful lack of realism and naturalness in the speeches. What self-respecting playwright would commit this:

> "Look, love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
> Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."[3]

There are but one or two passages in the whole which would pass muster with *Tolstoi* or *May Sinclair*, and that only after careful revision:

> "More courtship lives
> In carrion flies than in Romeo."[4]

> "Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
> You tallow-face."[5]

[2] *Romeo and Juliet*, IV, 3.
[3] Shakespeare, W.: *Romeo and Juliet*, III, 5.
[4] *Ibid.*, III, 3.
[5] *Ibid.*, III, 5.

Romeo and Juliet will stand a poor chance with the modern trend of art. What can be said of a playwright who offers such a naive and pitiable archaism as this:

"God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands."[6]

Mr. Shakespeare resorts to cheap trieks to gain his humorous effects. The play begins with this punning atroeity:

Sampson: "I mean, and we be in choler, we'll draw."
Gregory: "Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar."[7]

A dramatist who uses such vaudeville gags eannot be censored enough by one interested in pure art on the American stage.

Mr. Shakespeare is very youthful and apparently still innocent. He shows some literary promise, but his field is evidently not the drama, if *Romeo and Juliet* is representative. I suggest that he try narrative fiction, either the short story or the novel, where he might hope to some success worthy of comment.

M. C. HENLEY.

* * *

The New Season

The current local dramatic season will probably be like most of those of the past; that is to say, mostly eurrent, if you see what I mean. Or to put it another way, it will eonsist largely of the sins of the einema.

The Academy of Musie in Durham has been pulled down to make way for a new m. d. hotel. Hence, I presume that the theatrical offerings of that city will be confined chiefly to the Orpheum. I expect little worth-while from Raleigh, even with its new State Theatre, though I hope I am mistaken in this instanee. Only those who are able to pop over to Greensboro or Charlotte or Winston-Salem upon occasion may enjoy the few truly valuable plays whieh will visit this state.

At home, the Playmakers will probably confine themselves for the most part to their own productions; since visiting companies, with the exception of the Marionettes, scarcely pay their way—and the coin is what counts.

We may expect five or six productions, which will contain eight or nine new folk plays. A slight majority of these will be good. Some of them—those that do not break any idols or step on anybody's toes—will be taken on tour. And the coffers will clink with coin.

[6] *Ibid.*, IV, 1.
[7] *Ibid.*, I, 1.

Announcement

A new electrical set of waffle irons have just been installed by the Carolina Cafeteria.

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The Chapel Hill high school will doubtless give several productions and for some weeks previous the village will be only faintly visible through the crevices in the advertising thereof. But the turnstile will click and the audience of fond parents, fond friends, and a smattering of students will be well pleased, which is as it should be.

Wigue and Masque may or may not stage another musical comedy. If it does, Memorial Hall will be packed and much guffawing will be done—and the coffers will clink with coin. However, the production probably will not go on tour.

The Music Department will most likely put on seven or eight monthly concerts, most of which will be well worth attending. It may or may not sponsor the visit of some well known artist to Chapel Hill. If it does, Memorial Hall will be anything but packed, much listening to the radio will be done at home—and the coffers will resound with a hollow note.

But the backbone and framework of the local season is the dear old Piewick, where the *bon vivants* are wont to gather nightly. This noble establishment will present about fifteen excellent pictures during the year, or an average of 1.66 per month. Those of the fifteen which have acquired sufficient reputation will pack the house. The others will pay expenses. However, on those nights when Mae Murray or Barbara La Marr or Viola Dana hold the spotlight, then verily will the theatre reek with the stench of human bodies —and the coffers will clink with coin.

* * *

Out of nine starts last year the Carolina Playmakers produced two plays of a high calibre. Two others were up to a respectable standard—one of these would have been better had it not been injudiciously cut. The remaining five were weak. Of these, one was saved from disaster by excellent acting in its leading and only character; another was removed from the boards after an inexcusable muddle in production; the others were given to the innocent public. Let us hope that this year's record will be brighter. It is high time for at least one new playwright to arise.

* * *

The studio production of *Prunella* last spring, from a mechanical standpoint, was a wow. But, with one notable exception, little may be said for the acting. The same comment, holds true, in large part, for the folk plays. The sheer mechanics of stagecraft tends constantly to improve; but the histrionic end of the organization, if not actually retrogressive, certainly is in a static condition. The several examples last year of fine acting, with one or two exceptions, were the result either of long duck's-back experience or of natural ability in the actor or were accidental.

The present school of stage direction, or rather, the present lack of a school of direction, tends to stifle progress in acting. So long as there is no uniformity of direction, so long as there are no definite standards, so long as public opinion is a fetish, spontaneity is suppressed, favoritism is shown, just so long will there be little or no progress. And just so long will art, in the Carolina Playmakers, be spelled with a small *a*.

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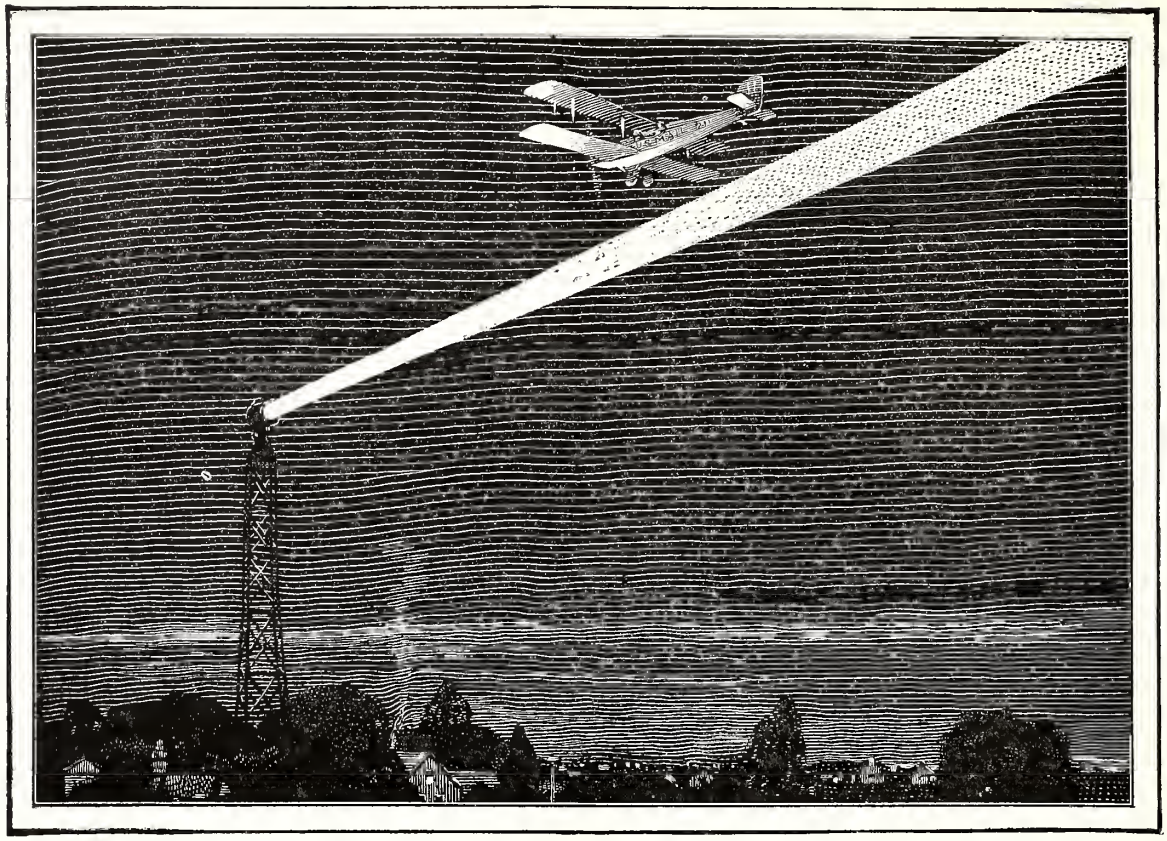

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

November, 1924

Sketches By Buzz

The Land of Heart's Desire

You who are tired of our smug and self-satisfied civilization, you who are sick of electric lights and steam heated apartments, you who have had your fill of theatres and the movies, and whose soul revolts at the deadly decency of your neighbors, come with me, and I will show you your heart's desire.

There is a land, a land of dreams to most of you, but a real land for all of that, a real island that lies across many miles of blue sea water, hidden around the bulging corner of the earth, and swept by all the winds of heaven that blow across the seven seas. The south wind brings with it the mysteries of the Southern Pole; tales of glimmering ice-floes and snowy deserts stretching out their pale leagues of utter desolation beyond the limits of this world come on the south wind,—a chilly wind whose high priest is the snowy albatross.

The east wind brings with it the smell of rotting vegetation, that sick, sweet smell which once met with clings to your memory forever. On the east wind comes the fevers and the pestilence that wipe out whole cities between the setting and the rising of the sun; the east wind is a wind beloved by those who are no longer enamoured of the foolish things of life.

When the north wind blows, islands of many-colored seaweed drift down the current, living islands peopled with tiny crabs, and gaily colored fishes, and slim, white worms whose touch sears the flesh like molten iron,—strange creatures strayed from their homes under the equator.

But the west wind is the best of all. When the west wind blows slow rollers sweep in from the open ocean, great waves blue and green in the sunlight, blue in their cool depths and fading to a pale and tremulous green in their up-curled fringes. Capped with foam, and tirelessly approaching in endless procession, at sunset they are dyed blood red, and their foam as they strike the glistening sand is crimson. The whole universe is bathed in a sea of blood. All the blood in all the world, all the blood ever shed in the senseless strife of man, all the blood that has ever flowed since the world first began could not fill such a sea. And in the quiet waters of the sheltered lagoon are hungry sharks waiting for the incautious bather, and only too willing to mingle his blood with the waters of the bloody sea.

Beyond the mountains that rear their heads behind you lie steaming jungles and dismal morasses with slimy pools and snake-haunted thickets where death is waiting behind every tree. Poisonous flowers, red and yellow, blue flowers with hearts of gold, and white blossoms whose hearts are putrid masses of black corruption bloom there; gorgeously enameled snakes, whose scales seem made of malachite and jasper and whose lidless eyes have an obscene power to hypnotize, crawl among the roots of the vines and bushes; the ardent sun sucks up the fever of the marshes and fills the air with poisonous vapors that strike you while you sleep away the noonday heat in the shadow of the monstrous vegetation; dead things lie bloated and horrible in the green-scummed pools; here there is no lack of death.

Climb to the highest peak of the barren hills that cross the island, and before you are the gates of Hell. A blackened pit, seamed with fissures that exhale sulphurous vapors, and strewn with fantastic rocks and fire-parched cinders tossed upward from the bowels of the earth holds writhing flames—gold and green and crimson—that flicker above a lake of liquid fire that slowly churns and bubbles and with fitful violence sometimes bursts into a fountain of living flame.

Should you ask me how to reach this paradise of weary men and broken-hearted women I would tell you, but you would not heed my advice. But if you would really seek it, the way is simplicity itself. Some summer evening, when the east wind has set the pine-trees murmuring on the hilltops, you must set sail into the west. But first draw up your boat on the shining sands and wait until all is propitious, or else your journey fails. When the sun has quenched its fiery heat in the western ocean, and the moon, our mother, has started her nightly search for her mad

children; as soon as the evening star beekons onward to the great adventure, spread your sail and go. Sail ever westward in the phosphorescent moonlight, and before you know it you will have reached your goal. But this journey you must make alone. Take no one with you, and tell no one you are going if you would find your promised land. And if the white-haired light keeper on the headland does not see you beating in to windward through the mists of early morning, if your keel leaves no more marks on the wet sand of the beaeh, I shall know that you have reached your haven, know that this world will trouble you no more.

* * *

The Mist

They said that she was erazy, those poor earth-bound mortals, but how she laughed at them. Not openly, of eourse—that would make them pity her—but inwardly—'till she thought she must burst from pure joy. Oh! It was funny, funny! If they eould but see the things she saw; hear the sounds she heard; dream the dreams she dreamed, how colorless, narrow, anemie must seem their petty ambitions, triumphs, disappointments. *Then* they would see that it was they who were mad. Mad! She almost laughed aloud. Fools, fools! And they said that she was erazy.

How eould one be erazy when life was nought but joy and happiness? Joy, now wild, passionate, intoxicating, until it seemed as though it must erush her, now earessing, elinging, exotie, until it seemed as if it must engulf her, smother her—like the mist from the river. The mist! Ah, how she loved the Mist!

Every night, when all was still, she would quietly move her bed and one by one remove the brieks from a hole large enough to permit her to slip through the wall to freedom, to the Mist! (Perhaps it had taken her months to make that hole, she could not remember; but what was time except joy—joy that had always been and always would be!) Then she would sit on the bluff overlooking the river and watch the mist rise. Slowly, sinuously, it would ereep up and up until it engulfed her. It clung to her like a young child, its arms twining tighter and tighter about her neek until she gasped for breath. This was life! What a pity that only she of all the world should know it!

Through the mist dimly she could see lights on the other side of the river. They were in her son's house. He was a good son, too, the best a mother ever had. Every week he eame to see her, bronght her flowers, eandy, pictures, kissed her, and left her feeling as if the mist itself had just earessed her. How strange that he should be married, have ehildren; it seemed but yesterday that he himself was born. Yes, it was on a misty night.

Tonight he was dying. Two of the attendants had mentioned it when they thought that she was not listening. (Stupid fools!) She was only waiting for the mist to rise high enough to earry her aeross the river to her son. The mist eould not fail her; it was her faithful lover. Nightly its soft, loving earesses left her weak with happiness; nightly it ealled to her to eome with it.

The mist had reaehed her feet. Now was the time. She must hurry or it would be too late. Her son, her *son* would be dead! She stood up, stretehed her arms toward the distant light, and stepped out. Her laugh rang out, elear, joyous, unrestrained. Free at last to laugh aloud!

A splash! . . .

The Mist had served her. She went home with her son.

* * *

Gossamer

The spell is broken. I have betrayed a perfect possibility. I, in the quenehing of my unholy thirst, have despoiled a saerament.

It lay before me, a pieee of speeehless beauty. Whiter than the light of a morning star. Whiter than the white breast of a swan; more silent than the shadow of the swan's breast on the water. It was like the moment before the eurtain rises on a stage, like a young ship, arrogant in the pride of her virgin voyage.

It was the Impalpable of whieh I had dreamed. It was sweet with the sweetness of the Blue Rose that blooms behind the sunset. And it was mine—all mine—this treasure of the ages. Mine forever in the blankness of a sheet of white paper. Fool that I was, in my drunken eraving for words, I desired to toueh and taste the Impalpable. Like a sot, like a profaner of temples, I was not content to tremble in the eestasy of a prieeless odor. I longed to distill it into liquid perfumery.

Is there no pity for me—for me, who was born a paradox? For me, poor drunkard for words, whose thirst is assuaged only by the loss of the Preeious and Perishable Beauty?

It lay before me, so ehaste and so docile, so wistful and so full of unlimited possibilities. I erossed myself before its purity. Ah! Hunger and Pain are to be borne but thirst is ever the master of man. And no man ever thirsted as I. I dipped my pen—I wrote the word "The—"

The spell is broken.

Peter Dromgoole

In Which Much Light is Thrown on an Interesting Tradition

By Bruce Cotten

When I entered the University of North Carolina as a freshman in 1891, one of the first places of interest to which I was taken by friends was Dromgoole Rock located on Piney Prospect. The story of how Peter Dromgoole had been killed in a duel and buried beneath that rock was rehearsed. Certain stains on the boulder were pointed to as blood stains. which had defied the effect of time and remained mute evidence of that fatal night when young Dromgoole disappeared forever from friends and from a family that adored him.

The story, as I recall it, was somewhat vague and uncertain. Young Dromgoole had disappeared while at college and had never since been heard from by friends or by members of his family. Rumors were circulated that there had been a difficulty between him and some student of unknown name. The name of a beautiful young girl was associated with the matter, and finally someone, somewhere, on a death bed, had revealed the mystery of his disapperance by stating that Dromgoole had been killed in a duel and buried beneath that rock.

This person had himself been a witness to the affair, a second for Dromgoole, all parties having taken an oath, just prior to the meet, never to reveal any of the particulars or the results of anything happening that night.

This was the story as then related by the students and is practically the same as that used by John W. Moore in his "Heirs of St. Kilda" and by Fuller in his "Sea Gift."

The story was, I think, half believed, at least by most of the student body. It was one of those fascinating, romantic mysteries that appeal to the imagination, the sort of thing that one likes to believe; so it had been passed on from class to class for many years, few indeed daring to disbelieve in the face of that dying witness.

Now this story of Dromgoole's disappearance and his probable death on the field of honor was not new to me. My mother is directly descended from the grandfather of Peter Dromgoole, knew the later generations of Dromgoole well, and I had heard her relate how Peter had disappeared from college and the story of the duel.

As a boy it interested me deeply as a family mystery and I often fancied Cousin Peter still alive somewhere, and pictured his return some day with riches and gifts for the children—brimming with fascinating tales of a mysterious life and things far away.

Recently I became curious to know something about my Dromgoole ancestors and, among other steps taken to accomplish this object, I visited the old Dromgoole homestead in Brunswick County, Va. This place is some fifteen miles from Roanoke Rapids, N. C. The old house, built in 1790, is still standing, and there I found a large accumulation of family papers, dating from about 1775, which I secured and brought away with me.

Rev. Edward Dromgoole, the grandfather of Peter Dromgoole, was born in Sligo, Ireland, in 1750. Of an ancient and prominent Catholic family, he became interested very early in life in the preaching of John Wesley, broke entirely with his family, and in 1770 came to America to the house of John Hagety at Frederick Town in Maryland. Here he became a Methodist minister, in 1772, when only twenty-two years of age.

In 1774 he was assigned to lower Virginia and North Carolina and traveled that circuit for many years. He was one of the leading pioneer Methodists of the South, and among his papers I find letters from John Wesley and Francis Asbury, and from Philip Bruce, John Dickins, (the founder of the Methodist Book Concern), Rubin Ellis, Philip Gotch, Richard Ivey and John Sale, all prominently connected with the early history of Methodism in the South. There are also letters from Charles Pattigrew, First Bishop-Elect of North Carolina, and the Rev. Mr. D. Juratt, a well-known Episcopal minister of Petersburg, Va.

Though his descendants have all long since embraced the Episcopal communion, I have conceived a great admiration for this Irish-Methodist ancestor of mine. He was knight errant as well as preacher, could fight as well as pray and, from his own correspondence, I gather that he rode ten thousand miles

through the wilds of Virginia and North Carolina, preaching the Gospel to fallen man, and carrying a Bible, hymnal, and canteen of brandy in his saddle bag.

He wore a corset and a wig, rouged his lips, and took snuff, which proves that he was a gentleman, while his letters and some magazine articles show him to have been something of a scholar and a poet as well.

In 1776 he rode across "Roan Oak" into "lowdown Bertie" and "believers were salted as with heavenly fire," then back to Halifax Town, where he met Mr. Willie Jones. Mr. Jones gave him a copy of the Declaration of Independence, just received from Philadelphia, and asked him to read it from the pulpits of his meetings. This he did, but not with enthusiasm, I fear, for "such agitations are disturbing to the religious state of these provinces."

On March 7th, 1777, Mr. Dromgoole married Rebecca Walton, a daughter of John Walton of Brunswick County, Va., "a respected citizen and a man of much substance." He established his home on a plantation which he called Sligo after his native town in Ireland. Here he died in 1833, leaving a good estate and a reputation as a preacher and a man that has lasted to the present day.

Two sons survived him. The younger of these, George C. Dromgoole, was for many years a leader in Congress and a political figure of national reputation in his day. The elder son, Edward Dromgoole II. was, like his father, a Methodist preacher, and was also a doctor of medicine, a merchant and a planter. He was born at Sligo, Va., February 2nd, 1788, and "was married on March 28th, 1810, in the County of Green, State of Ohio, to Sarah Creese Pelham, a daughter of Peter Pelham."

Mr. Pelham was for many years clerk of the Court of Greenville County, Virginia, as well as a local Methodist preacher. He removed with his family to Ohio, in 1802.

After Mr. Dromgoole's marriage in Ohio, he and his bride journeyed back to Virginia on horseback, and took up their residence at "The Oaks," a plantation that Mr. Dromgoole owned in Halifax County, N. C., at or near the present Roanoke Rapids. Here Peter Dromgoole was born, February 8th, 1815, and baptized by Rev. Philip Bruce, being named for his maternal grandfather, Peter Pelham. In 1819 Mr. Dromgoole removed back to Brunswick County, Va.

Of Peter Dromgoole the family papers contain no further reference until 1832, from which year a number of letters from him to his father have been preserved. These were dated Louisburg, N. C., where he had been placed at school, at Mr. Bobbitts', a well-known boys' school in those days, with Methodist influences. These are merely schoolboy letters and are signed in each case: "I remain your affectionate son, Peter P. Dromgoole."

In January, 1833, Peter was sent to Chapel Hill for the purpose of entering the University as a student. Only three letters have been found from him while at Chapel Hill.

Chapel Hill,
Jany. 26th, 1833.

Dear Father:

I arrived here last Sunday week and after being examined for two days I am very sorry to inform you that I was rejected.

Since that I have commenced studying under one of the Tutors for the present session, at the end of which I shall be prepared to enter College with ease next June.

On my arrival here I find that the expense of this session will be considerably more than it will the next, for having to purchase furniture for my room, etc., will cost something like from eight to twelve dollars. But if I shall live close to the wind, as you say, which I will try to do, I shall have a plenty of money until the end of the session at which time I shall need about eighty or eighty-five dollars.

I have concluded to remain here during the vacation as it will be attended with a good deal expense, going and returning, which will amount to $25 at least and the board here during that time will be about $12.

I am in the enjoyment of pretty good health and have been ever since I left, with the exception of a few days sickness from riding in an open wagon and a bad cold and hope that this will find you all well.

Give my love to Mama, Sisters and Brother Neddy.

Your affectionate son,

Peter P. Dromgoole.

Rev. Edward Dromgoole, Jr.

Chapel Hill,
March 15th, 1833.

Dear Father:

I have been waiting with anxious expectation for a letter from home ever since I wrote to Sister Betsy but as none has come to hand as yet, I have determined to write you all a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you all at home if you have me.

I have nothing to write except that I am very well satisfied with the Hill of Science and the people on it. There are about 100 or 110 students all of whom are very fine young men indeed with the exception of a few.

A few days past we had considerable excitement on the Hill, especially among the students, on account of a Member of the Dialectic Society and in the Senior Class, of whom it is said he will get the first honor of his class, who came forward and joined the Philanthropic Society which has produced feelings between the two Societies which will never be entirely eradicated.

This leaves me in the enjoyment of very good health and I hope it will reach you all well. Give my love to Ma., Sisters and Brothers, to G. Pa., Aunt Polly and Cousin Betsy.

Your affectionate Son,

Peter P. Dromgoole.

It can be inferred from the second letter that young Dromgoole was disturbed. Such was in fact the case. His father had felt keenly his failure to enter the Uni-

versity, and there is evidence that young Dromgoole was showing some tendencies toward wildness and dissipation at this time. There is a badly mutilated letter from Prof. Hopper which implicates as much; also it is stated in a short article by Dr. K. P. Battle, in the University *Magazine*, of November 1894, that Dromgoole's roommate, John Buxton Williams, of Warren county, said that Dromgoole was "a moody youth and inclined to wildness." But there is no real evidence that he was excessively wild, or "fond of card-playing and wild company," as Dr. Battle states in his History of the University. It seems certain, however, that Dromgoole's taste and temperament had placed him at this time out of harmony with his father, who was excessively pious, even for that pious day.

It seems proper to suppose that his father answered this letter of March 15th, and that it was of a nature that hurt and offended Dromgoole and caused him to believe that it was impossible for him to live up to his father's requirements or to live in happiness at home.

At any rate, it was some such feeling as this that caused him to act as he did and to write the following letter:

Chapel Hill,
April 8th, 1833.

My Dear Father:

I write you this letter to let you become acquainted with the determination I have come to and while I address you with tears in my eyes, be not rash in your decision about my conduct I entreat you therefore to look over it.

To be short and explicit about the matter and let you know at once, I have determined never more to see that parent's face whom I have treated with so little respect. The reason of my conduct I am not able to describe but shall leave them for time to unfold.

I shall leave C. H. the mail preceding the departure of this letter, and shall proceed to the nearest point where I can take water from whence I shall sail for Europe never to return again.

Let me entreat you my dear parents to be reconciled, for I have taken the old maxim that all things happen for the best.

Let me ask you to keep this script as the thanks of an undutiful son who has disregarded the precepts which have been so often reiterated in his ears. Should I arrive at my destined point, I expect to write to you all. So farewell and may the mercy of God protect, be with you, and comfort you forever, and I hope that you all will pray for me.

Your affectionate but undutiful son,

Peter P. Dromgoole.

To the—
Rev. Edward Dromgoole, Jr.,
Gholsonville, P. O.,
Brunswick Co.,
Virginia.

With this rather well-written letter, Peter Dromgoole, eighteen years of age, passed out into oblivion, never again to communicate with any member of his family or with any former friend so far as is known. Whatever we may think of his action, it must be conceded that he displayed strength of character in doing what he did. His grandfather had done practically the same thing, having broken entirely from his Catholic family and come to America to be rid of a religious atmosphere that was distasteful to him. Peter, sixty-three years later, broke with his family for precisely the same reason, as I understand it, and, reversing his grandfather's course, announced that he was going to Europe.

The last letter is dated April 8th, but it is postmarked Chapel Hill, April 24th, 1833, showing that young Dromgoole had carefully considered the step and had hesitated and reflected fully before actually putting it into effect.

It is said that his father declined to take any action in regard to this letter, declaring that "no one should run after him." But his mother, who was an exceptionally fine woman, approached her brother-in-law, Hon. George C. Dromgoole, and entreated him to go to Chapel Hill and investigate the matter.

The following letter from Mr. Dromgoole discloses the result of that trip:

Raleigh, N. C.,
7th May, 1833.

Dear Brother:

I reached this place Saturday night. On Sunday morning I met with four or five students from the Hill and among them the son of Mr. Henry Williams, of Warren, who had been the roommate of Peter.

Mr. Williams informed me that about a fortnight ago Peter left the Hill. He did not inform his roommate or anyone else of his intention to depart, or whither he intended going. I have ascertained that he was in this place on Wednesday week last, but I cannot learn what direction he has gone.

I have examined the books of entries for stage passengers in every direction and cannot find his name. He has left his trunk, books and most of his clothes at Chapel Hill. Young Mr. Williams has promised me that if any information is received, that he will immediately let you know and that should Peter write to any of his acquaintances he will be written to immediately and persuaded to return home.

Mr. Williams will take charge of his trunk, etc. and will at the close of the examinations bring them to Warrenton and then forward them to Glovers' (?)

The information received in this place renders it unnecessary for me to proceed to Chapel Hill. I inquired particularly concerning his conduct and was informed that he had conducted himself with propriety and was respected by the students. I suppose therefore that the only cause that has operated on his mind has been, that he not having prosecuted his studied diligently with a view of entering college, was conscious of having committed an error and was unwilling to meet you in consequence of it.

I think it is probable that he will write to some of the students and that in this way you may shortly hear from him. Indeed I should imagine that in a little time he will become sensible of his error and will either return home or write to you. I at least hope so.

I write in haste this morning. I shall leave here presently for New Bern. From New Bern I shall return by way of Halifax if I find it to be the most expeditious mode of getting home. It is 120 miles from this to New Bern.

In haste, yours, etc.,

GEORGE C. DROMGOOLE.

Rev. Edward Dromgoole, Jr.,
White Plains P O
Brunswick County,
Virginia.

Dr. Battle, in his *History of the University of North Carolina*, states that Peter Dromgoole came to the University in 1831, while from the foregoing it is seen that he arrived on the Hill in January, 1833. It is further stated in the *History*, that he remained only a few days, whereas he remained until April 24th, or just three months.

Dr. Battle further says: "His uncle, Hon. George C. Dromgoole, one of our alumni, an able lawyer, came to Chapel Hill and for weeks investigated the case." It is seen from the above that Mr. Dromgoole proceeded no further than Raleigh. Also it might be remarked that the Hon. G. C. Dromgoole was not precisely an alumnus of the University, he having been expelled in 1816, along with William Biddle Shepard, whose lifelong friend he was.

Dr. Battle again assumes that young Dromgoole went south and was killed in a brawl in Texas. There is no evidence whatever for this supposition, but on the other hand the following letter furnishes a positive clue as to what became of him, at least for a time:

Wilmington, N. C.
April 22nd, 1834.

DEAR SIR:

I publicly observed from the Pulpit on yesterday that I expected to go to Virginia today. A lady who does not attend my church was providentially present and sent for me this morning and placed in my hands a bundle of letters directed to Peter P. Dromgoole, Louisberg, N. C.

They are from his father Edward Dromgoole, Jr., and his sister, J. A. D. Some are postmarked Lawrenceville, Va. others from Xenia, Ohio. The lady remarked that the young man was here at her house last summer, called himself Williams, left his box &C at her house, she thinks about June, went to Smithville and enlisted in the regular army at Fort Johnston, where she understands he still is.

I am acquainted with the officers of that station and have written to the commander Maj. Churchill this morning requesting him to write to you.

I shall not return until the last of May but expect to be at Charlotte County (Va.) May court. Not knowing whether you had heard of your son I thought my duty to write you this hasty note.

Yours Resptfly,

THOMAS P. HUNT,

Formaly of Brunswick, Va.

P. S.

On reflection I do not see the necessity of my sending a letter to Maj. Churchill, but if you wish to write to him, direct to Smithville, Brunswick Co., N. Car.

(Directed to)
Rev. Edward Dromgoole,
C/-George C. Dromgoole,
Lawrenceville, Va.

This letter established beyond a doubt that young Dromgoole was in Wilmington, N. C., during the summer of 1833 and the strong probability that he enlisted in the army, under the name of Williams, which was the name of his roommate at Chapel Hill.

The garrison at Fort Johnston at that time consisted of two batteries of the Third United States Artillery, commanded by Maj. Sylvester Churchill. An effort to locate the pay and muster rolls of these batteries has so far been unsuccessful. Should they be found, as is hoped, they will give the military history of any man enlisted there during the summer of 1833.

There is no evidence that members of his family took any action on this clue furnished by Mr. Hunt. Peter's name appears only once more among the family papers. This is in the settlement of his father's estate in 1840, when it is stated that a son, Peter, had disappeared in 1833 and had not been heard from since.

As to the myth of the duel, it undoubtedly had its origin about 1837, when George C. Dromgoole, before referred to, had the misfortune of killing Daniel Dugger, Esq., in a duel.

I have among the Dromgoole papers voluminous material concerning the affair. It was one of those unfortunate affairs, which, originating in a trifle, grew through no fault of either party into a situation which at that period could be settled only on the field of honor.

Mr. Dugger was an estimable gentleman, married to a daughter of General Green, of Warren county, and aunt of the late Colonel Wharton J. Green. The duel was fought on the morning of November 6th, 1837, on the banks of the Roanoke River, in Northampton county, N. C., and Mr. Dugger received a wound at the first fire from which he died three weeks later.

The affair created an immense amount of feeling and excitement and was a sensation for some years. It was during this time, no doubt, that the rumor was first circulated that Peter Dromgoole had been killed in a duel.

Notwithstanding the ill fortune that seemed to attend the association of the Dromgoole family with the University of North Carolina, Edward Dromgoole, a younger brother of Peter, entered the University in 1841, and graduated with honors in 1845.

He was, I believe, one of the editors of the first volume of the University *Magazine*, published in 1844; at least, I have his first volume, nicely bound by him and in perfect condition. It carries numerous marginal notes by him as to the authorship of articles and corrections of text that indicate a near acquaintance with the publication of the *Magazine*. Also the following abstract from a letter to his mother dated Chapel Hill, January 2, 1844, indicates, I think, that Dromgoole had more than a passing interest in the founding of this magazine and had talked with his mother about it.

"From the reports made by the few students who have arrived, of the results of their labors in procuring subscribers to our Magazine, I think I can safely predict that it is destined not to appear. Some not taking that interest in it which the lover of literature should take, failed to make exertions to secure subscribers, while others entirely forgot the whole matter."

In the Golden-Jubilee Number of the *Magazine*, March-April, 1894, it is stated that the name of the third editor from the Philanthropic Society for the 1844 volume can not be ascertained. It was undoubtedly Edward Dromgoole, a brother of Peter Dromgoole, the Mysterious.

This Mr. Dromgoole was a retiring, well-to-do country gentleman, with a great fondness for books and reading. He died in 1895, leaving two sons, George C. and Edward Dromgoole, who died without issue. The name is now extinct.

To a Caged Eagle

Here in the cage you stay, and year by year
The mighty pinions that once bore you high
Grow weaker with disuse, and death draws near
To you who once were monarch of the sky.

You gaze about you, and your kingly eye,
That once was bright with fierce and lofty pride,
Sees but dull humans that go listlessly
About your cage and heedless turn aside.

They have not tasted freedom as you have,
Nor soared above all turmoil and despair
Over yon mountain, looming dimly blue,
In the far depths of the illimitable air.

They have not known the joy of loneliness
In the far spaces, breasting mighty gales,
On and still on into the endlessness
Of the far sky, with heart that never fails.

Their hearts have never known the ecstasy
Of your free life; they know not what they do,
Who cage you here for idle men to see,
Where each new day but builds your bars anew.

—J. E. F.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER, 1924

Growing Pains

The University of North Carolina was recently elected to the presidency of the Association of American Universities. The state papers lauded us at length. Very good! It *is* a signal honor to the University that it, after a membership of only two years, should receive the presidency, though it is of more significance that we belong to the association at all. But it *does not* place us upon an eminence from which we can look down with a slightly knowing air upon Princeton and Chicago and Columbia, as many highly esteemed North Carolinians seem to think, nor does it, for some time yet, give us the right to call them brothers in the flesh.

If we may garble a borrowed analogy, a two-carat diamond in a tray of two-, three-, and four-carat diamonds in Tiffany's window arouses little comment, but that same two-carat diamond in a sifting-pan of pulverized bituminous coal, even though the two are formed of the same basic substance, may well cause a young commotion. The University of North Carolina, as we see it, is a diamond in a desert, and as such is likely to focus upon itself more public attention than it would were it a diamond in acres of diamonds.

This university, in line with many other universities in the country, is in the throes of what has been called "gigantism;" it is suffering from growing pains. This is materially evidenced in the enormous increase in the legislature's appropriation to the University in the past several years, in the great building program, in the phenomenal growth of the School of Commerce, in the flooding of the campus with a huge increase of students of every hue of intelligence and background, in the watering of the faculty, and in the relegation of the lower classes to instructors and assistants.

The question which troubles us is this: Is the intellectual life growth of the University keeping pace with its material growth; is *quality* remaining on a par with *quantity?* In the field of research, in the graduate school, and insofar as the University transcends its aspect as a college, we are inclined to answer, Yes; but with reference to the undergraduates, to the students who pass thirty-six courses, grab a diploma, and beat it out into the cold, cruel world after four years residence here we answer, No.

There is no doubt that in the field of the humanities the University is making noteworthy progress, and that the national reputation accruing to the Institute of Social Science is well deserved. The increase in enrollment in the graduate school from one hundred and five students to three hundred and forty-three in a period of five years offers eminent proof of this.

From all this importance, however, the great mass of undergraduates, except on its own initiative, derives little benefit. And there is little or no overt effort on the part of the University to develop that initiative. That is, to us, the great fault. Students come here, most of them with decidedly minute points of view, are exposed for three years to what is for the most part tommyrot, and then are given, if they are lucky, a bare introduction into the Elysian Fields of true intelligence, and leave, most of them with only slightly less minute points of view. Truth, to what few of them ever hear of Truth with a capital T, is pictured as beautiful, whereas Truth, in the beginning of things, is not pretty, but ugly and hard and cold. They graduate from college, then, just at the time when they are beginning really to be educated.

As the student body grows larger, it grows less cohesive. That is a perfectly logical development, but instead of germinating a cosmopolitan viewpoint it becomes ever more rabidly provincial. The honor system has become slightly tainted, and the old soul of the University is just a bit moth-eaten. Individuality is suppressed by a cut-and-dried system of compulsory class attendance. The burdens of the campus are still carried on the shoulders of a few, and as student life becomes more complex the bearing of these burdens becomes increasingly difficult. As a result, many who would otherwise become great are stunted in their growth because they must tread too many paths at once. Each year Golden Fleece taps fewer men who are really big.

The University and the state are too nearly permeated with that small-time provincial attitude which

resented the "invasion" of Governor Brewster of Maine because he was a "rank outsider," though he made by far the best political speech we have heard on this campus, a speech which caused us for almost ten minutes seriously to consider voting for Coolidge; the attitude which resented the appointment of Dean Ferson to head the law school because he was a "damn Westerner," though the efficiency and status of that school has increased many per cent since his coming; the attitude which caused the Charlotte *Observer* to dismiss the death of Henry Cabot Lodge with four rather ironic lines because he hated the South, though he was unescapably one of the country's most eminent men; in fine, that attitude which would, with Bishop Candler of Atlanta, build a Chinese wall along the Mason and Dixon line and keep all things south of it Southern.

It is this prejudiced and non-receptive state of mind which the University must fight and overcome if it is to become the great institution which it hopes to be, if it is to do its full duty to the state, if it is to lead the state rather than follow it. In a more or less passive way it is even now making great strides in this direction, but it is time these strides became more aggressive in nature, it is time a really effective *liaison* system were introduced here, and it is time that some of the money now being wasted on morons be used to import permanently several notable intelligences and to introduce them and their influence to the undergraduate student body, not confine them to research or to the graduate school.

One extremist has called the University of North Carolina the "Wisconsin of the South;" but another has characterized it as "until recently, a frankly fourth-rate institute." Shall we become a Wisconsin in fact or shall we rest content to be, perhaps not a "fourth-rate institution," but a third- or second-rate school? It is time to ditch a lot of our alchemical system and pay more attention to the assaying and mining of the pure gold that is here.

Give Us More Lectures

The foregoing editorial recalls to our mind a situation which has oppressed us ever since we came here; namely, the great dearth of worth-while lectures at the University of North Carolina. It seems to us that if the University is to become one of the great institutions of the country it should recognize at least a nominal degree of intelligence in its student body and supply an occasional outside stimulus to it. If it can not or will not admit such intelligence then it has no right to aspire to the company of the great until something is done about it.

Of the lectures delivered here during our thirty months as a student, those which we recall as of more than passing note can be tabulated on the fingers of our two hands. That is to say, we have pleasing recollections of lectures by Carl Sandburg, Isaac Marcosson, John Lomax, Garrett Serviss, Hugh Walpole, William Ellsworth, DuBose Heyward, W. T. Grenfell, Hubert Poteat, and William R. Shepherd. To this list must be added one or two University sermons, several of the McNair and Weil lectures, which are usually more or less worth-while, and a few lectures on subjects of a limited appeal. The remaining few of which we have any memory (we are speaking, if you please, of lectures from outside sources) were rather petty or useless or inane. Even in the group which we mention the really gilt-edged lectures can be narrowed down to about six, which, all in all, is a rather poor batting average.

Without wishing to appear presumptious we offer the following list of men and women who might be secured as lecturers by this university, all or any of whom could contribute much to the development of that open-mindedness of thought, the lack of which we deplored in our leading editorial:

Gilbert Seldes, Edward Arlington Robinson, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Upton Sinclair, Irvin Cobb, Robert Frost, Will Irwin, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Vachel Lindsay, Alexander Meiklejohn, Ring Lardner, William Howard Taft, Willa Cather, Walter Lippmann, Louise Pound, Henry J. Ford.

Fifty others could be mentioned.

Doubtless it would require rather handsome money to get some of them; others could be secured for a reasonable amount. But we, for one, are in favor of hearing several if the University has to borrow money to pay them or if we have to lay out a dollar a throw for admission.

Still Less Flattering

It is a considerable and unflattering reflection on a man's judgment when he is seen to shift his opinions almost entirely within the short space of a month. It almost makes one feel that the method of silent Cal is the best after all. Say nothing, then at least what you say will not be misunderstood. Or as someone has said "Be sure you're right; then go ahead."

It seems that one may be sure one is right, that is, practically sure about some particular matter, but later the previous appearance may change under closer examination. In a different light the color and texture may reveal themselves to be entirely different.

A different light has been thrown on a certain subject on which an editorial was written in the last Carolina Magazine. The editorial referred to is the

one in which an item from Miss Nell Battle Lewis' column in the *News and Observer* is discussed.

It is rather strange how the light changes things for us. Then we thought Miss Lewis rather flippant toward one of the State's most important problems; namely, the problem of ports and terminals. We criticized her for not using the "source of information," The Report of the State Ship and Water Transportation Commission, which was available on the subject. At the time we had read this source once; it sounded plausible. We were almost convinced, but —not quite. On further study we have been forced to change our opinion on this source. This opinion is expressed at some length in an article in this issue entitled "Ports and Progress."

As appears in this article we have had our confidence in this source sadly shaken, and it was sad: against all our hopes, preconceived ideas and newly aroused dreams a few calm, cold considerations quickly arose. Our beautiful air castle with its wonderful superstructure stood revealed to us now—without foundation.

We have found that Miss Lewis might have searched long and industriously for real information concerning a seaport for North Carolina without avail, the reason being that such does not exist. We now agree with the tone of her item: that it was rather foolish, under the circumstances to submit the question to the people. This being so we find it necessary to recant. We apologize to Miss Lewis and to our readers. We should have studied our "source of information" more closely before placing our confidence in it.

And now comes to us the echo of an oft heard admonition—Yes, we are young; possibly we shall learn yet.

W. T. C.

More Peanut Politics

The voting system in North Caroina is a disgrace to the State; it is a mockery of even the form of democracy; it is an insult to intelligent voters and a means by which the less intelligent, the weak willed and wishy-washy are imposed upon and dictated to.

When you vote you probably go into a little room with a table in the middle. On the table are from fifteen to twenty-five batches of paper slips from which you are to make your choices. Around the table are several men, some of whom seem to be very intelligent. From the strength of their convictions and the certainty they have that the choices they have picked for you are right they appear to be very intelligent.

A few five dollar bills seem to have a potent power in sharpening intellects; or if not fivers, what can have so inoculated them with the virus of conviction?

In the very essentials of our government, at the very basis of our system are found conditions which allow the corruption of pig-sty politics—scrambling for votes like hogs at the trough. Whether due to negligence or a desire to continue the use of what look suspiciously like five-dollar-bill sharpened intellects, the State government is responsible.

The above is undoubtedly a greatly exaggerated picture of the truth of the case in most instances; but it is the *appearance* and may in certain instances be the truth. Politicing, advising and interfering with voters at the poles is a nuisance whether done by zealous, sincere advocates, harmless idiots, or hirelings. The condition demands a change; it is up to the next legislature to make it.

W. T. C.

In Which We Differ

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article under the title "Matched Purses vs. Matched Games," which is a rather violent excoriation of what the author sees as rabid commercialism in North Carolina football. There is a great deal of truth in the article; football in North Carolina, as well as elsewhere, *is* tainted with commercialism, as any one intimately connected with the game realizes. A certain preacher in the state, for example, has "adopted" a boy whose expenses at a certain college he pays, while his own son is a self-help student. The "adopted" son is an athlete and the money to defray his expenses is supplied to the preacher by certain parties interested in his "son's" athletic career.

However, we do not believe that the situation in North Carolina is nearly so black as the author of the article pictures it; we do not believe that most of the teams in the state are "rotten" with professionalism; nor do we believe that this professionalism will ever develop into a Frankenstein. We have too much faith in the ultimate common sense of the administrative bodies of the various state institutions.

The author's solution to the problem is, to say the least, altruistic, but it strikes us as far from feasible. Intra-mural athletics have proved their worth and should be developed and expanded to the limit of that worth; but neither they nor anything else in college life can supplant inter-collegiate football or replace, for the great majority, the glorious thrill of an up-to-the-minute varsity football scrap. Alumni, faculties, student bodies, at least in our generation, will never permit the abolition of inter-collegiate contests. They are of too much material value from a psychological, philosophical, and spiritual standpoint; they have become an integral part of present-day college life.

What we most need is a better equilibrium between athletics for the few and athletics for the many, and a truer appreciation of sport for sport's sake.

THE PASTURE

J. E. H. AND W. T. C.

WARNING

The green in The Pasture having become somewhat short one of the young Toro's has broken through the enclosure; it is not known how long it will take to catch him again or when that is accomplished whether he will be returned to The Pasture or taken to the Slaughter House. At any rate he is now loose, wild and roaming the country side.

* * *

For some time now we have been trying to discover the difference between 100% Americanism and Deutsche Kultur. Excepting that one is American and the other German, that one is distinctly the product of a small town mind, and the other of a cosmopolitan mind, we find little difference. Both are bombastic, egotistic and self-laudatory to the nth degree. The 100% American is ignorant and unintelligent. The German Kulturist was more intelligent but perverted by his education; his immediate aims came to grief as a result. But where 100% Americanism is going to land us we don't believe the Lord Almighty himself knows.

* * *

The State of North Carolina is very fortunate in having within her boundaries a bolshevik detector and a miniature exponent of Prussian junkerism. This esteemed and worthy student and potential director of wholesale murder has recently made a startling discovery. To his astute brain we owe credit for the revelation that the Bolsheviki from Russia inoculated the modern girl with the deadly germs of flapperism and that this inoculation was the beginning of an organized, underhanded and insidious effort to break up home life.

It appears that this gentleman thinks the Bolsheviki wanted to break up home life because they believed population would gradually fail to reproduce itself and dwindle away when the custom and law-sanctioned breeding mediums had disappeared. Even bobbed hair this worthy blunderbuss student alleges is directly attributable to the deadly virus of the flapperistic germ of the Bolsheviki. As an antidote and a cure for flapperitis he, we are informed, has proposed military training.

Yes, the State of North Carolina *is* fortunate in having this gentleman within her boundaries. Comic sideshows such as those he gives are rare in this country. Several times during the past two years in his Sherlockian role he has given us something to laugh about. To him we owe our thanks for several good laughs; we await his next discovery with great anticipation.

* * *

For the past several months we have been accustomed to regale our leisure hours with reading about the recent presidential election. One weekly periodical in particular has emphasized the fact that less than 50% of the eligible voters have taken advantage of their voting power in the last elections. Many lamentations and dire predictions as to the fate of democracy have arisen as a result of the publication of this fact. Attention has been called to the heroics, sacrifices, and martyrisms made by our forefathers in order that they and we might enjoy the privilege of guiding and directing our government. The doom of democracy has been spelled out of our indifference to this privilege.

We beg to differ with this prediction. The doom of democracy antedates modern indifference to voting power. The reason for our low estimate of the value of a vote preecdes the admission of women to suffrage and consequent lessening of its value.

As the fundamentalist would say, when man was first synthesized democracy was amortized; but the idea has never yet been got rid of. As every one realizes it has been a dream, is a dream and will remain a dream so long as man's nature is the same.

However, the form of government which this dream has given affords us more satisfaction than any other we know of. Under the form of democratic government the average adult is made to think he has a word in his government. Under no other form of government could he enjoy this illusion; it is pleasing to him, soothes his ego, and, in general, secures his coöperation.

We believe the actual exercise of his voting power by every individual entitled to it would be a great calamity. The moron majority already has too much influence, as evidenced by the present government. And we thank our lucky stars that the eccentric minority—college profs, preachers, authors, artists and other erratics—*is* a small minority.

As it is, we actually have a government of money, by money and for money. But this is not as bad as it sounds; for money, in these modern times, has become educated. It has found that its multiplication and growth is dependent upon and aided by its diffusion—to a certain extent. It has not become humane, but has merely recognized expediency. In its public schools, colleges and universities money has applied itself assiduously to education. It has found out the best means of keeping itself in the saddle. In the elementary schools money teaches its subjects to reverence and obey it; at the seats of "higher learning" it buries possible revolutionists in studying Chaucer or philosophy or something of the sort; and it teaches the others the *extent* to which it must be diffused in order to keep the reins.

It is a fairly good government; and we are convinced it is better than any government directed wholly by the average man or woman.

* * *

Christianity today, in some respects, is fast becoming a mockery and a by-word. For this we believe the Church is directly responsible. It professes to believe in and uphold Christianity but has actually forgotten and abandoned some of its most vital issues. In accordance with the Christian religion the Church claims to value the human soul above all else. The laws of nations, as always, before and after Christ, have denied the supreme value of the soul by cutting off the lives of criminals while their souls were "unsaved." And the laws of nations have the support of the Churches. By giving its countenance to capital punishment the Church has taken from the criminal his opportunity to change. It has shown its distrust of God by approving the action of the law in taking human life while the soul is recalcitrant, thus, according to Christian belief, eternally damning the soul and depriving it of the few days of grace left in which the power of God might work a change.

Does the Christian really have faith in the power of God as he professes? How often does he oppose capital punishment because of the possibility of soul change while there is life? Where is his proclaimed belief in the value of the soul?

You people who claim to be Christians, where are your beliefs and what are they? Capital punishment is a part of the laws of North Carolina, and you are a large part of the citizens who make the laws and demand their enforcement. You have helped in these laws to deprive the criminal of the chance, while there is life, to change; you have taken from him the last possibility of his accomplishing that which you proclaim to be most important; namely, "the saving of his soul." You have shown that you don't believe God has the power to work a change in a man's heart. You have deprived God and the criminal of their last chance to get together before it is, as you call it, "everlastingly too late."

We are forced to doubt whether you believe what you profess.

But do not think we advocate the abolition of capital punishment. We do not claim to know anything definite about God or the soul. We only desire to find out why it is that you profess one idea and act according to another.

* * *

This is a day of revelations; and among the revealers the expositors of Methodism rank first. Boxing, so we learn from the Western North Carolina Methodist Episcopal Conference, is a demoralizing influence and a crime. The source of our knowledge is the following resolution passed by the Conference:

"Resolved by the Western North Carolina Conference at its annual meeting, Greensboro, N. C., October 15, 1924, that:

"1. We unqualifiedly condemn the so called boxing contests which are permitted in certain cities of North Carolina as exhibitions of brutality that should not be tolerated in our community. We condemn such public exhibitions of violence in which the contestants are often battered into insensibility and sometimes killed, as was the case at Wilmington, as evils which have been outlawed in practically every state in the union and declared by many courts to be public nuisances. They tend to demoralize boys and young men, to arouse their pugnacious passions, to brutalize their emotions, to promote idleness, vagrancy and gambling, and to increase the crimes of violence.

"2. We deplore the action of our legislature in passing special acts to legalize the crime which a former legislature, long ago, denounced as a felony and which has remained on the statute books as a penitentiary offense until quite recently, and we appeal to the good people of the state, who respect law and oppose crime, to take a decided stand with us against this new evil which has so recently sprung up in our commonwealth.

"3. We hereby instruct our board of temperance and social service to appoint a committee whose duty it shall be to appear before the next legislature and ask that honorable body to repeal the special act heretofore passed, which legalized this crime."

Now we haven't the privilege of close conferences with God such as these gentlemen seem to have. Consequently we have to take our revelations indirectly through the medium of these choice characters; and once we have received an infallible truth through these worthy sirs, we can at least make an effort to apply it to our lives.

Boxing, being an "exhibition of brutality" and tending to demoralize boys and young men, "to arouse their pugnacious passions, to brutalize their emotions," etc., is, in accordance with the revealed will of God, to be deleted from our schedule.

But boxing is not the only contest in which brutality is exhibited. Boxing is wrong because it is brutal, because it arouses the pugnacious passions. Other contests do this also; therefore they are wrong; and we hereby declare they should be abolished and done away with and we instruct the legislature of the state to pass laws against them. We must follow not only the letter but also the spirit of this revelation.

Accordingly, football, that exhibition of organized brutality, in which eleven men with helmets, buttressed shoulders and spiked boots drive madly into eleven other men, violently crashing through or battering themselves into insensibility against one another, sometimes maiming or killing men, that relic of barbaric sport and cruelty is declared to be against the will of God and should be abolished. No more should bloodthirsty crowds sit breathless, encouraging the pugnacious passions and making monsters of men. No more should the feminine heart shake with brutal emotion cheering her John when he knocks his man out, or flutter with fear when her Willie gets stepped on.

Basket ball, that mad game in which men rush about wildly, tossing a ball, knocking out teeth, gouging out eyes, shoving, pulling, twisting and tearing, should also be relegated to the past.

The M. E. Conference has revealed the will of God; brutal, passion-arousing contests must be abolished. But brutality and passion is not only active in physical combats: the business man has a brutal passion for power in the economic world; the college professor has an inordinate desire to dominate the freshman's mind, battles wildly to retain supremacy and shine as an intellectual light; the revivalist, passionately waving his arms, tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth, drags the soul and body of his cowed victim to the altar, there to weep penitently and seek vainly to recover his lost self-respect.

Indeed all life is pervaded with passion and brutal struggle; and—startling revelation!—it has always been fatal; its victims never escape.

Well, just to prove that we're good Methodists, let's have the legislature pass a law abolishing life.

* * *

One young lady on the campus, who became rather worked up over an article in the last *Magazine*, after another hour or so session on the subject, gave the rest of the group with whom she had been discussing it her idea of how the article should be treated. "The best thing to do," she said, "is just to ignore it."

* * *

A Professor of Philosophy at New York University is quoted in a newspaper as follows: "Men are fast tending toward an age of sobriety in which laughter will have no more place than alcohol in the United States."

Bootleg friends of laughter have not yet given up in despair.

You Want a Pope

If you're one of the great mob of half-intelligent, half-educated Americans you not only want but also need a Pope. You may wish to choose him according to your particular brand of idiocy, prejudices and superstitions, but choice is unusual. If you're one of the above mentioned, you've *inherited* him along with a bunch of other narrow-minded localisms. You may not call your pope by this name, but his function is the same, so far as you're concerned, as the function of the papal power was and is to the members of the Catholic Church. And in some cases your pope's rule is much more effective than that of the pope at Rome has ever been over the Catholic Church.

So long as they do not conflict with desires and pleasures, so long as they relieve him from the burden of mental activity, just so long is man highly appreciative of and reverential toward his inherited mental stereotypes. His attitude toward them is entirely uncritical. He will cheerfully fight and die for them; they are his pope and cannot be wrong.

The Church, political parties, organizations, newspapers, journals, and educational institutions promulgate ideas which are greedily adopted with no critical consideration. Directly contradictory ideas are held by the same individual and he is serenely unconscious of their incompatibility.

For years on years, since its offshooting from the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant Church has, at its local seats, instigated and effected rule just as binding and disastrous to the mental activity of its members as its parent Church. Claiming to be individualistic, Protestantism has proved to be just as

despotie as Catholieism. The inheritance of fixed ideas has played as great a part in the one Chureh as in the other.

Our politieal system has the same rigidity whieh the papal system has. Parties are inherited just as membership in the Catholie Chureh is inherited. An exeellent illustration of this reeently came to the writer's knowledge. Two men were running against eaeh other for sheriff down in one of the Eastern eounties of North Carolina. One of them, a Demoerat, had been sheriff many times and was up for reeleetion. It was rumored that he owed the eounty several thousand dollars; it was a known faet that he was a whiskey soak and was eontinually aiding in making a travesty of the law. His Republiean opponent had a eomparatively deeent reputation. The Demoerat who told this said, upon being asked, that he would have to vote the Demoeratie tieket beeause party loyalty required it. In its partieular field the Demoeratie party is seen to hold as despotie sway as the Roman Chureh has ever held anywhere.

The most notorious and palpable example of a papaey in miniature is the Ku Klux Klan. We have talked with several men who elaim to belong. One eonversation illustrates exeellently the absurdity of the Klan's violent aversion to the Catholie Chureh beeause of the pope's dietatorial powers. The gentleman with whom we talked, stated that he was a Klueker, a Demoerat, and took partieular pains to emphasize his statement that the Klan was "opposed to the Catholie Chureh." On being asked how he would vote in the eoming presidential eleetion after learning Davis' unfavorable attitude toward the Klan, he replied that he would vote the way Klan headquarters told him to vote.

"How is that?" we asked, "what does your headquarters know about it, and where does it get the power to eontrol the votes of Klansmen?"

"Well," he replied, "you see, our imperial wizard knows all about it; he'll give us word through headquarters how to vote. And the oath of a Klansman requires him to obey orders from headquarters."

"So," we said, "you've got a little papaey of your own, haven't you? How do you know your imperial wizard will tell you the best way to vote?"

"Oh," continued the Klueker, "he's right there with the big fellows; talks with them. He knows what's what."

"Yes," we replied, "and the Pope of the Roman Chureh gets in eommunieation with God, talks to him, and then gives out the inside dope on what to do." But our Klueker eouldn't see it this way. Aeeording to him his wizard was infallible; he eouldn't see that he just had another pope under another name.

We left this worthy knight sputtering and protesting that his imperial wizard was a 100% Ameriean and a man of honor. Sinee we happened to know something about the origin of the modern Klan, and the rake-off two erooks had made in its promotion, we were rather skeptieal about the imperial wizard's honor or good sense. We felt like saying that our imperial gizzard had too mueh respeet for itself to stomaeh the tommy-rot exuding from the headquarters of the imperial wizard; but sinee we had no desire for physieal eombat we hastily left our Klueker without saying more.

The point of view shown by this gentleman is typieal of great numbers of Amerieans. They want things thought out for them. The following letter whieh appeared in a national weekly illustrates this lazy mentality admirably:

"To the Editor:

"When yours, perhaps the best informed, most liberal-minded and fair-spirited national publication, evades the responsibility of seleeting and advoeating definite persons as eandidates for public offiees, why shouldn't the comparatively uninformed or misinformed liberal-minded and fair-spirited average voter do likewise?

"He depends on his favorite publication and is willing to take its advice. He eannot aet on first hand knowledge aequired by himself. Whom do you advoeate? Whom have you seleeted? Tell me, and I will back my faith in your magazine by voting for whom you say."

We eannot get away from it; we have merely exehanged one pope for several; and the great need of the time seems to be for more and stronger ones.

W. T. C.

Matched Purses vs Matched Sport

Henry N. Parker

Football is the king of American sports. It is approached in popularity only by baseball, a game, which, for all its enormous following of fans, can not quite reach the eminence attained by football. Boxing has its devotees, polo has its disciples, and golf claims its faithful group of followers. But none can maintain the pace set by the clash of two crack elevens, or hope to displace King Football from his deserved throne.

This is true in all parts of these United States. Whenever the bracing, crisp autumn weather rolls around with the passage of the months, the thud of the punted ball and the sharp barking of the quarterback, as he gives his signals, become welcome sounds to thousands upon thousands of good American citizens.

Here in North Carolina, the game of football has been the state's favorite sport since its first introduction. Year by year, it has grown steadily, heaped more crowns upon its brow, and proclaimed itself the monarch of the athletic world.

When first introduced into the colleges of the state, the game was strictly an inter-class contest. Match games between neighboring universities were not in the order of the day. It was in those days a clean, manly struggle between the classes for the college championship.

But as time passed, the inter-class contests were gradually neglected and games between rival educational institutions grew in popularity, added more interest to the sport, and enlarged its scope. At this stage the teams were, in all probability, untainted by any streak of professionalism and were made up of college boys playing for the sake of the game and for the honor and glory of their alma mater.

Then, as the favor of the game grew and the rivalry of the opposing schools increased, steps were taken to improve the game, to perfect it, and each college sought to assure itself of a winning team. When once this little germ was planted, it grew much as the fabled beanstalk of Jack. With increasing rapidity the rivalry between the institutions enlarged, and the game began to lose much of its aspect of friendly rivalry and, in its place, began to assume the character of a fight—a fight between two colleges, with glory for the winner and dishonor for the loser—a clear-cut fight for supremacy—a fight of the survival of the fittest.

In every contest there is a winner and a loser, barring of course those few exceptions of "tied" games, and in every contest there is a team that receives the acclaim of the people and the press, and there is one that does not. For every successful team there is the unsuccessful one that pays the piper.

What is the course of action of the unsuccessful,—the vanquished? Following the traits of human nature, it seeks to strengthen itself for the next season that it may turn the tables and that, instead of being the under-dog, it may mount to be high and mighty lord and master of the gridiron.

Within the past decade, football has become the paramount interest of college. Today an institution of learning is very often judged by the football teams that it sends out upon the field. Does everyone so judge it? The game has become a life and death game, almost as great a necessity to a school as the faculty.

A college puts out a losing team. Immediately the faithful alumni collect. It is a calamity that threatens to wreck the school and ruin its name. What is to be done? The country is scoured, players are herded together and rushed in to the breaches, the unsuccessful coach is fired and a better one employed. Next year this team is successful, and some other eleven goes under. What happens? Following the natural course, its scouts go out and bring in a harvest of better men. Another coach gets the axe and a new one is imported.

So this fight keeps on, and season after season the situation has become more and more aggravated. During the past few years this state has seen the greatest upheaval in coaching staffs that has taken place since the first pigskin oval was brought over the border line. In a frantic fight for state supremacy, every institution of importance in the state has opened wide its coffers, fired the old and hired the new. In a wild, reckless fury all limits have been cast aside, shadowy deals indulged in, and the innocent game of football has become a collegiate curse.

The dawn of 1924 finds North Carolina with what might be called a "Million-Dollar Football Show." Coaches have been imported from afar, players have been "induced" to come South and rumors and rumors set afloat. It can be said, we believe, with but little hesitancy, that it is common knowledge that there is hardly a team in the state that is not rotten

with professionalism. Players are clearly hired, and paid to attend college merely to play ball in order that winning teams may be produeed.

This is true not only of colleges. Looking up to their masters, our state high sehools have followed in their steps. Professionalism has beeome the order of the day in these secondary schools and the same fight that is going on in the higher institutions is beginning to get its hold on the lower.

Rules and regulations have been made by the colleges themselves in a so-called endeavor to stop the growing evil, and their frenzied activity of the past two years is nothing less than a frank admission by the colleges themselves that they know only too well how great is the prevailing violation of all eodes of amateur sportsmanship.

How long will this headlong rush go on, how long will this maelstrom continue to sweep the schools into a gigantic, hypoeritical struggle that can produee no possible benefit? How long will learned professors be dealt out a small and never increasing check while the coaches of the erack elevens draw two- and threefold as much, that they may furnish us with what has eertainly become a definite and pronouneed nuisance.

Sueh a condition as now exists in North Carolina is very close to, if not, criminal. The physieal development of the citizens of the state is a necessity, but lavishing five or ten thousands of dollars upon the eolleeting and training of a very small group of men, who are already physieally fit and who are frequently not true students, is not bringing about the development of the great body of undergraduates, nor aceomplishing the purpose for whieh the money is eollected and supposed to be spent. To our minds the prevalent situation is elearly a crime, a wholesale embezzlement and misuse of money.

What is the remedy? The state relishes football. It has grown upon it and like a giant it has encompassed its institutions with its mighty arms. It is dope—pleasing, deadly, poisonous. To break away from it will require courage and a fight against great odds of many sorts.

The remedy is simple; but to obtain it will be most difficult. The pendulum has swung from intra-class football to inter-collegiate matches, commereialized and professional. Let the pendulum swing baek. In the past two years, the University has introduced intra-mural athleties—athleties devoted entirely to the students' welfare, for whom they were originally intended and to whom they justly, and by all rights, belong.

Perhaps the time is not ripe for it, but we believe that it is, and that soon mateh games between institutions will be no more. They are rapidly choking themselves and before long, in order to cure the present chronic eondition, the eolleges will meet, we believe, and declare that inter-collegiate games shall no longer exist and that the day of pure, simple, and amateur sport shall return.

We believe it altogether fitting and proper that the University of North Carolina should take the lead in this movement, just as in the past she has consistently taken the lead in all matters looking toward the true interest and betterment of the youth of the state. She has set the pace by dabbling in intramural athletics, let her keep that paee by crushing the now full grown serpent of a misused sport and devote her energy to her students. Let the money being spent on her few teams be devoted to erecting suitable athletic buildings and fields for the college populace and devote that gold to the many which now is devoted to the few. We believe that this is the remedy, and we believe that the dawn of a better day is breaking, that soon we are to welcome baek the cleanness, wholesomeness, and godliness of true sport and elean rivalry.

Jazz and Mrs. Brown

I always smile when I think of the way Mrs. Brown acts when she hears jazz. Mrs. Brown is a middle-aged woman who tries to appear to be just a mere young thing. She is plump, yea, fat; in faet, her figure bears a striking resemblanee to a gallon jug. Her moon-like faee glows with good health, and her black eyes sparkle with good nature. She is undeniably pretty in spite of her corpulence. When she hears a note of jazz she seems to beeome electrified. Her whole frame quivers; she rolls her eyes as if she had suddenly gone out of her head; and with a sort of twitching, shrugging motion of her shoulders begins to keep time to the music. Then she rises slowly to her feet, sways to and fro for a minute, and moves off, as if daneing with some invisible partner, seeming entirely oblivious to her surroundings and the fact that she is perfeetly ludicrous. When the music stops, Mrs. Brown becomes herself again and gasps out, "Wasn't that just glorious? I simply can't resist jazz!"

Robert Wilkins.

NOTICE

See the December issue of the Carolina Magazine for announcement of prize awards to be made for contributions of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry.

Ports and Progress

W. T. Couch

Whether the people of the state have voted for or against the ports and terminals proposition, they have cast their votes on the basis of insufficient information and misleading arguments. The proposition has been handled in a way which reminds us of the methods of peanut politicians and soap-box orators. The arguments advanced on both sides have been too incomplete either to sustain or break down the proposition; the celerity and facility with which our "statesmen" and "leading-men" have fixed their minds and decided definitely that the proposition would be a failure or a success is, considering the incompleteness of the arguments, rather disconcerting. Indeed we are forced to doubt the wisdom of these gentlemen with reference to this particular problem. We cannot accept the verdicts of men who consistently quote half-truths in their support. We are compelled to doubt the good faith of those who pick the evidence in favor of their contentions and disregard that which is unfavorable.

The Governor of the state has led in the recent clamor about ports and progress as if the two were synonymous. The advocates of the ports measure insisted that its passage would usher in a new era of prosperity; we have been assured by the opposition that it would only mean the dumping of $8,500,000 into the dear old ocean without any returns.

If the people approve of the project it is by no means too late to demand the exercise of some degree of common sense in dealing with the problem; if the people disapprove, the proposition will remain an issue, should be kept alive, and should be investigated fully until, as nearly as human foresight can tell, it is revealed as a desirable or undesirable venture. As yet no comprehensive, intelligent analysis of the problem has been made.

For several months we have been searching for such a study of the problem; we have read and studied the Report of the Commission; we have followed the newspaper publicity both pro and con; we have yet to find a comprehensive study of the question upon which an intelligent opinion could be based. No clearer demonstration of the irresponsibility of party politicians could be found than the way in which this problem has been handled. The state government shifted the responsibility to the people and failed, after shirking the responsibility, to do the next most neeessary task; namely, the appointment of competent authority to study the problem from all sides and then the publication of the information in such a manner that the voter might have formed an intelligent opinion.

Probably it would shake the confidenee of a great number of people in the good sense of the leaders in our government if we could find the bases on which they were for or against this proposal. Consider some of the arguments used in favor of the scheme. They range from the absurd to plausible arguments based on insufficient information. For instance, one gentleman says that "outside of education, three of the greatest state laws, prohibition, good roads, and the stock law, met serious opposition and the terminal bond issue will have opposition." The inference is that prohibition, good roads and the stock law having been opposed and successful, the ports proposition being opposed will be successful. This gentleman concludes in an heroic appeal to the farmers:

> "So now, good farmers, all arise,
> And give the world a great surprise,
> By showing what we intend to do,
> And carry this important project through."

Thanks to the ports question we have discovered another combination logician, politician and Southern poet; it seems that his mental processes are illustrative of those of many of our good people. We should not have been surprised to have heard some one advance the argument that since the two words "ports" and "progress" both begin with the letter P and since a part of the letters in the word "ports" are necessary to make up the word "progress," then one is necessary to the other and consequently ports are necessary for progress! The blatant blare about doing the impossible, of which we have heard so much, comes from the same type of mind which the gentleman quoted above so admirably illustrates.

The workings of the human mind are indeed marvelous. The marvel is that its processes can be so utterly unreliable. The following furnish fairly good samples of the way in which some minds work, or fail to work:

Alongside the statement of the fact that North Carolina is one of the most prosperous and progressive states in the South, a statement which is familiar to everyone, comes the statement that North Carolina is being bled by excess freight rates. No one has taken

the trouble to disprove or even to investigate the accuracy of the statement that North Carolina paid $150,000,000 excess freight rates in the decade ending with 1914. On that basis and considering that our commerce has just about quadrupled since then, we have been told by the advocates of the measure, that North Carolina now pays $164,000 excess freight rates daily. On the basis of this statement which our "unbiased" advocates have not taken the trouble to verify, we were asked to vote for a measure which may have absolutely no effect on freight rates.

Alongside the statement that transcontinental lines have been imploring the Interstate Commerce Commission to allow them to lower freight rates in order that they may compete with water carriers through Panama to the Pacific coast, we find the idea expressed that were North Carolina to establish water competition in a system of inland waterways with a first-class seaport, inter-state rates to points in North Carolina would be lowered. Evidently the proponents of this scheme consider this state a potent power. If the Interstate Commerce Commission (I. C. C.) will not allow the lowering of transcontinental rates, which have active competition all along the Atlantic seaboard, what assurance is there that any notice will be taken of one rate-basing port on the coast of North Carolina? Shipperi in cities such as Minneapolis or St. Louis have far more right to howl than has any shipper in North Carolina. Because of "excessive" freight rates, upheld by the I. C. C., they can ship to the Atlantic seaboard through the Panama canal to the Pacific coast cheaper than direct by rail. If water competition doesn't lower freight rates in this case, how can it be expected to lower rates for North Carolina? And, if we have heard aright, "excessive" freight rates was the main reason for the recent campaign.

Let us consider some of the idiosyncracies of the Report of the Commission. It ignores the fact that intra-state rates in North Carolina are lower than in any other southern state. Inland waterways between points within the state could have no effect save possibly on intra-state rates and the I. C. C. would probably block that for the same reason that it blocks the lowering of transcontinental rates and for the same reason that it would probably block the lowering of our inter-state rates; namely, for that reason quoted so often by the advocates of this proposition: the I. C. C. will not allow the railroads to cut rates because doing so would mean bankrupting the water carriers.

After stating that North Carolina does more manufacturing and consequently more shipping than all except one southern state, the commission becomes exercised over the fact that the railroads make more per mile of road in this than other southern state. If there is more shipping in North Carolina why shouldn't the railroads make more profits per mile of road?

The fact that there is a tendency in the I. C. C., which is actually expressed in certain territories, to base rail rates on a dry land basis regardless of water competition, is ignored entirely by the commission.

The physiographical structure of North Carolina, with its inevitable influence upon railroad shipping, is left unconsidered. Roads might be graded through our western mountain ranges so as to make heavy hauls possible; however, sane consideration as to whether this would *pay* or not, is not contained in the Report.

The incomplete and indefinite treatment of the physical possibilities of a port at Wilmington or Southport would leave us, if we did not happen to have access to maps of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, almost entirely in the dark. There was no harbor expert on the commission. Major Oscar O. Keuntz, corps of engineers, United States Army, who served in an advisory capacity to the commission is quoted by the commission, "The State of North Carolina is peculiarly adapted by nature to the development of a system of water ways as is no other state on the Atlantic seaboard." This statement occurs on the first and second pages of the Report. It is the only evidence we find in the Report of Major Keuntz' "service" to the commission; and due to the fact that this one statement happens to be incorrect, the value of the Major's "services" is very doubtful. If the Major had said *inland* water ways, there would have been some element of truth in the quotation, but as quoted, it is to say the least, very misleading. All one has to do to see the utter absurdity of the Major's statement is to compare the physical characteristics of the North Carolina coast with the physical characteristics of the North Atlantic coast; and compare a detail map of the Cape Fear region with detail maps of North Atlantic ports. We found no statement by the Major as to the possibilities of developing a port at Wilmington or Southport. Indeed we found no evidence in the report that Major Keuntz or any other harbor expert had anything to do with its preparation. For instance, in the Report, the land is shown in the cuts in a nice shade of yellow against a very pretty background of blue, indicating the water. From looking at this blue, one could hardly tell whether the water is a foot or a mile deep. A ship attempting to sail by one of these maps would almost certainly add another to the toll of North Carolina's coast, while a man would play merry hell with his money if he formed an opinion for a personal investment on one of them. They are not

only practically useless, but also misleading. No idea of depth is given. The long and dangerous shoals off Capes Hatteras, Lookout and Fear are not indicated in any manner. However, these "maps" fit in fairly well with the way in which the other parts of the problem were handled in this Report. As ornaments for a story book they serve very well: they leave much for the imagination.

Our first reaction upon reading the Report was this: Are there not two sides to this question? If so, what is the other side? The Report had made the impression on us as being not purely a report but an argumentative presentation of a proposition, giving, however, only one side. Immediately we wrote to publicity headquarters in Raleigh asking if there were not two sides to the proposition, and if so, where we could find a statement of the other side. The reply assured us there were two sides "private vs. public interests;" "man vs. mammon." (This is the sort of reply received from an "unbiased" publicity bureau.) Now the mystery is, since there is a goodly number of representatives of "mammon" in the state, how did it happen that no representative of "mammon" was on the commission? Surely even "mammon" has his rights! And "mammon," as a part of the state, was due representation. To state the thing baldly, it looks as though the commission were picked; that men favorable to the project were chosen and those unfavorable excluded. There is one more excellent reason for so thinking. One of the foremost harbor and shore line experts in the United States was called into conference by the Governor and questioned about the possibilities on the North Carolina coast. This expert was then, as now, of the opinion that inland waterways might be made to pay; but he also held the opinion, which he holds now, that no great seaport could be developed on the North Carolina coast due to the peculiar characteristics of the coast, and due to the physiographical structure of the state. Since he was and is of the opinion that the project could not succeed he should have been seized upon as a most valuable asset in the enterprise. By pointing out difficulties he would have discovered to the commission what they do not yet seem to be aware of: the physical characteristics of the North Carolina coast. In the selection of the commission the fact was entirely ignored that a knowledge of truth is much more likely to come from a frank discussion and consideration of different opinions than from an emphasis of concurring opinions. Obviously in the choice of the commission, since no harbor experts or men with dissenting opinions were included, success of the Governor's idea, rather than a discovery of the truth as to what should be done, was held paramount. It has been whispered to us that one member of the commission told the Governor that he knew nothing about the problem; he, according to this whisper, was requested merely to sit on the commission and give its report his approval, thus allowing the use of his name in supporting it. However, this whisper was unnecessary; the Report itself speaks loudly, and its tone is one of supreme ignorance.

From a consideration and study of this Report we have found: (1) Incomplete, one-sided and unsatisfaetory evidence as to freight rate discriminations against North Carolina; (2) the unfounded assumption that a first-class seaport on the coast of North Carolina would lower railroad freight rates; (3) no evidence of study of the problem by a harbor expert; no maps of an intelligible nature giving an idea of the problem, and no estimates of the initial and upkeep cost; (4) no comparison based on estimates made by experts of cost of the report with assumed savings in freight rates. And yet on the basis of the recommendations made by the commission giving such a Report, the people of the state were asked by the administration to vote for the project on November 4th!

The argument was advanced by one gentleman that we have a problem, freight rates, which can be solved in no other way than by the development of a port. The word "impossible" is not in North Carolina's vocabulary, so this gentleman insists. "The history of the race is the story of overcoming the impossible," so even the *Greensboro Daily News* says in editorial. That being so, we wish to propose a scheme which will certainly solve the problem. Nothing being impossible, let us dig a canal from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River; in the long run it would probably be much less expensive. At any rate, since expenses are not being considered, one could be as easily *considered* as the other.

We still seek in vain to reconcile the idea of a rich, prosperous, progressive state having attained this condition under extortionate, trade-killing freight rates. We still cannot see why it is the railroads are imagined as being desirous of throttling North Carolina. Can we really fancy that the railroads wish to kill the goose which lays the golden egg? And do we not know that in any case the railroads are tied by the I. C. C. and that if we had a dozen seaports the railroads might wish to lower rates but probably would not be allowed to do so because that would mean the killing of our water traffic, and that is one thing which the I. C. C. will not allow, and which we ourselves would not want to happen? How *can* this proposition be construed as one by which railroad freight rates will be lowered? Discriminations do exist, and under the laws must exist; if the discriminations are unjust

the laws are unjust. If they are extortionate and trade-killing they must operate in a subtle and mysterious way unknown to every one but the railroads; otherwise our statistics belong in the third category of prevarications and the braggadocial tooters of our state horn of prosperity should be sat upon and silenced as obnoxious, prevaricating press agents, or, as someone has aptly said, as "bi-cyelopedias of misinformation."

As pointed out many times by some of the opponents of this measure, no studied consideration of initial cost of port development, operating expenses or comparison of total costs of the port scheme with supposed freight savings has been made. We find absolutely no statement in the Report or anywhere else as to why seven million dollars is to be appropriated for development. Why not five or ten million? Why not seven hundred dollars? In other words, how were these figures arrived at? Were they guessed at, picked out of a hat by a blind-folded child, estimated by horse traders, bankers or harbor experts? The state is entitled to know on what basis this estimate was made and how much of the sea it will fill up. If there is a hole down there on the coast somewhere, which our esteemed Governor is determined must be filled with state money, the state at least has the privilege of knowing how large the hole is. If this project is started, so far as anyone seems to know, $7,000,000 may be a drop in the ocean, or *it may not.*

All this leaves us way up in the air. If we had any confidence in our psychologists we should certainly advocate an immediate investigation of the "ports and progress" complex; we would almost be willing to see the theory of "man a thinking being" exploded in order to get some light on the queer way in which our mental machinery operates. What it is that so unbalances the minds of so many people is a mystery to us. A great many of us seem to be made that way. In this class we would include those who, on the basis of their little information or misinformation, sincerely advocate and believe in this measure. Doubtless there are some who expect to profit by applauding the antics of the "great;" political power has been achieved before by catering to the mighty, and in spite of our excellent laws, beautifully printed in nicely bound books, it may be done again. There are others who, realizing the lack of an intelligent forecast, but faced by the necessity for decision, have mentally tossed a coin and taken their chance; for the proposition yet awaits to be demonstrated as more than that. It has been very encouraging to find many people in this condition; it is fairly good evidence that some men are, to some extent, thinking beings with some degree of intelligence.

Since we first heard of this scheme, long ago, we have been prejudiced in favor of it. We admit that our inclination toward it is prejudice. In spite of the opinion of one expert that a great port cannot be developed on our coast, we have held and treasured the idea. Not because we suffer any illusions about lowering freight rates by such a port; not because we wish to relieve our poor, impoverished state from the burdens and discriminations of wicked railroad owners, who seemingly, from the Report of the Commission, hate themselves so much they kill their trade by stopping our traffic with excessive rates,—but merely because we have a dream, an air castle for which we hope some day a foundation will be discovered.

Our air castle can not materialize until we learn to coöperate with nature in this particular problem; and find out whether the results of our coöperation, so far as man can forecast, will justify the costs. Our foundation, if ever discovered, can not rest on any idea of shipping from the interior of the state, south to Wilmington, and thence to northern markets by Lookout and Hatteras. It can not rest on plans made from pretty water-color maps drawn by men who either do not know better themselves or expect their readers to be too ignorant and too lazy to investigate in order to find out. Ideas of commerce for a port at Wilmington or Southport must be based on a consideration of the northeastern South Carolina and southeastern North Carolina territory naturally tributary to it for shipment to Europe, the Pacific coast or South America. But it is absolutely useless to dream about such a change in the already formed channels of commerce until the North Carolina manufacturer seeks and begins to develop trade in these markets. Such development would of necessity be slow; the facilities already exist at Wilmington to take care of this trade for several years. Would it not be wiser to let the port develop with the trade than to spend a lump of money on it and expect *presto chango* to divert commerce from its usual channels and accustomed markets?

The problem has been mishandled from start to finish; on November 4th the people voted on something about which they knew nothing; and about which, if their Report is any indication, the commission appointed by the Governor, knew practically nothing.

We have no objection to this proposition, as a proposition, but we do object to the way in which it has been treated. As to the possibility and desirability of having a seaport, we are in the same lamentable state of ignorance which our Governor and his commission seem to be in, and which the people are certainly in; consequently we do not know enough

to be either an objector or an advocate. However, we have been rather afraid to give these gentlemen any more rope. There is no telling whom they'll hang. Until they show their ability to add and subtract or to hire someone who can do that, we cannot trust them entirely. If the people do give them the vote we hope they will not put the cart before the horse a second time.

But whatever the outcome of the election, whether the people of the state approve or disapprove, the proposition should remain a live issue and should receive a thorough and complete study before it is dropped or before any great amount of the state's money is spent on it. Interest in this question of ports and terminals for North Carolina will certainly drop after elections, but it will remain as a problem yet to be solved to those who are thinking of the good of the state. Quick, snap judgments may be justifiable on petty problems of which both beginning and end may be seen; but this is a problem which demands mature consideration—which it has not yet received; it is a question on the solution of which the future of the state will be shaped; it demands men of brains for its consideration. The ability to make a correct forecast is probably the greatest test of intelligence. It is the predominant characteristic of great minds; it is a characteristic which the leaders of North Carolina need, and which a great number have shown themselves as lacking. We wonder what the next administration will bring forth?

Opportunities in the Legal Profession[*]

By M. L. Ferson

The young man selecting a vocation may well stand puzzled in contemplating the legal profession. It offers possible careers varying all the way from abject failure to glowing success. The puzzle is not solved by any general statement that the profession is crowded or is not crowded. The truth is that it depends on the individual as to whether he will find himself crowded at the bar. There is not even standing room for a dabbling inefficient lawyer; there is no end of room for the able, well educated and industrious lawyer.

North Carolina is a field which should attract capable lawyers at this time. The actual number of them in a place is, as indicated above, a poor criterion of a lawyer's opportunity. It may be noted in passing, however, that North Carolina has relatively few. There is in this state one lawyer for every 1,615 population. Only two states have a smaller proportion of lawyers. The proportion ranges from South Carolina where they have only one lawyer to each 1,702 population to the District of Columbia where they have one lawyer to each 181 population. The attractiveness of North Carolina as a field for lawyers lies chiefly in the commercial and industrial activity of the state. Factories are being built, property is changing hands and a tremendous volume of commerce is being carried on. This activity requires the guidance of lawyers—particularly of lawyers whose experience and education fit them to understand the nature of the industry and commerce that goes on around them. North Carolina would seem to be a better field for lawyers than the states that have been over-advertised. With all her commercial and industrial activity she has only one-third as many lawyers in proportion to population as have the states bordering on the Pacific.

The work of a lawyer is extremely varied. The popular impression, perhaps, pictures him in court every day making dramatic appeals to a jury. There are lawyers who spend a great deal of time in court. The large city firms have special trial lawyers who do very little but try cases. The average lawyer, however, does not spend more than one day out of ten in the courthoom; and there are many successful, useful lawyers who rarely try a case. The client is better served and better pleased with a lawyer who keeps him out of court. It is not possible always to keep a client out of litigation, but careful guidance will keep his legal position so clear that it will seldom need to be established in court.

Law furnishes the traffic lines for human activity. It is the business of lawyers to discern those lines and point them out. The modern client knows it is cheaper to procure guidance before, then defense after, he has over-stepped the bounds. Office practice, which is becoming relatively more important than in the past, demands an attention to detail that the rough-and-ready trial lawyers of the past frequently lacked. The modern lawyer needs less power of dramatic appeal but more accurate information, power of analysis, and sound judgment than did his predecessors. The office practice consists in the main of

[*] This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the opportunites offered by various professions, written by the several Deans for the Bureau of Vocational Information.

giving clients counsel and legal advice to help them carry through complicated transactions, to inform them as to their rights, and to aid them in settling disputes without recourse to litigation; in preparing or giving advice with regard to legal instruments such as contracts, deeds, and wills; in examining titles to property; in aiding in collection of accounts, and in serving as trustee of private estates.

The law has a peculiar hold on its devotees. Men will mine coal, clerk in a store, lay brick and carry on all the human occupations, but frequently, if not generally, the work is done as a means of earning a living. The typical good lawyer regards his work as more than a means of earning a livelihood. He loves the work itself. He throws every bit of his strength into it. He seldom quits his work while he has strength to carry it on, even though he becomes financially able to retire. The zeal with which great lawyers do their work may be interpreted as both a beckon and a warning. It is a beckon in that it indicates the absorbing delight which successful lawyers find in their work; it is a warning in that it forecasts a hectic competition for all who enter.

The preparation that should be made is perhaps best indicated by quoting from a report adopted by the American Bar Association. This Association, made up of a very large number of representative lawyers of the United States, has given much attention in recent years to the matter of legal education. In 1920, it appointed a committee to study the problem and to report its recommendations to the Association. This report was made in 1921, and the Association, after careful consideration and extended debate, then adopted a resolution of which the following is a part:

"(1) The American Bar Association is of the opinion that every candidate for admission to the bar should give evidence of graduation from a law school complying with the following standards:

"(a) It shall require as a condition of admission at least two years of study in a college.

"(b) It shall require its students to pursue a course of three years duration if they devote substantially all of their time to their studies, and a longer course, equivalent in the number of working hours, if they devote only part of their working time to their studies.

"(c) It shall provide an adequate library available for the use of the students.

"(d) It shall have among its teachers a sufficient number giving their entire time to the school to insure actual personal acquaintance and influence with the whole student body."

This action of the Association was endorsed by a conference of representatives of state bar associations, state boards of bar examiners and law teachers in 1922. The resolution quoted may, therefore, be fairly said to represent the opinions of the ablest and best informed men in the profession today.

The Association has classified the law schools of the United States. Class A includes those schools who conform to the above specifications. Class B includes all those schools whose programs will, if carried out, bring them into Class A not later than September, 1925. Class X includes other schools. A student entering the legal profession at this time cannot afford to ignore the American Bar Association classification of schools.

One indispensable characteristic remains to be mentioned, namely, moral integrity. The nature of the lawyer's calling exposes him to temptations of peculiar subtlety and force. No student who mistrusts his own moral strength or intellectual honesty should seek to enter the practice of law. An upright character is not merely a moral virtue in a lawyer. It is a business asset. Men with brilliant minds and good training have often failed in the legal profession through lack of integrity.

The income of lawyers varies so much with the individual and his location that it is hard to give information that would be helpful. In 1912, the Harvard Law School inquired of all graduates of its school from 1902 to 1922 asking for their net earnings each year since graduation. The replies showed that of those reporting, the average earnings for the first year were $644; the fifth year, $2,668; the tenth year, $5,825. It must be noted that less than half of those written to responded, and probably the answers represent the more successful. These estimates, of course, represent pre-war conditions. No data is available on the present earnings of lawyers, but presumably they have increased somewhat in recent years. There are lawyers in New York and other large cities whose incomes exceed $25,000 per year. In general, however, it may be said that, while the profession offers very large financial rewards to a successful few, these prizes are keenly contended for and are the rewards only of exceptional ability usually backed by competent training.

Spotting the Chameleon

Can the Chameleon Change His Skin, or the Spotted Fruit Its Spots?

By Lucy F. Lay

A SPIRIT of scientific research is one which should certainly be fostered and cultivated by a great university. It is peculiarly gratifying and interesting to find that in the University of North Carolina this laudable spirit of research has been shared not only by the faculty and the candidates for higher degrees, but also by the undergraduates.

It is likewise peculiarly interesting to find that this search for truth and knowledge is taking students into a field of endless resources, largely untouched and untilled, the field of social science, lately called the "newest of the sciences." It is most assuredly the duty of all loyal residents to rally round the flag in a case of this kind and help the zealous worker, even to the extent of adding a bit to the information secured.

The Research Worker has already invaded the field of pomology and we are going to suggest that he may find interesting material in the field of zoology. Since the inquiry into spotted fruit has been started, it must be carried on, distasteful though the task may be.

But in carrying out this task thoroughness demands a study of the allied arts of preserving and canning before the venture into the field of zoology.

In considering the first of these arts, we find that it started with those old Chinese experts who preserved eggs, and that the art was continued by the Egyptians who so kindly left specimens of their preserved steaks in Tutankhamen's sepulchre. It is also mentioned frequently in the Bible, as, for example Psalms 41:2, "The Lord will preserve him."

We find that one of the ancient duties of true womanhood has been the preserving of man's ideals. Eve started it and the eternal feminine is ever loyal. The women have always had the larger part of the burden, even though Schopenhauer once called them "a narrow-shouldered . . . feeble-minded race." But probably the women will keep on shouldering the task till the world's end.

The modern man's ideal seems to be to put on as bold a front as possible and present to the world, particularly to the ladies, a hard-boiled, sophisticated and experienced personage closely representing the sheik, famous these past couple of years.

This throws a terrible strain on the modern girl who often wants to kiss some of them because they are such pink-cheeked appealing young things, without their discovering that the affection is purely the result of the maternal instinct. Likewise there is a terrible strain on the ones who freely admit that they are out for a little experiment, which psychologists say is the main interest of all concerned.

Probably the conscious desire to aid in the duty of upholding man's ideals has something to do with the prevalence (if any) of necking (we use the winsome word because of a lack of a substitute), for how is it possible to convince a man that he is a sheik if he lives in a feminine population which is unapproachable?

Young things of today strive above all else to attain sophistication. The ideal of the American male seems to be to convince himself that his intensely monogamous nature is really boldly, wickedly, polygamous. Necking may be the modern girl's response (at least that is an admissible hypothesis) in her effort to help the man kid himself into believing that he is something that he really isn't, thereby preserving his ideal.

In taking up the allied art of canning, which is slightly more recent than the ancient art of preserving, we find that fruit which is spotted may be canned successfully, if the spots are removed, or if it is seen that they are only skin deep or mere shadows. In the study of pomology we find it stated that some fruit, of excellent flavor, appears to be naturally marked with fantastic spots on the outside.

So it was found, in pursuing the scientific method of compiling data, that, on the basis of statistics obtained from seventeen girls, all drew blank. Set these against the figures which the Research Worker used in his refreshing table and the average has been reduced sharply. Possibly the loyal feminine again

Perhaps it might be enlightening if it were possible to give a small idea of the number of men some girls have not kissed. From a few subtle remarks, we gathered that many "could a tale unfold" relative

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to the number of times that they had to be very careful to keep the "dater" in a rather bright light.

But there is no way under the shining sun by which one could determine the per cent of these who manage to exercise some "moral sense" and some emotional control; for happily all are not entirely free with their personal affairs; certainly not so free as the statistical gentlemen interviewed by the Research Worker.

The responses of the seventeen girls seeming rather noncommittal, the ally of the Research Worker tried a last desperate effort to secure something. An eighteenth was tried and a veritable gusher was struck. Fearful and wonderful tales were told, blushful experiences narrated,—but when the crowd, duly impressed, dispersed, the narrator naively confessed that there was no truth in the ingenuous disclosure.

Statistically, this experience is entirely worthless, but philosophically, it is highly valuable. It throws a flood of light upon the nature of all such statistics. Probably the Research Worker was an enthusiastic audience in himself. We prefer this theory to the only other possible one; which is that the seventeen gentlemen were merely extremely good judges of the providers of the kind of amusement they were seeking. The "university students, mostly conservative and of a somewhat higher intelligence than the average college man" must have been taking a mental vacation; to believe otherwise would deprive us of all respect for their taste.

Indications, such as the experience with the eighteenth, seem to point to the fact that the nature of all such statistics is questionable. Probably each side clings to the old tradition, each bears up valiantly the banner of its ancient reputation; namely, that every gal is a vestal and every cake eater a devil in his own home town.

In other words, it will "all come out in the wash." In most cases the condition does not seem to be static. It is either the adolescent stage, or that hang-over from the adolescent stage, known to the philologists as "puppy love." Which word brings us nicely to our last idea, aforementioned; namely, the relation of the field of zoology to a study of spotted fruit.

We diffidently suggest to the Research Worker that there is a noteworthy analogy in zoology. His first attempt is rather unsuccessful as far as covering the field goes. He tried to invade the field of pomology, but all that he seemed to find out was that men "are two-legged jackasses with ingrowing ears" and the women indescribable. We go beyond the domestic animals and wish to consider the chameleon, which is an animal of interesting characteristics. We quote from Webster:

Chamaeleon vulgaris—Animals which are very slow in their movements, but can *shoot out their tongue* for a distance nearly equalling their length, *to catch insects*. They are remarkable for the *changes of color* of the skin, which depend on the temper and passions of the animals, as well as on the *surrounding conditions*. From its power of living for long periods without food, the chameleon was formerly supposed to feed on air.

Webster has mentioned a little known characteristic of these animals; the faculty of being able to shoot out their tongues for a long distance; but of course their most interesting characteristic is their ability to change color. It is just barely possible that the male world adapts a certain protective coloration in the presence of the Research Worker. At least we hope so.

If a Bishop had asked the same questions, we doubt that he would have received the same answers. The human being shares the capability of changing color under varying conditions. Rarely does a person underestimate his own charms, and few people can resist the opportunity to play up to the situation. Many are fully capable of hiding their tracks and obligingly adapting themselves to any situation.

We have just heard a vague rumor that Dr. Odum has requested, with the approval of the President, that Mr. Couch turn over to him the tabulated accounts of the statisticated gentlemen. He probably intends to have his class on Social Case Work investigate the complete list of those concerned and make a series of mental tests which would doubtless prove enlightening. Likewise if the tabulated ones were asked to restate their experiences to a properly appointed and trained research worker the results might be interesting. Possibly some of them were following Lord Chesterfield's advice which he gave to his son, years ago: "Like the chameleon, take the hue of the company you are with."

The "surrounding conditions" seem to have much to do with the table. Perhaps the summer atmosphere and a conveniently full moon helped to add a little color to a tale, which when rehashed on a cold, damp, winter night might not appear quite so colorful. Then, we hope we may be justified, in our theory expressed above, that the Research Worker in himself was such an inspiration to imaginations, already vivid, that they were worked slightly over time.

All this investigation into pomology, zoology, *Chamaeleon vulgaris* and protective coloration only strengthens another pet theory that we cling to prayerfully and hopefully as a last resort; namely, that it was as the result of his great and deep research into social science that Sir John Falstaff made that noble and potent commentary of his: "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

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Born within two constant eyes
Light his pathway here below
From starless earth to starry skies,
He may have sorrow,
He may have woe,
But his feet will be firm
In the way they go.

So two eyes of dawning gray,
Baby-skies from heaven's womb,
Set the soul in me on fire,
Build for me a regal tomb
Deep in the nectar,
Deep in the lees
Of the golden wine
Of the Pleiades.

—C. B. M.

Pity Not

Pity not:
No more do I remember
The sun that blistered
Or the winds that chilled:
Nor cringe before
The lash of Time which drove me—
Red welts across my back
And old scars upon my knees.
Gaunt trees standing in the moonlight
With the night wind in their branches,
Nor the sound of the wild waters rushing through the hills,
Can call me back to seek once more the passions,
Burdens,
Or the pleasures of this world,
Nor yet its peoples or its tears.
But on some cold October evening
While wet winds toss dead leaves about,
I shall awake, and hear the sound of rain above me,
Praise God, and settle back to sleep.

Summer Clouds

I grieve not for my true love
However far away;
The sureness of his constancy
Is with me all the day,
A bond of faith that holds us,
Together though apart.
Ah, but I miss the lesser loves
That drifted through my heart.

—A. F. L.

A Historical Tragedy Uncovered

By Mary Calhoun Henley

During recent excavations at Jerusalem, under my charge, one of our workmen uncovered a casket bearing the great seal of Solomon and containing the following series of epistles, a hitherto unknown correspondence between Solomon, king of the Israelites, and the Queen of Sheba, a contemporary sovereign of Abysinnia, about the tenth century B. C. These documents are now being published for the first time and will doubtless prove a valuable adjunct to the study of ancient times. Apparently the correspondence begins soon after the visit of the Queen to the court of Solomon, which is described in the Bible. The translation of the Hebraic manuscript, by Kalpheus E. Browser, is considered by scholars as the most accurate and literal of any ancient work.

Hon. O. Canty Breakrocks,
Excavator-in-Chief to H.R.H.,
the King of Hengland.

Solomon to the Queen of Sheba

Jerusalem, Judea,
October 15, 965, B.C.

Greetings to the glorious Queen:

My dear Sheba:

I hope you got home without accident and didn't catch cold. You know your traveling costume is a trifle—airy. It's all right to look like the girls on the magazine covers, but why dress like them?

I am sorry you brought that double-compact dorine into Judea with you. Never before had any of my eight hundred wives seen such an instrument. Since you left, cosmetics have bestrewn my palace, emptied my coffers, upset my temper and plastered the faces of the eight hundred. Each one of them is positive that she can put it on more artistically than any of the others. I have had to stop work on the Temple for the time being, because my money is tied up in gold vanity cases. By the way, one of my songs is to the eight hundred. It goes like this:

Women to the right of me,
Women to the left of me,
Women in front of me,
  Clamor for kisses.
How can a poor king see,
Even when as wise as me,
To cut loose and go free
  From eight hundred misses'.

The first edition of my songs had gone to press before I had the inspiration to write the above. Abracadabra,—I mean my valet, Bracky,—says that it wasn't inspiration but desperation that caused it.

I am judge of the Supreme Court, as you know. Judging is my pet self-discipline, that is, my pet hate. Why should a king, of all people, have to use judgment? Kings ought to have some privileges that everybody else has, such as not using it.

I had an unusual case yesterday. Two women came in with a baby, each claiming the squally, dirty little brat. I asked Bracky about it, and he said that of course it couldn't belong to them both. I thought, "Well, I'll do the square thing by it." So I sent for the chief butcher and commanded him thus:

"Slice this kid in two, and let the women toss a shekel for the halves."

The butcher was about to do it, when, lo, one of the women cried: "Nay, nay, don't kill it. Let the other have it."

I was peeved at her for giving me so much trouble to think of a good judgment and also for showing contempt of court. So I condemned her to take the child herself and look after it the rest of her days. It came out later that the child was hers, anyway. My court reporter published an account of the trial, so I'm quite the wise guy hereabouts.

My grandfather Jesse came up from the country last week. He is still living at that two-by-four flag-station, Bethel. He visited Daddy David here once or twice, but Dad had a mind of his own and would never let grandpa stay more than a day or two. I can't manage him, though, and he seems to think that there is no parking limit in Jerusalem. He hob-nobs around with the eight hundred. He borrows my money, eats peas with his knife, and tucks his napkin under his chin. The eight hundred think he's "too cute for anything." Tell me the truth, Sheba, what would you do in a case like that?

I am enclosing one of my poems to you. I haven't shown it to any one else, because—well, you know the eight hundred:
hundred:

Sheba, Sheba, be my sweetie
  In this land of milk and honey,
Where the birds sing tweetie, tweetie,
  And the jokes are really funny.

Nothing could be finer
Than to take a leap and jine 'er

In the morning.
Nothing to the other men ya
Meet in sunny Abysinnia
In the morning.

Just take me there;
I'll rise and swear
That we would make
One royal pair,
Me and Sheba,
Me and Sheba,
In the morning.

Be sure and don't forget to write to the old man.

Yours,
SOLOMON.

* * * *

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TO SOLOMON

Abysinnia,
November 19, 965, B.C.

You darling Solomon:

Your poem was a peaeh, espeeially the line about the jokes being funny. Everybody is so dumb in Abysinnia. I have fired three eourt jesters sinee my return; they thought that a new joke was a fat man sliding on a banana peel, that a good joke was a woman student at the university, and that a dirty joke was feet. I eouldn't stand the eombination.

What do you think, when I was eoming aeross the Arabian desert, I met a shiek. He rode furiously up to our earavan, making an uneonseionable lot of dust. He was rather niee, though. After he had found some one who eould introduee us properly, I asked him who he was and what he wanted. He looked up at me with his soulfully flashing eyes and said:

"Your Majesty, I am a bold, bad man. I have been wieked and reekless all my life, but now I'm tired of it. I want to fall in love with some pure and beautiful woman, who will reform me."

He talked so pitifully about it that I told him he might try me. He looked at me, then swallowed, shook his head and rode away. It was heartbreaking. I hope he won't be eaptured by one of these dreadful movie aetresses.

Don't worry about your grandfather. I am eoming baek to Jerusalem in a few weeks and will help you be firm with him. At his age he ought to know better than to behave like a tried-to-be tea-hound.

Yesterday they had a sale at the Goliath department store. I got some lovely bargains, but my, sueh a rush. As I was going home, I saw a man loading straw on a camel. Just as I passed, this person laid another straw on the eamel's baek and it broke,—I mean, the eamel's baek did. Wasn't that dreadful?

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That was what disclosed the big straw scandal which has relieved the weather in bearing the conversational burden of Abysinnia. Some of our most prominent citizens were involved: Mr. Graball, who owned the straw, Mr. Tater Peeler, who had sold it to him, the owner of the camel and a large string of suckers who had been swindled at the Coffee Cup, as they call the terrible den where these persons stay. Now, everybody around here is talking about the straw that broke the camel's back. You might put it in your Proverbs.

I have written a poem, too. It is to myself:

"So this is the face that launched a thousand ships,
These the eyes and these the bee-stung lips
Which draw those men with flasks upon their hips.
Who'll give the Queen of Sheba a cool three dozen nips."

Of course, I don't take that many nips, and anyway, nobody would give them to me. But I thought two dozen would sound sort of stingy.

Yours,

SHEBA.

XXXXXXXX

P.S. Don't forget, I'm coming to see about your grandfather. Does he wear knickers or sailor trousers?

* * * *

SOLOMON TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Jerusalem, Judea,
December 25, 965, B.C.

My dear Sheba:

Please don't call me darling any more in your letters. The whole eight hundred go through my pockets every night and if they should find a thing like that—well, you know them. Think of having eight hundred divoree suits on my hands at once. I should never survive, and if I did, I wouldn't have a shekel left to get a cigarette, after paying eight hundred alimony bills.

Grandpa does wear knickers,—my knickers. He had a university education and has borrowed every suit of mine except the crown robes. He climbed a tree last night in my best chariot. A traffic cop found him and gave him a berth in jail. He telephoned me this morning—after he had slept off a couple of quarts, I suppose. I pretended not to understand him and hung up, believing that he was good for thirty days, at least, but one of the eight hundred, Azem, found it out and pawned my watch for enough money to get him out. He came strolling in to lunch today, gay as ever, with Azem on his arm. The other seven hundred ninety-nine were scratching jealous.

"Food cooked to eat—
not just to sell"

I went over to look at the Temple this morning. Not a sound of a hammer could be heard about the place when I got there, but I soon made things hum. I found that the cedars from Lebanon hadn't even been shipped. The contractor promises the Temple twenty years from next July, but he is an optimist.

Yours, in distress about grandpa,

SOLOMON.

* * * *

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TO SOLOMON

Abysinnia,
January 10, 964, B.C.

Solomon, son of David,
Jerusalem, Judea.

Most respected sir:

You see, the eight, naught naught will get nothing on us. Why don't you invent some cute little code like pig-Latin that we could use. Only don't make it very hard because I never was good in languages.

I got a dear little piece of verse last Sunday from the pharaoh of Egypt. You might like to include it in the next volume of your Songs. I'm sure the pharaoh wouldn't mind. He's a nice boy, but much too fat to suit me. He has six meals a day and light lunches in between. That's what inspired him, I think:

Sheba, your beauty is to me
Like perfume of some Chinese tea,
Like lemon pie or orange crush;
Gee, I'd like to give you a rush.

Your brows are like brown butternuts,
Your hands like veal of choicest cuts,
Your rosy lips like candied cherries,
Your sweet blue eyes like huckleberries.

Dearie, with you I'd like to sup;
In fact, I'd like to eat you up.

I think it's rather clever, don't you, and so expressive?

I am coming up next week. Just take care of your grandfather until I get there. There ought to be a home for disorderly ancestors.

Yours,

SHEBA.

P. S. Is he very good-looking?

* * * *

SOLOMON TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Samaria,
Jan. 23, 964, B.C.

My dear Sheba:

I am sorry that I was called away just as you were coming, but I'm sure that you are meeting the situ-

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ation at Jerusalem in your best form, which is naturally good. I had to lay the cornerstone of the new courthouse over here and also to address the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs. This is a progressive little community, though the people are not as sophisticated as they are in Jerusalem.

There are some interesting characters here. Yesterday I met an "oldest inhabitant" who claimed that he had been in the ark with Noah. He was only two hundred and ten years old and besides, no Gentile could be related to our great forefather. I asked, "How is that, when Noah lived at least 1000 years ago?"

"It was this way, boss," said the old seamp. "It was in a previous incarnation, and I was a monkey, then."

I could trace the resemblance quite plainly. It was an explanation of that evolution theory everybody in Jerusalem is so het up over. I have it all worked out. We Jews are descended from Noah, and everybody else from the monkeys.

A new school of poetry has arisen over here. I don't call it poetry, but they do. Here is a sample. I can't make anything out of it, can you?

Dabbering with a glazzy gaff
  Is gobbish zustifun;
She gigs a buggo tickle saff,
  Or nabeon powers un.
She woggles mool a swiggish eye,
  And sibbers iceereamino
She soozles hafe a soozle sigh
  And lubo Valentino.

After you have settled with grandpa, we might join hands, hearts and kingdoms, as the poets say. Please say you will. I am rather bashful, which is the reason I haven't asked you before. We'll fix the eight hundred so they can't bite.

Yours ardently,

SOLOMON.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TO SOLOMON

Jerus,
Jan. 25.

Dear Solomon:

I think your grandfather is a dear. We are having the loveliest time together, because he knows all the good shows. I call him Jessie Boy. Please don't hurry back to Jerusalem on my account. I must stop now because Jessie Boy is going to take me to a dance over at Beth-shimma Country Club. He daneed blisters on my feet last Saturday night, but he is improving all the time.

Yours in haste,

SHEBA.

* * * *

SOLOMON TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Samaria,
Jan. 27, A.M.

My dear Sheba:

I got eight hundred telegrams this morning saying that you needed help with grandpa. From your letter, too, I think that you ought to have some protection, so I am returning at once.

SOLOMON.

* * * *

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TO SOLOMON

(Translators note: This document had two minute holes in it. It was evidently pinned on Solomon's pineushion.)

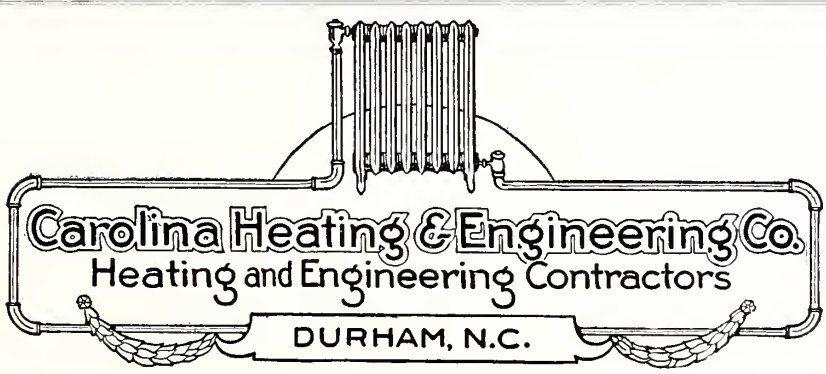
Jerusalem,
Jan. 27, 964 B.C.

Dear Solomon:

Isn't it funny that you're my grandson now. Jessie Boy and I are the happiest ever. We are going to Tyre to cousin Hiram's. Jessie Boy is darling. I can't see why you wanted to send him home.

SHEBA.

P.S. I have eloped with your grandfather.



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Theatrical Notes

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What Price Glory

"A war play of tremendous power."—Oct. 2, 1924.
"The first important play of the year."—Oct. 9, 1924.
"A play about the war which has so much truth in it that the authorities are thinking of closing it down."—Oct. 16, 1924.

The above excerpts, and more like them, from *Life's* "Confidential Guide" to the theatre, form an index to the history of the career of the play which has received more free advertising than any other of the new season—"What Price Glory?"

Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, of the staff of the New York *World*, collaborated during the past summer on this latest Broadway success. Mr. Stallings, a native of Georgia, graduated from Wake Forest in 1916, and in 1917 enlisted in the Marine Corps, in which he rose to the rank of captain. He was in hospitals for almost three years as a result of wounds received in the war. His first novel, "Plumes," has been recently published. Anderson's play, "The White Desert," was produced last year, and, according to many critics, deserved a much longer run. His especial interest lies in poetic drama.

"What Price Glory?" is based on anecdotes collected by Stallings during the late unpleasantness. Mr. Anderson took these copious notes and for many weeks repaired to the Public Library on Fifth Avenue every evening after dinner. There, by dint of much labor, he wrote out the play, "Glory," in longhand. He then turned over the manuscript to Stallings, who added and cut and turned phrases and sentences until the tenor of the whole play was one of unmistakable realism.

The play opened at the Plymouth Theatre on September fifth, and was almost immediately hailed as "the first important play of the season." In a signed notice on the first programmes, Mr. Hopkins called it "a play about war as it is; not as it has been presented theatrically for thousands of years."

The very title of the play breathes the point of view of the authors. There is no hint of the usual young hero with shiny puttees, who prattles about "saving the world for democracy" and finds a conveniently pretty Red Cross nurse or doughnut girl ready to bathe his forehead with limpid tears when he receives a slight bayonet scratch. The whole play fairly reeks with realism of the most powerful sort. The total absence of holy, idealistic lines, save those introduced ironically, is balanced by the presence of the rawest of raw speech. War is stripped of its glamor and made brutal and profitless, while its environs are shown to be ugly and grim.

The plot is criticized by some as being too slim, but according to others, including the critics of greatest note, it provides an excellent vehicle for a drama in which the background is decidedly the most important element. The controlling motive of the play is a quarrel over a French peasant girl, whose favors are sought by a marine captain and his top sergeant. The mam'selle herself is not choosy.

Stark Young says, in reviewing the play, that the "irony is so incontrovertible in its aspects of truth and so blazing with vitality as to cram itself down the most spread-eagle of throats." Laurence Stallings is an individual well fitted to contribute that thread of irony, since he lost a leg as a result of fighting in the Argonne as a marine officer. It is appropriate that he should be the one to assist in presenting war with the tinsel removed and with the searchlight of an honest intelligence seeking through its glitter and flag-waving for the stark, bare stupidity of it all. In saying this, however, it must not be thought that we are detracting one jot from his eminent ability as a playwright.

This is the first play in the last six years without the "crusading for righteousness" sort of thing. Rollo Peters praises the authors for "using the American language as it is often heard." It is uncouth, but it is characteristic. It was on this point indeed, that many of the objections to "What Price Glory?" have been raised. Arthur Hornblow calls it an untrue picture of war because "the spiritual exaltation of the young warrior as he responds to his country's call, buckling on his armor to defend home and loved ones, the individual deeds of heroism, the self-sacrifice of the badly wounded soldier . . . , the noble work of mercy done by the women nurses" is "conveniently ignored."

The primary objection, however, was raised by Admiral Plunkett and General Bullard, who insinuated that the play should be stopped, not only because it was obscene and objectionable, but also because it was alleged to be in opposition to the National Defense Act in that it would tend to discourage recruiting in the Marine Corps.

On the twenty-third of September, Mayor Hylan directed the Commissioner of Licenses of the City of New York to "confer with the Police Commissioner, Rear-Admiral Charles F. Plunkett, and General Robert Lee Bullard to see what could be done to eliminate the objectionable features of a play now running in New York." The letter containing the foregoing was made public. Plunkett, in an interview, denied lodging the complaint but admitted transmitting it and stated that the play referred to was "What Price Glory?"

The following day the New York *Times* carried a story showing that the members of the "conference" had attended a performance of the play but that it had been considerably "deleted." The militaristic gentlemen then visited the Federal District Attorney in an effort to have action lodged against the play on the ground that it "discouraged recruiting." The District Attorney was out of town, and at this writing has sensibly remained so.

On the twenty-seventh of September, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur issued a statement that, though he had not seen the play, it was "full of gutter language no longer to be found in the navy." Arthur Hopkins now has a second notice on his programmes stating that he has cut out only three expressions which are used "by our best people and by our noblest public officials."

Seats for "What Price Glory?" are now sold out eight weeks in advance.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the affair to Southerners is the rumor that Laurence Stallings is now the hero of New York. The Sage of Baltimore writes that his income approaches $50,000 a month and that he rides around New York in a Packard painted brilliant yellow with green spots.

In spite of all this realism and profanity to which the Army and Navy have objected so strenuously, the American public is incorrigible. It must have its heroes, and it must dress them out; if it can not gird them with flags and with wings, at least it can, and does, shower them with coin, with flowers, and with green and yellow Packards.

—Lucy F. Lay

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They used to eall this a "Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistie Endeavor." On this page the three reaeh eonsummation.

After reading the following, who ean doubt, ever again, that Carolina will eome out all right in the end? Doe Frank Crane himself eould do no better. Hail to another Eddie Guest!

Be a Carolina Booster

Boost Carolina, boost your friend;
Boost the ehureh that you attend;
Boost the dorm in whieh you're living;
Boost the knowledge the profs are giving;
Boost the people all about you,
But remember they could get along without you;
But suceess may sooner find them
If they know that you're behind them;
Boost for every forward movement;
Boost for every new improvement;
Boost the work our teams are doing;
Boost the work that others are pursuing;
Never be a progress bloeker.
Folks despise a petty knocker!
If you'd have your school grow by leaps and bounds,
Every man boost her 'till the last whistle sounds;
If you'd have your school grow better
Boost her to the final letter.

* * *

Oh, Whoops! Is Eleanor H. Porter in the house?

A Little Wild Flower

I'm just a little wild flower
  Growing by the sea;
I live a lonesome little life,
  For no one eares for me.

Day by day I look in vain
  For a bit of love,
From some stranger passing by
  Or some creature up above.

Hopelessly I live;
  Hopelessly shall I die,
With never a word from any one
  To brighten my elouded sky.

On some faces I see smiles,
  But they're not for me;
No one loves the wild flower,
  The little wild flower by the sea.

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

December, 1924

Poems

By Robbins Fowler

Ashes

Night has fallen—grim and threatening;
Fallen on the hill where the five trees grow,
Fallen with the sweep of the wings of an angel,
Curved black wings of Death's own angel,
Drooping on the hilltops, heavy and low.
Gone are the noises, hidden far away;
Gone like the sun at the close of day.
Fearful of the shadows and their dim, strange warning,
Yearning through the night for the break of morning,
Only one sound, night-born, lingers;
A sly, faint rattle like the shake of bony fingers
Whispers from the five trees, quivering and high,
Thrusting leafless branches in the silent sky.
Murmurous, wicked whispers from a softly beaten drum.
Cruel, eager whispers of the things to come.
Cold and emotionless the moon shines down,
Spreading dim doubles of the trees on the ground—
Casting oblong shadows, wide coffins on the ground.
Then like ghastly messengers of unseen doom—
Ghosts in the deep night,
Spectres in the moonlight—
Weird white figures come weaving through the gloom.
Swathed are their bodies in fold upon fold.
Hooded are their heads like the monks of old.
Only their eyes, like pebbles in the dust,
Gleam through the hoods with a hateful lust,
Lust of the soul in a sin-deep flood—
Lust for torture and the taste of blood:
Blood of a black man, writhing on the ground,
Tearing his flesh on the ropes tight bound.
Tears from his death-gray face fall free,
Fall at the foot of a skeleton tree.
Ashy lips working,
Trembling, jerking,
Praying to the God he never will see.
There on the hilltop the shadows are fleeing;
Crackling flames have flashed into being,
Piles of branches and dried-out moss,
Kindled with the aid of a fiery cross,
Kindled by the hands of the figures in white—
Grim, death-dealing demons of the night.
Hazy in the smoke as it columns higher,
Etched on the sky in lines of fire,
Evil words muttered,
Softly uttered,
Mingle all together in a menacing breath,
Mingle in a song of blood and death—
Blood of a black man, waiting for death.
Drive a stake into the frozen ground.
Drive it deep with a dull and muffled sound.
Grin like ghouls as the hammers pound,
Boom, boom, boom.
See the black wretch shiver and start.
Each short hammer-stroke sinks into his heart.
Each short stroke with its sickening thud
Crimsons the stake with his own life blood.
Now through the lambent glare and heat,
Tall, white figures on silent feet,
Sent on an errand of hate, draw near.
Near to the spot
Where a darker blot,
Lies with eyes bulging in horrible fear.
Strong hands seize him with relentless grip.
One last sob from his blue-tinged lips,
And then with a shudder he ceases to grope,
Ceases to struggle with the blood-soaked rope—
A cold, limp mass that has lost all hope.
Then the spectral figures lash him to the stake—
Laughing at their task
In their long, white masks—
Hastening with the work ere the dawn shall break.
Round the poor black body the thick ropes twine
Tighter and tighter with a whistling whine
Now from the heap of blazing brands,
Scarlet mound on the hill's dark slope,
Drag some over where the black man stands,
Sagging like a corpse in the circling rope.
Cast them at his feet in a smouldering pile.

Watch and wait with a greedy smile.
Slowly at first—
Then they burst
Into flames as red as a soul that's cursed.
Flicker, waver and blaze afresh—
Blaze with an odor of burning flesh.
Choked as the echo of a tortured dream.
Soul compelling,
Rising, swelling,
Out of the flames drifts a horrible scream.
Quavering, long-drawn, pitiful moan,
Agony-laden in its sobbing tone—
A scream to move a heart of stone.
But there on the hellish, fire-lit spot,
Gathered around in a dead-white knot—
Gathered beneath the emotionless moon,
Standing under the hard-eyed moon—
The hooded murderers every one
Laugh at the work of the night well done,
Laugh as the flames from the stake spread higher—
Bathing the scene in a sea of fire.

Morning has come like a pure white flower,
Resting on the hill where the five trees grow.
Resting on a tiny line of ashes—
Ashes of wood and human ashes—
Scattered on the dirt like driven snow.
Silent are the five trees, calm and still,
Dreaming of death on the lonely hill,
Staring at the footprints left in the night—
Left by the feet of the demons in white.

* * *

Short Cuts

Sam Burney was a funny guy,
  Mean as sin but awful bright.
He had a heap of brain to use
  If he'd of only tried to use it right.

But since he was so smart and slick
  He never bothered 'bout morals or such;
If you got in a business deal with Sam
  You ended up with half as much.

He wouldn't right up plain and steal,
  Nor cheat in a way to break the law,
But he could gouge and sneak and gain
  In the smartest ways you ever saw.

Nobody liked Sam—he didn't care;
  He thought his own schemes were the best,
But he went to church most all the time
  And prayed and worshipped with the rest.

Sam used to say the Lord had meant
  To make him mighty rich some day,
And if he helped the work along
  Us folks didn't have a word to say.

He claimed the day would soon arrive
  When he'd be rich beyond compare,
And that it was his own concern
  If he took some short cuts getting there.

Sam lived that way for forty years,
  Not fit to be trusted with a dime;
But he piled up money in the bank
  By the same old short cuts all the time.

One night when he was coming home
  He noticed it was pretty late;
So he left the road and cut around
  Through old man Amberfield's side gate.

The poor old man was sort of cracked—
  He had the treasure-digging bug,
And everywhere in his back field
  Were big deep holes that he had dug.

Sam's house was straight across from his,
  And as he hurried through the field
He fell down in the deepest hole
  So quick he couldn't even squeal.

We found him in the morning, neck clean broke,
  And his face all twisted in a frightful look.
'Twas a powerful creepy sort of thing—
  The last short cut that Sam ever took.

* * *

Words

Speak to me—I am cold.
Pour words over my heart in a warm, wine-colored
  stream—
Softly, slowly—drop by drop.
Blood-scarlet words.
Words like melted rubies,
With deep, smoky heat oozing from their sides.

Now you have warmed me;
My heart feels a touch of summer.
Shall I thank you in hot passion words?
Words of rich, mulled wine?
No—
Rather let them be short, and plain
With a beautiful plainness.
I will set them before you in long, straight rows.
Wet clusters of violets in little silver jars.

Cindy

By Randolph Spear

Spang! The crack of a high powered Winchester cleft the chill of the early morning air. Tull Mullins crumpled in the road. Irony of fate! Four years of hell in the trenches and not a scratch; day after day of reckless fighting, expecting every minute to "go west"; the armistice; now—back home to his native mountains, almost in sight of his old cabin, full of bright hopes and vigor—left to rot in the winding cliff road.

The sun was flashing its outriders across the heavens. Purple mists retreated into the valley before the rapid advance. "Old Baldy" was resting drowsily with his rugged pate bathed in golden dew. Sleepy opossums were curling up in their hollows. A large gray squirrel sat excitedly chattering his ever new welcome to the majesty of day as it shoved "Old Baldy" and "Pine Knob" aside and flooded through the gap. The slim birches stood worshiping in their silver surplices. An early rabbit came loping around the bend, heavy from a night of foraging; almost passed the still form in the road, then sprang to safety with a mighty leap, scattering particles of gravel into that dark, widening pool around the boyish head. Away, high up in the clouds a lone vulture poised searching, searching—.

* * * *

Cindy McLong was up with the dawn. She had had her plunge in the cold, clear water of "Deadman's Crick," romped with her half wild, mountain pony, and was busy singing a barbaric ditty over the morning preparation of corn pone and "aigs" before her only parent, Ezra McLong, had taken his first swig of moonshine.

"Cindy!" sputtered a hoarse voice from behind the cheap curtains of a once gay-colored material that divided the single room of the clay-streaked log cabin.

"Whar in hell did y' git this jug o' p'ison from?"

No answer save the clattering of pans and renewed vigor of the hybrid song.

"Cindy!" The bellow and a shaggy figure emerged the curtains together.

"Suh!"

As Ezra McLong stood in the opening he was like nothing so much as six lean feet of hemp rope encased in shrunken blue jeans and the remains of a once tan, once woolen shirt, now lye boiled to a gray, lifeless burlap. Sun-burned nose and fiery eyes were framed by a rank wilderness of curly black beard and matted hair. Clutched in one hand was a half-gallon demijohn.

"Cindy, what I want ter know is whar in hell did this here come from?" and he held it up for inspection.

"Lief Horne brung hit, t'other day," quietly murmured the daughter without looking up.

"Hm!" muttered the man, with another squint at the jug. "Shore now, Lief did say as how he had a new run he wanted me ter try. Wal," smacking his lips and frowning at the sample, "hit's hard—hard like Lief. Mout be the mash warn't ripe enough."

Slowly raising his head, the old man's eyes twinkled for a second and he murmured to the back of the girl's neck.

"Lief's been powerful pert ter me for some time—. He's wantin' ter take ye away, Cindy. Has he popped the question yit?"

"I reckon."

"Wal," drawled the father as his manner sobered, "Lief'll be powerful hard ter git 'long with, gal, but since yo' ma died I reckon as how yer is use ter hard doin's." He absently set the jug on a milking stool. "When's hit gonna be, Cindy?"

"Never, Pap!" exploded the girl, cheeks aflame, "never as long as thar's a breath of air left in my body!" She hit the ancient stove a resounding blow with the skillet of eggs and stood trembling like a wild thing hounded to its den.

"Why, gal, I thought—. You means?"

"I means ef I was goin' ter scoreh in hell fer ever and ever, I'd never go and marry Lief Horne. Never, never!"

Many seeonds passed and the father ventured, with a queer eateh in his voice.

"Cindy,—gal, air yer still thinking that mebbe—somehow, young Mullins mout come baek ter these hills?"

The girl made a helpless, appealing gesture with her hands and bent her head over the stove.

For a moment the grizzled mountaineer hesitated, then proceeded with the calmness of a surgeon about to perform a painful, though necessary, operation.

"Yer don't think now, that mebbe he *will* come back—arter seeing all the outside, fighting them Germans, and having all them furrin' women to pick from? Men is powerful unsartin, yer know, Cindy."

The bronze head bent lower and the graceful throat quivered.

"I—I reckon as how I mout be a fool," whispered the girl, biting her lower lip.

"Thar now, Cindy, don't take hit ter heart so. Yer old pap knows how young gals gits sich funny notions 'bout love and sich, and then gits over hit." He laughed rather flatly and brusquely laid his hand on her shoulder. His motherless daughter meant much to him and unconsciously drew out the little sentiment of which he was capable. His thoughts went back to the youngster who had not returned.

"Tull Mullins was a likeable sort of shoat, though. Fight! hell's fire! I 'member—let's see—hit were two revenuers he kilt at his pap's still. Jest big 'nough ter tote a gun, too. He didn't have no ma since he could walk. And when he come up and saw his pap a-dying, he jest went crazy and tore loose with his thirty-thirty.

"I reckon as how he never got over hit. Wild as a buck till they catched him and give him a little eddication. Then he moped 'round you till finally he played the fool and jined the army." The old man paused with a quick look at his daughter, who had jerked around facing him.

"Pap, Tull Mullins did right, and he was no crazier than you be." The girls' eyes flashed defiance. "We was talking 'bout hit 'fore he left; hit seemed to worry him so. Ole Persimmons had told us 'bout the President and them Germans and how's we belonged ter the United States. Tull ast me. I—I *told* him ter go." Her cheeks flushed. For four long years she had carried that last scene locked in her heart. The fierce plighted vows and stern promises of the two hungry-souled children meant more than life to her. Would Tull fail her?

"Wal now, Cindy, 'tain't no use pinin' fer the dead; he won't come back."

Two startled gray eyes searched his face.

"Yer know as how Lief Horne done swore to kill anybody what come 'twixt you and him," the man blundered ruthlessly, hurrying to finish his task, "and how jealous he was of Tull—. Don't look that air way, Cindy. Lief hain't kilt him. Yer as pale as milk. Lief was tellin' me 'bout seeing a soldier down ter the settlement yesterday, what told him that Tull Mullins took sick on the boat coming back and died right off."

"Pap! hit's a lie—hit's a lie—hit's a lie." Her voice trailed off incoherently.

"Now thar, Cindy, I didn't know as how yer would carry on so. Lief swore hit was the truth. He do tell a pack of lies sometimes, though."

The girl stared dumbly.

"Wal, Cindy," the father gulped, abashed and helpless, "I'm agoin' down ter the settlement this mawnin'. Won't be back 'fo' dark. I—I'll bring some hoe-hound candy, huh?" He bolted for the door, forgetting his breakfast and daring not look back at the face of his daughter.

Cindy did not hear. All her hatred was being silently heaped upon the head of Lief Horne.

Lief was of the more dangerous, uncertain, type of mountaineer—fierce, powerfully built, primitive. Men felt safer walking behind than in front of him. No one knew where he had come from years before, and he avoided the subject. Sordid tales of bad whiskey and women seemed to gather about him as mist around a mountain peak. His throaty, hearty laugh and surging ruthlessness had caused many a mountain girl sorrow and he boasted of his conquests. But Cindy MeLong had proved a different type to him. His attempted familiarity with her was met with a steady rifle barrel leveled at his breast. Being a killer himself he quickly recognized that potentiality in this daughter of Ezra MeLong, and hastily apologized in his crude manner. Inwardly seething, he had sworn to himself to tame "that damned she wild cat" and openly, with much bravado, threatened to riddle any man who stood in his way. His native cunning began to exert itself and a seeming change had come over him. He was less frequently seen drunk and carousing in the hills, and spent much time secretly conniving. The settlement, however, still saw him occasionally when unbridled passions raged in him. He was slinking back to his cabin after one of these lapses as day dawned.

The time passed slowly in the humble MeLong cabin. Forgotten were the battered stove, skillet and burned eggs. Huddled in a crude shuck-bottom chair by the open window of the "kitchen," Cindy was just a tiny, forlorn bit of life's flotsam whose blanched cheeks and unshed tears were but her share of woman's sorrow.

The sun slowly found its way across the rough pine floor. A gentle breeze played with the tendrils of the girl's hair, and tugged at the loose breast of her calico dress, as though coaxing the listless heart to action. From under the cold stove a black kitten rose, stretched, gazed inquiringly at his mistress, and curled up in the sun near her feet. The gray eyes that slowly looked down were at last a woman's; eyes deep with tragedy and the calmness of despair. Hungrily she grabbed the kitten to her and bathed him in silent, awful tears.

But Cindy was a healthy young mountain animal and after the inner relief of tears, her blood called for violent physical action—away from human harshness, in the freedom of the hills. Whistling to her nervous pony, she quickly bridled him and was up on his bare back and away like a dervish. Flying up hills and across mountain streams with an appalling reckless-

ness, around dangerous curves, through long, cool, lanes of pines they tore, careening among the boulders and along the edges of deep chasms. The animal slipped, faltered, hung perilously for a moment and lunged to safety as the projecting earth gave way and thundered sickeningly down the mountain side. A terrified snort and the pony was away again with his wild eyed rider. Reaching the top of a sharp rise, Cindy caught sight of a small cabin far down on a ledge and with a curious shock realized that it was home. The heaving pony staggered and fell and the girl barely missed death again as she catapulted to the earth. Dazed, she leaned against a tree and throbbed with returning reason and compassion as the animal rose and attempted to stagger on. She gently rubbed his heaving sides and patiently led him down the trail toward home, thankful for his life, momentarily forgetting her own sorrow in her sympathy for the beast.

* * * *

The settlement down in the valley was the last outpost of modern civilization. A bleak general store that supplied the physical wants of the surrounding country with a dusty corner devoted to the post office. wrecked church that had failed in its hopeless task. A few straggling cabins. An inn for man and a stable for beast. A shack that almost furtively bore the sign "Sheriff's Office."

Inside this office, a little, hard, weather-beaten man in leather boots and blue denim jumper sat methodically polishing the barrel of a carbine. This was Sanderson, the deputy sheriff. There was something icy, something fascinating about his evident preparation. And well there might be in view of the mission before him. A respected matron of the little community was then at the point of death, assaulted the previous night by a drunken brute who had vanished into the hills. The deputy was awaiting orders.

Heavy footsteps approached on the deserted boardwalk. The door swung open and in waddled a large, apoplectic looking individual, whom the star pinned to his flapping vest proclaimed as the sheriff. Without a nod to the other, he flopped into a swivel chair behind the littered desk and hard, unpleasant lines settled about his lips.

"You ready, Sandy?" he queried.

A nod from the other was the solemn response.

"Yep, mis' Margie's dead," the sheriff continued sententiously, "come conscious at the last and died right off."

"Did she name the man?" questioned Sanderson through tense lips.

"Yep, 'twas Lief Horne a'right."

They avoided each others eyes. A fly droned lazily, poised in mid air.

"He came to town yesterday, crazy drunk and raising hell in general," the sheriff continued with the sordid details. "Always was a devil with the wimmen. She asked him, polite like, to stop so much fuss in front of the house on account of the baby. Her husband was away. That devil sobered right up and calm like asked for a drink of water before he left. Scared as she was, she went to get the pitcher and he slipped into the house—you know the rest." The sheriff nervously fingered a pen on his rude desk. The other's jaw muscles stood out white against his tan skin.

"We gotta git him, Sandy,—its plumb suicide, though, unless you shoot first and ask questions afterwards. You know him."

The little man nodded grimly.

"We better not go together," continued the sheriff. "You light out up Pike's Road to the forks, then hit acrost Piney Ridge and drap down from behind his shack. You ought to be thar before night. I'll ketch up with you later. My horse is a little lame."

Before noon, Sanderson was well on his way. A solitary finger of the law carrying justice to the hills where justice was a mockery. The sheriff was still in his office, swatting flies. His horse was much too lame to travel.

* * * *

Back in the hills the sun had at last found the body of Tull Mullins and was mercilessly scorching the drawn face. A shadow flashed across the road as a mountain vulture circled closer and closer, watching for any movement of the figure.

Suddenly, a tired, thoughtful girl, followed by a drooping pony came around the turn in the perilous tote road. The thwarted bird rose higher with long sweeps of his powerful wings. The girl did not heed. Nor was she conscious of the beauty and majestic awfulness of the valley below—a swift drop of a thousand feet. So deep in thought was she that she had passed the prone figure when the pony shied and whickered. Mechanically the girl turned her head with a clucking of her tongue and became aware of the pitiful shape stretched out as though nailed to the earth.

Cindy's lips parted. The sight of death was nothing new to the hill folk, yet she hesitated. No detail escaped her; army clothes and rolled pack; some strange soldier returning even as—. Quickly she put the thought from her and stepped over to the body. The pony began grazing.

A ragged glancing bullet wound in the back of the still figure's head; clotted blood in a pool on the clay. She felt of his wrist. There was no pulse, yet, strangely it was still warm. It couldn't have been long since it happened, possibly—. She turned him

over and ran her hand in his shirt. Dead? No, there was still a faint murmur of a fighting heart. The clammy feel of death though, was even then suffusing his breast. She glanced for the first time at his features.

For several full seconds she was paralyzed. To a passerby the prone figure would have seemed a dead man, hovered over by the death symbol of all the ages. As the blood rushed back to Cindy's face, she emitted a mortal sob that caused the pony to cower nervously. She became frantically active. With one motion of her arm a huge strip was ripped from her petticoat, and fearfully, yet tenderly, she swathed the livid wound. She was not sobbing now. For the first time in her life, Cindy muttered a prayer.

With superhuman effort and straining muscles she placed her arms under the body and with breaking heart lifted him across the back of the nervous pony.

* * * *

Hours later the primitive girl was fighting her fight in the quiet of her father's cabin. But the still figure on the rude bed was all unconscious of her mighty A log school that supplied the scant mental needs if a sufficiently embittered master could be got. A effort. Kneeling at the only table in the room, her face was turned to heaven in mute supplication. She had done all she could as a nurse. Her spirit was broken. She had prayed, entreated, cajoled, and emotion had left her weak and helpless.

Rising at last with one pitiful look at the pallid features of the one who had not forgotten, she groped for the door and fresh air.

A tragic stillness filled the world. The sun was blazing its farewell, just tipping the tops of the firs with a fringe of gold. It was sunset. The old cow was contentedly finding her way home with her burden of milk.

Cindy knew not how many minutes she had been outside the cabin when a soft cold muzzle nudged her cheek and she realized that "Old Bet" was anxious to be milked. She rose with a queer lump in her throat and resting her tired young body against the cow, stood gazing into space, lost again in reverie.

Suddenly every muscle grew tense, her eyes narrowed. Through a break in the trees and from the general direction of Lief Horne's cabin, a figure was following the road. The dusk was deepening, yet her straining eyes recognized the swinging stride of the man.

Wraith-like, the girl slipped into the cabin. Over the fire-place hung her own rifle. Grasping it tensely, with a last glance towards the bed, she passed quickly into the gloom. Through the woods she went racing like a stricken doe. She must get there before the man—she must be sure. The passion and fury of the hill billies was racing in her, scourging her on.

The last glow of sunset was fading from the tallest pines when she reached the spot. Already the busy spiders had strung their nightly aerials across the woods path. Her face was streaked with gauzy threads; she brushed them impatiently aside and crouched trembling behind a large boulder. In front of her was the exact, lonely spot where she had found the body. Not two feet from the stained clay yawned the edge of the cliff.

Many moments had not passed before the lurching figure came into view. The man was carrying a rifle and paused at frequent intervals, listening, as though fearing pursuit. An owl hooted dismally; he started nervously, scowled and came on with increased strides. Nearer and nearer he came with a searching alertness in his manner. Slower and more confused became his movements as he reached the spot. Finally, with a tense grip on his rifle, he bent over, identified the dried blood stains and straightened up with bewildered, wondering expression on his face.

Gradually and steadily the girl's rifle raised, sure at last of its victim. The doomed man had been tried and condemned by a suffering girl. The sights settled on his heart and Cindy's finger tensed on the trigger.

A screaming "whang!" and spurt of flame less than a dozen yards away, broke the stillness and split through the twilight. Lief Horne's hands jerked high over his head and a choking gurgle broke through his lips. With a convulsive twitch of his spine he pitched backwards—down to a mangled death.

The girl sank weakly against the rock in staring incredulence.

A little, hard, weather-beaten deputy sheriff stepped into the road and setting his smoking rifle against a tree, stood meditating, rolling a cigarette as night descended.

* * * *

The moon was just peeping over the ridge when the weary girl reached her father's cabin. Sitting by the door, smoking his pipe and with a fresh pail of warm milk beside him on the bench, was Ezra McLong. Catching sight of the drooping girl in the moonlight, he choked back the questions that rushed to his lips and for the first time in his hard life he filled the place of the girl's mother. His arms flung open, beckoning her, and as she flew to him, sobbing her heart out, he murmured:

"Hush! Honey, I've done seen him; he come to and is sleepin' in thar now."

The wife and mother must have looked down with a gentle blessing on the two.

Cindy slept in his arms.

The Three-Ways King

(A Rootabaga Story of a Sort)

You wouldn't think that that wide place in the road was an anteroom for majesty. No, not hardly. Just any galoot would think it was a one street, one store village. That's what just any galoot would think.

There was a pink sign advertising Ice Cold Nugrape on the yellow side of the filling station. There was Ice Cold Nugrape in the filling station until the ice in the ice house ran out. Then the Ice Cold Negrape was Luke Warm Nugrape. There was a pink sign advertising a fair on the blue side of the filling station. It was a picture of a pink lady on a bay horse that had red flaring nostrils. The bay horse had a blue ribbon at his ear. The pink woman was riding a side saddle and didn't have much waist. She looked like an hour glass, or a pillow with a green belt drawn tight around the middle, or a tornado, or maybe just a chromo. Where you almost couldn't see it was a sign saying that there was ice cream on Wednesdays and Saturdays. That was new stuff, that ice cream, but the people came in out of the mountains and bought it. They liked old time whiskey too. Old Pat Baker owned the filling station. He had some whiskey somewhere. And he owned the store just opposite the filling station.

The steps to the store was the place all the loafers sat. When the sun was hot, they moved up on the porch. They laughed "han-han-han" and slapped their thighs when Mel Howard told them a story. Mel told old time, horsey stories—stories about people they knew. Some of them laughed the same way when Frank McCormick told the jokes he had heard in a vaudeville when he was in Charleston. None of them laughed when some one came out of the store and told them what Patrick Henry Baker had said about anything. Unless you count Frank McCormick, and he just snickered sometimes. The rest of them sat and thought for a while.

Because Patrick Henry Baker was the first king and the last king and the middle king and they had reason to think. He was the first king in the mail cage where he got papers from all over the country, and he was middle king in the filling station, and he was last king in behind the dry goods counter where he sold biscuits and boots and gave information and advice that was better than purple and gold holes in the ground. Bang! he gave advice. Bang! somebody went out of the store and they knew what they were going to do when they had got out.

You want to know what this first, last, and middle king looked like? Sure you do! He was sharp and rough and kind and all there. He had one hand with five fingers on it. He had another hand with five fingers on it. He had never lost a finger. He had hair like wheat stubble. He had a beard like oat stubble. All of his hair was like stubble. And that goes for the rest of him. His shoulders were like slabs from the side of the mountain. When he was younger he could lift more than any man in the county.

He was a pillar of the church too. He could have held that little white box up by himself. Some pillar! He was as much a king in church as he was back of the counter—because he knew almost everything and consequently was almost everything. He was a financier, a store keeper, an aphorist, preacher in time of need, an anthropometrist, a father confessor, and a knurly pickled herring to boot.

He would tell folks things when they came to see him. The reason Mike Curran had hard luck was because he didn't wait for a turnip colored moon. And that cow with the swollen belly. Use the old Indian remedy on her and then see the veterinarian from The Gap if she doesn't get better. Use a martingale on Cinders and take Susy home a new dress and she won't be so moony.

King Pat leaned over packages of horse shoes and coffee and parts of mowing machines and told them to vote on the referendum. He told them what kind of car to buy. He had a Ford himself, a Ford with round wheels and black cushions and a fine set of habits. Because Old Pat always drove home in it at six-thirty in the evening and drove back to the store in the morning at six-thirty. Home and back, home and back, and that was all. Until one day he was five minutes late going home and he had to walk because the Ford had gone on home and was in the shed waiting for six-thirty in the morning to come.

Old King Pat was as regular and reliable as that. Young Frank McCormick knew about some things. But Old Pat knew about everything. He knew about wives and turnip colored moons and popular referendums, and that was why he was first king and middle king and last king in that valley.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1924

In Which We Discuss Our Academic System

One of the greatest problems now facing *some* of the educational institutions in this country is the question of what to do with the intelligent student. It will be untold years from now, of course, before it dawns on a great many schools that such a problem even exists.

It is almost universally true of universities and colleges in the South, and elsewhere too, that student bodies are governed and taught on the basis of a median, which is the student of average or slightly less than average intelligence. Knowledge is handed out and knowledge is absorbed with the average mentality as a standard. If the student of exceptional capacity becomes anything more than average he does so on the strength of his own initiative and innate ability.

Faculty members, in both high schools and colleges, are for the most part far too engrossed, each in his individual field, either to know much about or to care to know about educational systems and policies. But here and there a few administrative officers with consciously functioning minds and forward-looking instincts are becoming acutely aware of the fact that human beings are by no means born "free and equal," either in opportunity or ability. They are beginning to realize that vast amounts of money and (what is more important) priceless years of time are being wasted in babying the below-average student beyond his capacity and in fettering the above-average student to the average standard. In consequence a revision of prevailing academic systems is inevitable.

In North Carolina and particularly at this university the problem is an especially pressing one because some of those forward-looking minds happen to be in our state legislature. There are not nearly enough of them there but in any event the seeds sowed years ago by Governor Aycock are beginning to bear fruit. These minds realize perhaps that, highly touted and press-agented though North Carolina is at present, it is still near the bottom of the list of states in practically everything that really counts, in categories other than those concerned with the ubiquitous chase after the Almighty Dollar. They realize perhaps that we still have a long hard road to travel before we can hold up our head among the states of the nation with any legitimate degree of self-respect; and that education is just about as important as good roads in lifting North Carolina out of the muck and mire of its "Ham-Cam-Tam" juvenility.

The upshot of this is that the legislature is giving yearly to the schools of the state several millions of dollars where it formerly begrudgingly allotted them thousands. (The fact that it is still too stingy with its appropriations is beside the question at the moment.) Now the legislature is not composed of altruists; it is made up of hard-headed business men, lawyers, and farmers. In return for the money which they are putting at the disposal of the schools, they expect concrete returns in the shape of worth while good citizenship and leadership.

The high schools, the University, and the other county- and state-supported institutions of learning in North Carolina are not doing their full duty to the state until they do all in their power to provide this citizenship and leadership. This they are not doing. Of course, they *are* providing and will continue to provide the majority of the state's leaders, but how much bigger and how much more forceful these leaders could be if their background were brighter!

We have little quarrel with the fundamental reasons for the existence of the prevailing academic system. With the structure of the microcosm and of the macrocosm what it is we shall have no Utopias prior to the millennium (if then); certainly not in the South, with its hereditary legacy of ignorance and provincialism. The *hoi polloi*, like the poverty-stricken, are always with us and we are doing a fairly good job of educating them as it is. What we want

to see is an avenue of escape provided for those students who have a tendency toward a "conscious existence," for those students whose aboriginal capacity is greater than that of the general run. We seem faintly to remember a remark made by President Chase that "the function of the University is not to cram knowledge down the throats of its students but to provide a field for assimilation by ambitious ones." But he also said, "You never can build a great state on the basis of uninformed good will." Put the one statement over against the other and you have our point.

Hence, we hail with glee Dean Royster's plan of allowing optional class attendance to fifty juniors and seniors. We are not of the opinion, expressed elsewhere on the campus, that it is "a hollow proposal—an empty, non-meaning bit of painted up privilege." We believe there is much to be read between the lines of the "Dean's List" and we hope and believe that it is but the first step in a movement which in a few years will be sweeping, a movement which may extend even to the benighted endowed colleges of the state.

We think the University is almost ready for non-compulsory class attendance and we see no reason why this privilege should not be extended to the greater part of the two upper classes, at least in the School of Liberal Arts. It should be done gradually, however, and not at one fell swoop. Princeton tried it first with seniors, then with seniors and juniors, and later extended the privilege to sophomores. It worked beautifully in the first two instances, but was a failure with the sophs; so the third extension was withdrawn. There is not a great deal of basis for comparison of this place with Princeton but we have an idea that much the same results would be obtained here. A large percentage of our yearly quota of freshmen from the state high schools have no business in college at all and most of the rest are so immature in their outlook that it requires two or more years for them to become acclimated to university atmosphere. Most of them have never been asked to think, let alone assisted in the process. The sad part of it all is that many of them are not assisted here.

However, class attendance is discussed by our worthy assistant editor in greater detail in the editorial which follows. That, after all, is only part of the problem. There remains very clear to us an appalling number of faults and omissions in our present Liberal Arts School which are in urgent need of a remedy, such as, for example, the whole system of majors and minors; the policy of using a uniform method to teach 1 and 2 natural science courses to all students; the lack of survey courses and the inadequacy of the few which are given; the crowding of too much work into some specialized courses and the great waste of time in others; the utterly objective nature of certain courses which have every right to be fascinating; the absorb, absorb, absorb policy of certain professors; the almost complete absence of consultations; the abominable make-up of the quarterly schedule, and so on. We shall say more about these faults in the future.

In order to make a concrete gesture toward a cure for these evils the Magazine has taken the liberty of appointing a committee of student leaders from the Liberal Arts School (because our concern is chiefly with Liberal Arts) for the purpose of making a specific formulation of the student point of view on these matters. This committee will consist of W. J. Cocke, Edward Scheidt, C. R. Jonas, J. M. Saunders, Spencer Murphy, R. Y. Thorpe, the editor and assistant editor of the Magazine, and any other student who desires to be a member. As the organizer of this committee, the Magazine formally requests the faculty to appoint a committee of like number to meet with the student committee for one or more conferences during the spring quarter.

In spite of all that can be said to the contrary, the faculty inevitably loses close contact with the current of student opinion, and we believe that such a committee can give the faculty many sidelights on campus thought of which it is only faintly aware. If productive of no other result, the conference can at least acquaint the students with the faculty point of view and the reasons, if there are any, why no changes can be made.

In Which We Discuss Compulsory Class Attendance

So far as we can see, the main objectives of our college training are the acquirement of general and particular knowledge, the formation of certain habits of thinking, which should include individual directive and discriminative faculties, and the poise and strength obtained by conscious command and use of these. Of course the formation of friendships, general cultural development and other considerations have their place, but the former we consider the main objectives, and are our special interest at this moment.

We do not believe that the system under which we work is conducive to best results in the attainment of these objectives. Men are turned out of college with degrees and diplomas but without some

of the essentials of an education; their knowledge is extremely limited, their habits of thinking are haphazard, and their poise and strength are non-discernible. Their inability to look out for themselves is proverbial; what powers they get in this respect are gained only after they get into the swim. Their one saving quality is a superb egotism, and an air of knowing it all, which, strangely enough, attracts people, gets jobs for them, and tides them over until they learn that they do not have a registrar on their trails to get them up for eight-thirties.

Of course, this is an exaggeration; but college men for the most part are rather helpless when turned out into the cruel, cold world. We believe the system under which they are educated is to a great extent responsible, and we believe there is room in it for vast improvement.

The essential nature of American education as we see it is: it attempts, in accord with principles of democracy, to develop the faculties of the greatest number possible; it uses wholesale, non-discriminating methods; it crams knowledge down the throats of great numbers of schoolboys and girls, in the hope that some capacity may be found in them which may be developed, and which will make their existence in their communities better, more enlightened and more enjoyable. This seems to be the idea behind the system in operation here at the University.

It is, of course, just as easy now as it has always been to growl and pick out faults; but when the concerted opinion of a considerable number of good students says that there is something wrong, something is likely to be wrong; and we know a considerable number of good students who believe that compulsory class attendance for the two upper classes is a nuisance and should be done away with. Let us consider why it is that good students do not like compulsory class attendance.

"I have an eighty-thirty," says one student who happens to be a Phi Beta Kappa man, "which I have to get up for every morning. I go on class, hear a bunch of jokes, and listen to the reading of a few pages from the text-book we are studying. Now if I want jokes, I can buy a copy of *Life*, or a *Whiz Bang*; I have a text-book, and I can read fairly well. Why should I go on this class?"

We had to admit that we couldn't tell him, unless it was for the mechanical necessity of being there physically, in order to keep the registrar off his trail, and in order not to arouse the animosity of the *lecturer*, who, it happens in this particular case, dislikes very much for students to miss his classes—just why, we can't imagine.

"But see here," says this same Phi Beta Kappa student, "I've got a two o'clock class which meets every day just like this other one. I wouldn't miss it for anything: it's worth going on."

Says another, a prospective Phi Beta Kappa student, "I've got three and a half courses. Two and a half of them ought to be interesting. The other one is a grind, an elementary language course; I can't expect anything else of it. But of the two and a half courses which ought to be interesting, the half course class is the only one worth going on. I could get the others better if I didn't have to bother with classes."

Now possibly the student is incapable of judging; but when men recognized as exceptionally good students almost uniformly have the same opinion, that opinion should have weight. When men with exceptional ability are forced to listen to lectures addressed to the average intelligence, inane jokes and reading from text-books, they can not be expected to form a favorable opinion of the system which forces them to do this, nor can they feel very highly appreciative of instructors who show slavishness to this system. The students are forced to follow time-wasting and thought-interrupting routine which is interest killing, disgusts many good men, stifles their intellectual growth and which often accounts for the C's and D's made by men who, if placed on their own responsibility, would probably do work of a worthwhile nature. Some intelligent, good students may not desire to gain more than an outline, general knowledge of a course. They may with deliberate intent put only enough time on a course to get a passing, credit-securing grade. If they are exercising choice, there is nothing wrong with that. Indeed, if the individual in college, especially as far advanced as a junior or senior, does not know what he wants, who does? If he hasn't some idea of what he wants by this time, there is no reason to think he ever will have. We can only interpret his exercise of choice and discrimination in study as evidence of an active intelligence.

Compulsory class attendance cramps the style of the intelligent student. It does more than cramp his style; it deprives him of the opportunity which he should have while in college of developing his self-disciplinary powers, and his capacity for directing his own abilities. And here we meet a problem for modern educators: to find for each student that time in the formative period when the transition should be begun from direction of the student by external forces and discipline, to direction and discipline of the student by himself.

We know by experience that discipline is necessary, that it must be exercised either by an external

power or by the individual on himself. Now when we speak of discipline, we have no reference to class attendance or any particular parts of our system. We mean by self-discipline the conscious direction and control of his actions by the individual, with the general objectives of a college career, such as those mentioned before, as his goal. He would not be bound to any definite method of reaching his objective; he would be expected to work that out for himself and follow his own plan, and, therein he would discipline himself. Of course, we may find some eccentric persons suffering with what often appears to be something similar to a Gertrude Stein complex, who do not recognize, and have no regard for order, or for personal discipline to preserve that order. It seems to us, however, that the intellectual process, the acquisition of knowledge, is the discovery of order, which with increasing knowledge shows itself to be increasingly complex. The individual is irrevocably bound within this orderly system, and to lead a full and harmonious existence must discover and accord himself with this order. That, as we see it, is the deep significance of education. It becomes imperative that the individual as a thinking being should recognize the orderly nature of his world, and as a willing, acting being should accord himself with it. The acquirement of knowledge, power of self-discipline, and self-direction becomes essential.

Since individuals are not born with knowledge and have to develop self-disciplinary powers, it is necessary for discipline to be externally imposed until knowledge and self-directive powers are gained. And they can only be gained by gradual exercise of the intellect and the will. The development of the will has been almost entirely left out of our educational process; its exercise must be begun; where to start in the college career is one of our immediate problems.

This problem becomes rather complicated when we find that some individuals become capable of directing themselves long before others, and, indeed, that some are never capable. It becomes rather hard and almost impossible, if discipline is to be preserved, to pick out some particular group and say: "You are far enough along, you are old enough, or you've passed enough courses to know what's good for you: take care of yourself."

We might advocate perfect freedom from such regulations as class attendance on the basis that with such freedom the chaff would be separated from the wheat during the winnowing process; and that this might be done as well sooner as later; but we must do something for the chaff as well as the wheat. The problem is to handle both in that manner which seems best for all concerned.

A flexible system seems to be necessary under which the student may begin directing himself as soon as he shows evidence of capability to control himself. What can be recognized as evidence of such capability? Age and experience should be but are not in a good many cases. Good scholarship developed under externally imposed discipline may not continue when the student becomes free; class affiliation means nothing more than, in general, a greater or lesser degree of age and experience; and poor scholarship cannot be considered as disqualifying because it may itself be the result of an initiative- and interest-killing system.

The only way we know of discovering such capability is to try the student. The plan which is to be tried in the winter quarter of giving fifty seniors and juniors who made an average of B in the fall quarter option in class attendance seems to us to be a move in the right direction; it is, we think, excellent evidence of the faculty's willingness to modify the present system; but we do not think it goes far enough, and we believe it will go further. The majority of this fifty will probably show themselves fully capable; they may not attend in certain courses as many as a half-dozen lectures; some of those men who make the best grades probably will not. There will also be a few who will prove unable to stand the strain, and the further this freedom is extended to the student body the greater will be the proportion of those incapable of directing themselves; but these can be kept under more restrictions and taken care of.

It seems that the two upper classes should be able to get along without compulsory attendance; we should like to see them tried as soon as possible. It would involve a change in attitude on the part of the faculty just as well as it would probably change the attitude of the student from the passive to the active. The faculty members would have to realize, what they now often disregard, that regular class attendance is no sure sign of interest or intelligence; but often just the opposite, for instructors are under the necessity of fitting their class work to the average ability, and no man with an active intelligence is going to sit and listen attentively to an account of fact and significance of facts, well-known and obvious to him, and which, if he does not know, he may get in better form from books. His mind will be attempting to go further; what his instructor has to say will not be of any interest to him; the only result of his having attended class will be a wasted hour. He will become an adept in looking very interested when his mind is asleep or somewhere else. Of course it is not entirely the fault of the instructor; it is impossible for him to adjust the work of a class period to all degrees of intellects. But if he has intelligence himself he can recognize it in others, stimulate it, and give it a chance to act unhindered. Ex-

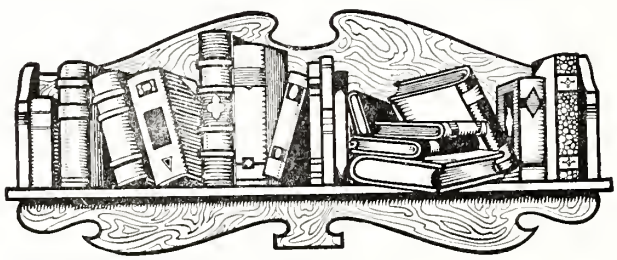
ceptional lower classmen could be treated in this manner, the instructor being allowed to give them freedom. Why this is not already done, we do not know, except that regulations require uniformity, instructors must blindly enforce it, and students have become so accustomed to taking what is handed to them that they, as well as their instructors, hardly ever think of departing from the regular routine and doing real, individual work.

This is a deplorable situation, for in the very nature of the process the acquirement of knowledge and formation of habits are individual. No real accomplishment can be secured by subjection to an external process; the active interest and exercise of the individual's intelligence by his own volition, the working of this inner process is the only means by which facts take on meaning, knowledge is acquired and desirable habits are formed. When by trial of different means that system is found which will do most to change the attitude of students from passivity to activity one of the greatest problems in modern education will have been solved. W. T. C.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE CONTEST

The Carolina Magazine, in conjunction with Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity, will award three cash prizes of $25 each for the best piece of fiction, the best piece of non-fiction, and the best piece of poetry written by students of the University and printed in the Magazine during the year. These prizes will be presented on Awards Night next spring. At the same time the Publications Union will award gold charms to staff members who have done meritorious work.

The competition is open to any student registered at the University of North Carolina with the exception of the editor and assistant editor of the Magazine. The prizes will be awarded on the decision of Professor C. A. Hibbard and Professor Gerald W. Johnson.



THE PASTURE

J. E. H. AND W. T. C.

Doubtless we should feel very highly complimented when we are told that in THE MAGAZINE we make a noticeable imitation of a certain writer of wide fame who explodes and spreads himself monthly in a magazine well known among those who do not classify themselves as 100% Americans.

If we must be considered imitators of some one we must admit we are not particularly averse to being compared with this virulent but harmless gentleman. But we do not like the idea of being considered imitators. Conscious copying or attempting to follow the modes of others without the exercise of our own intelligence in discrimination is mere slavishness and does not appeal to us. When we find something which appeals to us and looks worthy, wherever it comes from, we attempt to emulate; that involves an individual intellectual process, but of course we may fail and only succeed in imitating.

Whether it has been our choice of subject, method of treatment, or both which have given us the stigma of imitators, in the minds of some, we are not sure. We have written of politics, religion and anything else which seemed to us of interest. We have attempted not merely to repeat the orthodox or the dissenter; we have attempted to sift, choose and say for ourselves. Not having a monopoly of thinking and saying, we find it not at all surprising or remarkable that others have thought and expressed themselves very much the same as we have; but neither they nor we have been imitators.

This gentleman, whom we have been accused of imitating, has among other things, written of politics and religion; he seems to have thought some for himself, though we must admit that his conclusions often seem to us the result of rather haphazard processes. But because he often writes of politics and religion and we often do the same, and because our method of treatment and conclusions may remotely resemble his, is no sign of imitation.

That is, not unless you consider all of life a mere matter of imitation. In the mere fact that we personally sometimes walk, we may be imitators of others, but likewise others in this particular are as imitative of us as we are of them. In this sense we are all (if fundamentalists) imitators of old Adam; yet our walk is our own and to that extent it is not imitation. It is, from different points of view, both universal and individual. Any thought that man is capable of having, just like any motion he is capable of making, may be considered in this same way.

Politics and religion, being of rather considerable importance in man's life *sometimes* provoke thought, and, to the best of our information, were talked, written and fought about several years before any present-day writer blessed this globe with his appearance. The particular writer to whom we refer has written on these subjects and in his writing expresses ideas which were not unknown to Aristotle, Jesus Christ, Machiavelli, Schopenhauer or, indeed, anyone who has had a conscious existence. Yet no one can call him an imitator and be near the truth. Indeed we do not believe a combination and conglomeration of ideas similar to those expressed by him have ever before surged in a man's head at the same time. Any attempt at imitation would be hopeless. We should know better than to try even if we wanted to; we wouldn't if we could, and couldn't if we would.

* * *

Now that North Carolina has acquired its first barber shop run exclusively for women, the adjoining sex is beginning to let its hair grow out again. Such a state of affairs is quite characteristic of this state and not at all surprising.

We are surprised, however, at the return of long tresses before the inevitable fluctuation of feminine fancy had completed its logical cycle. (On second thought, this isn't so surprising after all, in view of our inclusion of the word "logical.") Nevertheless, we fully expected the next tonsorial step to be shaved heads among the females. Following that we expected to see hand-painted craniums; then, of course, a financial clean-up for the false-hair manufacturers.

* * *

Several days ago we got into another of those perennial discussions to decide which particular book one would prefer as sole companion if cast away on a desert isle. The Bible was mentioned, of course,

and Shakespeare and Jurgen and the Decameron and A. France's "Revolt of the Angels" and even Webster's Dictionary.

We don't see why one couldn't have two books in such a place but if the choice must be limited to one, our personal selection would be Roget's "Thesaurus." However, if we should ever be so fortunate as to be stranded on an absolutely desert and deserted island, we have no doubt that Fate would allot to us a volume of Emily Post's "Etiquette."

* * *

The following which appeared in a letter to a leading daily paper of the State is, we believe, a fair sample of the way in which the minds of 100% Americans work.

"War is selfishness in action. Peace is equity in control. Eliminate selfishness and the cause of war will be removed and peace secured.

"Wars can be averted and world peace established and promoted by an unselfish recognition of the different nations of the world as community settlements with the United States as the center one of the group and having a neighborly interest in each of all the others for the common good of the whole world. . . .

"Then under the fair reign of golden rule principles headed by the Government of the United States . . . Chrisitian religion and unselfishness will have a chance" . . . to usher in the millenium. So it ends.

The neighborly interest of the United States of course includes interest in the oil in Mexico, the exploitation of Cuba, Santo Domingo, the Phillipines, etc., etc.,—but for the benefit of the natives always.

The fact that each nation, from the Mexicans to the English, French, Germans, Russians and the rest, considers itself the center of the world, and has Gott mit it would not be any great obstacle in the way of such a program. Of course it might require a little war to persuade the others they are wrong, and that the United States is really the chosen of God and that its interest in them is of a purely brotherly nature, but with such a noble plan we should certainly not let such small considerations as a war or two stop us. Gott has always been, and is now mit uns.

* * *

A friend of ours had a curious dream several nights since. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was in the dining room of the Sir Walter with my girl friend. She was ordering a rather elaborate meal and I sat there silently suffering with the thought that I had only two dollars in my pocket. Then it suddenly occurred to me that it was all a dream anyway; so I wrote out a huge order of my own, and we had a lovely meal."

"But what about the check," we inquired.

"Oh, I planned to wake up just before the check came."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I choked on a fly in my peach melba and fell out of bed."

* * *

A few days ago the *Washington,* a battleship costing the American people about $35,000,000, was sunk in accordance with the Naval armament agreement. We see also that the *Illinois* has been recently scrapped along with others.

This agreement and the manner in which it is kept are perhaps the best indications of the present attitude of the leading nations toward each other. The sincere and friendly attitude of the United States, as shown in the sinking of the *Washington,* and the scrapping of the *Illinois,* is very gratifying to all those who wish to see nations learn to refrain from inhuman methods of settling disputes.

The news item announcing the sinking of the *Washington* gave some other interesting information. "The battleship Texas," so it ran, "with a party of ordnance experts from Washington aboard, has been conducting experiments with the giant ship as a target to test out theories of armament. . . . The ordnance experts, it is said, are working secretly for the navy department."

The *Illinois* which was scrapped instead of sunk, was, we found, turned into a floating armament storehouse.

Now of course all this might be construed entirely differently by someone who is not sure of the friendliness of the United States toward the rest of the world. Such a person might say that warships as offensive fighting agents are antiquated and being replaced by submarines and airplanes. Such a person might call attention to the fact that limitation of airplanes and submarines was left out of the armament conference. He might even hint that the armament conference was all a farce, a post war gesture, designed to dupe the credulous fools of two nations.

But of course no good American can have any sympathy for such a person. It is obvious to any person of intelligence that the great American people would not stand for such bamboozling. The practice with the *Washington* was nothing but preparation for the destruction of other vessels which will follow the next armament agreement, and the *Illinois* was needed as a floating arsenal in which to store up ammunition to blow up the others. The United States government is, of course, an honorable government; it would not even think of violating the spirit of the armament agreement.

But this obnoxious, cynical person persists, gives a sareastic laugh when mention is made of spirit, and then begins raving about the need of airships and submarines to keep down pirates in the Atlantic and Pacific, to eateh bootleggers, and to watch Mexico. The ZR-3, he says with a sardonic grimace, was got to hover over Washington and keep watch over the oil sharks there, and, he eoncludes, "Your National Defense Day was staged to intimidate the people of Mars, to keep them from invading this glorious land of the free and home of the brave; wasn't it?"

Naturally we refuse to eonsider what such an unreasonable, misguided person says.

* * *

On the basis of a discussion entirely removed from this eampus we are impelled to make the following query:

Why is it, in North Carolina, that anyone possessed of "a sane eritieal attitude," whether native to this state or not, scarcely ever is allowed to get away with a sane eritieism of the state and what is in it without having some such question as "If you're so good, if you know so well what is wrong with us, why don't you get out and do something specifie about it?" thrown into his face?

We have our own ideas about the matter but if we attempted to answer our query here we should immediately be asked the same question. It has been thrust down our throat several times already.

* * *

The hour was approaching midnight. A man dressed in rough shirt and overalls peered warily around the corner of the brightly lighted building and then erept stealthily toward its entrance. As he approached his goal the light showed clear, cold, calculating eyes above a black mask. With a final glanee around him, he snatehed the objeet of his venture, fled to a waiting high-powered motor car, and as he was whisked away emptied his automatic in the direction of the rapidly nearing student eouneilman.

Another pieee of candy had been stolen from the honor boxes.

* * *

Headline from Raleigh *News and Observer* of November 30, 1924:

GREASY NEALE
HOLDS HIS JOB

Virginia Coach Is Signed
Up For Another Season
Having Beaten Carolina

* * *

For the past seven weeks the Reverend Mr. Ham has conducted and guided the souls of sinners in the little town of Elizabeth City from their ungodly ways into the paths of righteousness and the safety of the fold. Under the spell of his ministrations we hear Elizabeth City has become regenerated, but we shall wateh with pleasure the comments on the lasting quality of that regeneration by one W. O. Saunders, editor of *The Independent,* who has been competing with the reverend gentleman in preaching the gospel. Indeed their competition arose to the state of a controversy, during which it was said rather lengthily and foreibly that the Reverend Sir had lied, whieh he possibly did, not one, but many times.

However, if the unstinted use of hell-fire and brimstone has any appreeiable effeet in making the boozy husband less devoted to bootleggers, if it makes the storekeeper eorrect his seales to give full weight, if it makes the hen-pecked husband less subjeet to the gall of a soured wife—if it makes life more livable in that most joy-forsaken place, the average small town, then we have no quarrel with it.

But our observation has been that these towns have suffered from too mueh religion and that of a false nature, foreing men to seek balm and surcease of sorrow in their most usual alternatives, mean whiskey, vicious women and petty villainies. The man to whom the Reverend Mr. Ham and his ilk make their strongest appeal is not a very excellent specimen. He has no developed artistic feeling or eye for the beautiful. It often seems that he has no eapaeity for development. His home is a wind and water tight box filled with eheap tinsel and gaudiness. His town is an eyesore, with dirty, littered streets, ill-smelling hovels or gaudy, gabled and bespangled atroeities for homes, horrid, long red brick boxes for business, and a narrow, dirty, foul-odored hole where one may see every day the thrilling story of dead-eye Dick, the famous two-gun man, or the heartrending tale of Flim Flo, whose facial contortions make the strong men of the town shudder and the sympathetic women weep.

His church also is a miserable, dreary plaee; there are about a half dozen in his town, and there is money enough to build possibly one decent one. But because he and his neighbor can't agree as to whether Christ wore white or black sox, each must bow to Him under a separate roof. Indeed he is usually a miserable creature, without past, present or future that is worth mentioning. He has no reason for existence unless being a dark blot on the earth and increasing filth and ugliness is a reason for being. His religion helps to erush and pervert the desire he may have for things beautiful; he is a mental and aesthetic pauper.

Of course his religion does not *make* him this sort of creature; the Reverend Ham is not entirely responsible for his small town man's lamentable state any more than he is for his own ignorance and shallowness. His mental limitations, his inheritance, all his past is responsible, but his religion is the first barrier to be overcome before his better and higher abilities may be released and developed.

Any religion which attempts to squelch and smother entirely the other natural tendencies and emotions of men cannot hope to keep a secure hold on them; that is the reason the Reverend Mr. Ham and his type have to repeat so often and save the same soul several times every year. But if the whole troop, exhorters and penitents, are satisfied with their way of living, again it seems we should take a back seat and keep silent. Indeed, so far as they are concerned it seems to be none of our business.

But their life is not unrelated to ours. When we live in the same country, the same state, or the same town with them, we find them continually attempting to inflict their mode of living on us; they destroy that in life which seems to be of value to us; we likewise are continually attempting to inflict our ideas on them; and we, being convinced that our ideas of what is worthwhile are more nearly true than theirs, become almost evangelical at times.

There is no use asking for tolerance in such a situation; for when people are convinced they are right they don't tolerate anything else. Neither is there any use expecting one or the other side to become convinced it is wrong and to change accordingly. The scrap will continue; it may become more enlightened, more intelligent, and more interesting on both sides: but in its fundamental aspects it is as old as life and cannot be got rid of.

This recent controversy between the Reverend Ham and Mr. Saunders, though on a rather low level, has been very illuminating, interesting, and profitable to all concerned. For several thousand dollars, fifty-five hundred of which Mr. Ham is said to have got, numerous souls were saved in Elizabeth City, a few were amused and the editor of *The Independent* is said to have received at least one thousand new subscriptions for his part in the affair. Everyone concerned seems to be satisfied with his part in the fray and share in the spoils, including those who simply were amused.

We wonder whether God was amused?

But we, being more nearly the color of Mr. Saunders, are highly appreciative of his contribution and expression of somewhere near the ideas which we hold. However, we must extend our thanks to those who gave him the excuse for expressing himself and entertaining us.

The Book Margin Ballet

Do you ever think to look
In the margin of your book?
  It is there that all its people come to life.
It is there the fat old Calyph,
With his Vizier and his Baliff,
  Meets with armored Christian knights
    in deadly strife.

It is there that black men pray,
Burning slave-girls every day,
  To appease that six-armed silver idol, Zim.
There you'll see great crystal mountains;
There you'll see enchanted fountains;
  There you'll see what lies beyond the ocean's rim.

There you do not have to dread
Looking on the Gorgon's head;
  There's no danger of your turning into stone.
You may safely watch a battle;
See men herded on like cattle,
  Dying to protect a crazy prince's throne.

There are soldiers, dragons, kings,
And all manner of strange things,
  From the margin slyly peering out at you.
From behind each paragraph
They will stare and grin and laugh,
  For it's there that all the story books come true.

The Pig and the Blind Goddess

By Ernest Barr

The day's work was nearly done and the sun was sinking rapidly over across the pasture where the cows waited patiently to be lead into the barn for the night. The owner of the farm, Zeke Humphrey, was leaning lazily against the fence when he saw a cloud of dust coming up the road. When the cloud drew nearer, it proved to be Nat Redfield in his noisy, three-year-old truck. Nat drew up carefully to where Zeke was resting and motioned for him to come over to the truck.

"'Evenin', Nat. How're you 'sevenin'?"

"Purty good, Zeke; how're you?"

"Jist tol'able, jist tol'able. What with all this here dry spell an' no help you kin git reasonable—"

"Yep. That's right. But look a-here. What do you think of him?" said Nat, pointing to a coal black Berkshire pig that he had in the back of the truck. "Got him up ter old man Benjamin's place. Pure blood he is."

Zeke looked over the pig carefully and finally condescended to admit that "hit was purty likely lookin'" and asked what Nat was going to do with such a fine pig.

"Wall, I bought him ter improve my stock. But, bein' he's ez he is, I reckon ez how I'll fatten him up a mite and enter him in the fair this fall. He oughter take first place, 'cause thar ain't his ekal in the county."

A few minutes later Nat drove off, well contented at having forced Zeke to admit, for once, that Nat had something better than he. Nat and Zeke had lived on neighboring farms all their life and ever since they had been in control of them, they had been rivals in every branch of farming. Exactly one week after Zeke got his one-ton truck, Nat drove home with its duplicate; and Zeke had installed electric lights the same month as Nat.

It took Zeke but little time to think the matter over, so early the next morning he rattled off to Benjamin's place to see if he had any more pigs for sale. On arriving, he found that there was only one left of the same litter as Nat's and that this one was absolutely identical with the other and every bit its equal. This being the case, Zeke bought him, and contrived to let Nat know the next day that he had done so.

"Yep. An' that thar pig of yourn ain't got no more chance of winnin' that prize than he has of flyin'," asserted Zeke.

"Wal, we'll see about that. If feedin' has got anything ter do with it, mine's a-goin' to get it shore."

"All right, jist you wait an' see."

Then ensued a period of some two months in which those pigs received such care as never a pig has had before or since. They were fed until they could eat no more and watched over as carefully as if they had been their owners' children.

The two pigs entered into the spirit of the thing and each appeared to be trying to see how much more quickly he could double in size than his brother. The owners took turn about visiting each other to see how the opposition entry was getting along. They seemed to be as much alike as on the day when they were born and in spite of their owners' efforts, there was never any noticeable difference in the two.

"Wal," Nat would say, as he looked at Zeke's pig, "yourn does look purty good, but you oughter see that un of mine. I'll bet he's five pound heavier than yourn."

"Huh, he must uv grown ten pound heavier since last night then," Zeke would retort.

Still, no matter what they said, neither could help but feel that maybe the other's pig was a bit the larger or better proportioned.

Fair week drew closer and closer. Corn, buttermilk,—anything and everything that a pig will eat—was lavished on the pigs. But each did his part so valiantly that when the last month of the race began, there was scarce a point in favor of either. The race was at a dead heat.

Then it happened. When Zeke got up one morning and went down to see how his protege looked, he discovered that the prisoner was no longer in his cell. He searched all over the place, but not a hair, hide or squeal could he find of the vanished one. Then he started over toward Nat's farm and, near their junction, met Nat.

"'Morning', Nat. Looking fer somethin'?"

"Yep. That consarned pig of mine got out last night an' thar ain't no tellin' where he is now. Haven't seen anything of him have you?"

"Naw, I hain't, Matter er fact, mine got out, too."

"Zat so? Well, let's go down ter the branch an' maybe we kin see some tracks of them thar."

After a short search they found the tracks of the vagrants mingled together in the soft mud and from the melee, two sets of tracks—one leading toward where the railroad crossed Nat's farm and the other in the general direction of where Zeke was clearing up some new land. They decided to take the track toward the railroad first and, on reaching the tracks, came upon the scene of a tragedy. There, just over a little rise in the land, lay one of the brothers, partially disintegrated and undoubtedly and completely dead. It had been his fate to try to intercept the early morning train and, failing to flag it down, had been crushed by the flying monster and flung aside like a straw.

"Well, I'll be gol derned," said Zeke, after a suitable pause, in a regretful tone.

"Dead ez a door-nail. Shore is too bad. Wall, thar ain't no use of cryin' over spilt milk," concluded Nat.

They retraced their steps toward the clearing and, on following the other track, found the survivor in good health and in a new home. He had taken refuge under a small shack in which Zeke used to keep his tools and other land clearing devices while he was working on that part of the farm. The pig was entirely content with his new domicile and no amount of persuasion could induce him to come out of his fortification. The shack sat just off the ground and by rooting a little, the new owner had got under it and had found a slight hollow which suited him exactly. He was determined to stay there, and there was no way to force him to leave, other than by removing the shack. When Zeke and Nat found that this was the case, they took a few boards and blocked the hole so as to discourage him in case he should try to come out before they were ready for him.

"Well, hit looks ez if he war sot on stayin' thar fer a spell," finally declared Zeke.

"Hit shore does. Well, ez fur ez I'm consarned, he kin jist stay thar 'till I kin fix er new pen fer him," resolved Nat.

"You fix er new pen fer him—what you mean? Why, that thar un is mine. Hit wuz yourn ez got killed," exclaimed Zeke in surprse.

"Hey? Why, that un wuz yourn. Don't you think I know my own pig when I see him, long ez I been feedin' him?" asked Nat indignantly.

"Look a-heer, Nat Redfield, that thar pig is the one that wuz in my pen last night. Why, I'd know that pig anywheres I saw him by that spot 'tween his eyes. If you're so anxious 'bout yourn, go down an' see the railroad man down ter Cliffboro an' make him pay you fer him an' don't come a-tryin' to hornswoggle me outer my pig," said Zeke, who was beginning to get mad at what he thought was an attempt to swindle him out of his pig.

"Well, I'm a-goin' home and soon ez I kin git that pen fixed, I'm a-comin' back an' git that pig if I have ter tear down that ramshackle shed of yourn to do it," threatened Nat, as he turned to leave.

"If you put a foot on my land er tech a hair on that pig, I'll fill you so full of buckshot that they kin sell you ter the junk man in town," responded the other.

Matters were in this shape when the two parted, each resolved to have the pig, by one means or another, and each fully convinced that the pig was rightfully his. When Zeke got home he took down his shot gun and told his son to keep an eye on the shed and to call him if Nat came in sight while he was fixing his pen. Nothing happened until that afternoon when a dilapidated car drew up before Zeke's house and ejected the sheriff of the county. He was accompanied by Nat, who had gone to town and laid his case in the hands of the law. On seeing who his visitors were, Zeke laid aside his gun and came up to the car.

"Evenin', sheriff. How are you?"

"Tol'able, tol'able. How's things gettin' along with you?" he responded cordially.

"Well, if 'twern't fer this here dry spell and some folks who live 'round here, I'd be gittin' along purty fair," said Zeke, with a pointed glance at Nat.

"Shore has been dry," agreed the sheriff. "But what's this here trouble 'tween you and Nat?"

"Not no trouble 'tall, 'cept Nat's a-tryin' ter beat me outer my pig, since hisn wuz killed this mornin'."

"Tain't no such a thing, Zeke Humphrey. You know that's my pig an' if you don't hand it over, I'll see what the law kin do about it," broke in Nat.

"Now, now. There ain't no use in gettin' all wrought up about a little thing like this," interposed the peace-loving sheriff. "Where's the pig that got killed?"

"Down ter the railway track."

The three went down to the scene of the recent tragedy without further ado. The sheriff looked over the body of the deceased and, with a mental picture of the victim, asked to be shown the other. He peered carefully through the hole under the shed and after looking over the pig from tip to tail, stood up, scratched his head and indulged in a "by gosh", with a puzzled shake of the head. As far as he could see there was not the least difference in the two. What to do? After much scratching of the head and a bite of "sun cured," he rendered the result of his cogitations.

"Nat, you get that dead pig an' haul him to town an', Zeke, you get that un out from there an' bring him along, too. This'll have to be tried in court by Judge Crouse."

Since it was after three in the afternoon, they decided to put it off until the next day and the three

parted, if not in peace, at least with a suspension of hostilities. Nat retired with the firm conviction that his pig would be given to him by the hand of the law and that Zeke would be punished for having tried to withhold from him what was lawfully his. Zeke went back to the house fully convinced that he would be sustained in his position and that the pig would bring honor and fame to the home of the Humphreys.

And the sheriff, the poor, bewildered sheriff, rattled slowly back to town, wondering what would come out of it all and hoping that the duty of deciding to whom the pig belonged could be shifted to the shoulders of the judge.

On reaching town he immedately went in search of the judge and found him in the midst of a legal battle of checkers with the clerk of the court. He drew a chair up beside the two, in convenient range of the box of sawdust, and prepared to set forth the case.

"Judge, I've got a case for you to try tomorrow."

"Zat so. What's the trouble?" asked his Honor. "Your move, Ed."

"No, it isn't, either; I moved last," denied the clerk. "It's yours."

"So 'tis, so 'tis. I was figurin' an' kinda lost track of the move."

"Well," began the sheriff, "it's this way. Nat Redfield an' Zeke Humphrey had two pigs, just alike, an' both of them got out last night an' one was killed. Of course, both of them claim the live un. Since Zeke has got the pig, Nat's goin' to law about it."

"Crown that man—he's been in kingdom. That oughtn't to be such a job. Give the pig to its owner," responded the sage.

"But, I tell you, there ain't anything to tell which the pig belongs to an' both of them claim it," said the sheriff, impatiently.

"What's that? I was wonderin' what he meant by that move an' didn't pay enough attention to what you were sayin'," said his Honor.

The sheriff patiently explained the matter again while the game was delayed. The judge shifted his dead cigar from one side of his mouth to the other for a bit and, after considerable thought, spoke.

"Well, what do you think of that! 'Tis right smart of a mess after all. I tell you—You just decide it an' keep them from bringin' it to court. Settle it so that they are both satisfied an' let it drop. Go ahead an' move, Ed," said the judge, once more absorbed in the game.

The poor sheriff had failed to pass the buck and as a penalty for his failure, found himself saddled with the dread duty of deciding to whom the pig really belonged. After leaving the room, he wandered aimlessly around the town for about half an hour, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and in a vile humor. About six o'clock he decided to run out to the farms and see if he could effect an agreement to compromise.

While he was moving leisurely along the country road he noticed that there was a storm coming up in the west and therefore accelerated his progress in the hope of reaching his destination before the storm caught him. Just as he was turning in the gate at Zeke's house, the rain began to fall, accompanied by flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. He had been in the house only a few minutes and was talking to Zeke about how close the lightning was striking, when there came an extraordinarily loud one, followed by a loud explosion off to the west of the house. Zeke jumped from his chair with an exclamation.

"What in the world was that, Zeke?" asked the sheriff, somewhat startled by the explosion.

"That shack where I keep tools an' dynamite I bin usin' ter clear that new land. Lightnin' musta hit it an' set off the dynamite," replied Zeke.

"An' the pig—" gasped the sheriff.

Without another word the two ran out of the house toward the site of the shack, in spite of the rain, which was still falling. When they reached the place there remained only a hole in the ground and bits of plank. There was not enough of the pig left to make a respectable breakfast, much less enough to have a lawsuit over. He had departed to join his brother so that they should still be together in the hereafter. Zeke and the sheriff had been ther only a few minutes when Nat came hurrying along to see what had happened, but on seeing the hole, refrained from asking any question. The three men then stood without saying anything for a few seconds—they just looked at the hole where the shack had been.

"Well," said Zeke at last, "I guess that settles it."

"Yep. Hit shore does," chimed in Nat, with a friendly grin at Zeke.

The sheriff gave a long sigh of relief as if a heavy burden had fallen from his shoulders and nodded his head in perfect agreement.

All of which goes to prove that you never can tell.

Modern Realism in Chaucers Prologue

In Which the Author Proves that George F. Babbitt Had Ancestors

Malcolm M. Young

ALL OF the critics, Ph.D's, English professors, pedagogues, and pedants advise the reader of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" to imagine himself living in medieval times. It is stated that the Roman Catholic church was then dominant; that feudalism, chivalry, and religion were the three bases around which medieval romanticism was written.

After reading Chaucer's "Prologue" (we confess, for the first time) one is tempted to disagree with all of the reverend authorities on one important fundamental: namely, that such a concourse of pilgrims as described by Chaucer is in any way unique. Instead of gathering at the Tabard, near Southwark, they could well assemble in any modern hotel in any modern community.

Feudalism, chivalry, and religion may be the dominating characteristics of even Mr. Chaucer's work, but there is one element which is more dominating, I believe, than all those three combined. It is modern realism. Modern realism is nothing new. Books that in the nineteenth century caused Anthony Comstock to run off on a high-horse, published in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, before our bourgeois moralists became puffed up, caused practically no comment.

Chaucer's characteristics are ample proof that modern realism is nothing new. Following the order in which he introduces his pilgrims, let us first analyze the character, appearance, habits, ego, or what-not of the Rev. Mendicant Friar.

The first point emphasized is the fact that he is a begging friar. A typical modern travelling salesman soliciting Red Cross buttons or bothering people to subscribe stock to the town's new million dollar hotel! This could be true today in Durham or Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Our friend, the Rev. Father, is also a gossip. He knows all the news from baseball scores, to stock market reports, to the latest murder in the evening paper.

He is fat. (I will not make any comment—I am fat, also—save this: the Mendicant Father is the ancestor of the modern bourgeois pig who reads "The Manufacturers' Record.") He was a peddler; a bourgeois trader. Undoubtedly today, in the South, he would be a devout disciple of that Baltimore Bulletin of Backwardness.

This fourteenth century trading-pig also liked the women, *sensually*. For example, Chaucer says:

> "He hadde maad ful many a mariage
> Of young wommen at his owne cost."

Again:

> "He knew the taverns well in every town,
> And everich hostiler and *tappestre*."

He knew every tappestre! Now it is true that one Rev. Prof. who taught me stated that a tappestre was a "bar-keep." The glossary makes a little distinction of sex; it says simply "*bar-maid*."

Moreover, our friend, the fat friar, makes friends with the rich country gentlemen from whom he can secure financial aid and profit; the poor-folk, priest-like, he does not notice.

The friar, then, is a municipal beggar, a gossip, a scandal monger; he is fat, he sells utensils "on the road," he spends his nights courting chorus girls and stopping at questionable hotels. A typical modern travelling salesman. A modern bourgeois pig!

"The Wife of Bath" is the next character Mr. Chaucer describes. She has been married five times. An analogous case, with the sexes switched, of the farmer in New Hampshire who was married a dozen times and was later buried in the family cemetery. In this cemetery there was but one headstone. It gave the names of the rustic's wives. Concerning the male of the human species, the tombstone bore this naif inscription: "*Our Husband.*"

Maybe the good wife of Bath was the recipient of a similar epitaph from fourteenth century undertaking firms!

The remainder of the characterization is typical of the modern divorcee—say, for example, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, late of the Carroll's *Vanities*. Consider: this lady wore gaudy garments; she exhibited scarlet (Hole-Proof?) hose to admiring masculine eyes; her checks were red (I believe Chaucer says this was not from cosmetics); sauey was her look, with a sensual mouth; quick, energetic movements with a meaning; and a glib tongue.

If she but "rolled her own" the dashing young modern grass-widow type—genus flapper—would be

complete. F. Scott Fitzgerald could have developed this fourteenth century divorcee into a "Beautiful" or "Damned" flapper.

Now it is that we consider the most disgusting, loathsome, stomach-sickening moron of the whole gathering of Pilgrims. Hurrah for the military man! Long live the hero! Chaucer joins the mob in singing his praises. The account of the Knight reads like a modern newspaper reporter's interview with Rodolph Valentino, Babe Ruth, or Jack Dempsey. He "has sought adventures in all lands;" his manner is "mild and gentle;" most sickening of all, he is "*Extremely Modest.*"

We could well compare the Knight to one with whom all Chapel Hill is familiar, to wit: Brigadier General Albert Jesse Bowley, the grand commandant of our Prussian post at Fort Bragg. Chaucer's writing (we apologize to Chaucer), has a tinge of admiration for the Knight very similar to the tinge of admiration noted last summer for General Bowley on the editorial pages of the esteemed Durham *Morning Herald.*

What a contrast between the popular hero of the day—our Knight-Bowley—and the Prioress! She is a gentle lady of elegant deportment and fine breeding; she is bent on the observance of court etiquette (in other words, she is extremely conventional); she is child-like, innocent, with beautiful gray eyes which have very seldom, if ever, carried on a flirtation. She has a tender heart. As a young lady she can be imagined as the local leader of the Christian Endeavor and a rising young member of the church; as an elderly woman, perhaps, a very respectable spinister-school-teacher. Today she would be a chaperone whom we all hate.

In modern society, possibly, the merchant could have been the father or brother of the Prioress. Today he would have no forked beard, as Chaucer describes him. A Stetson would replace his Flemish beaver hat. Undoubtedly, he would be a "substantial citizen," with a good opinion of his own opinions expressed at the local Rotary, Kiwanis, or Lions club luncheon. He is the type of merchant who believes, with General Bowley, that the observance of National Defense Day was an honest gesture of innocent self-defense.

In religion, the Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian church may be substituted for the Catholic. It is possible even that this merchant opposes the teaching of evolution and thinks that such magazines as "The Nation" are "too radical" to be distributed through the mails. He might be a Sunday School Superintendent; by all means, a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Certainly, he is opposed to the Modernists, if an Episcopalian, as rank heretics. Most important of all, he is an extreme anti-labor union man. He thinks Sam Gompers should be shipped to Russia with Emma Goldman. He damns striking coal-miners and eulogizes Daugherty injunctions. Quoting Mr. Chaucer, "he wolde the see were kept for anything betwixt Middleburgh and Orewell." In modern parlance, he would see "American invested rights protected in Mexico." George F. Babbitt could have been this character.

Chaucer's pendulum then swings from the medieval Babbitt to the Oxford college student; it swings from a member of a group termed by Mr. Mencken "the ignoranti" to a group classified by egotistical college students as "the literati."

This student today would be the philosophical type and a "Bull" on logic. In business, he would be impractical. (Thus he is distinguished from the bourgeois pig and from Babbitt.) He may be an idealist of some sort; a radical in politics or religion, though hardly intelligent enough to be a radical in both. He is lean and hollow-eyed and wears a threadbare coat. He reads everything from the sermons of Lyman Abbott or Sherwood Eddy to the tirades of H. L. Mencken and Upton Sinclair. (I do not accuse him of reading Dr. Frank Crane. That is left for "15,000,000 Americans" to do daily.)

Possibly he is a college literatus, with this exception: he is too dead, too pedantic, and too absorbed in books to be a self-styled "prominent" student. He does not drink liquor, but not from any moral scruples. (If he is a total abstainer, I venture the assertion that low finances can be pointed to as the cause.)

Next comes the polished member of the legal fraternity. He is a lawyer who is held in high esteem, he seems busier than he really is, he knows all the cases by rote from the days of William the Conqueror to William (Jennings) the Booze-Conqueror. He has a "legal mind." "All was fee simple to him in effect," says the Prologue.

One could imagine him a United States Supreme Court Justice—possibly our be-whiskered, anti-Bolshevik, sedate Charles Evans Hughes. His mind works in peculiar angles, because everything is "fee simple." For example, he may write a decision to the effect that "a low salary, poor working conditions, and unsanitary surroundings *have nothing whatsoever to do with a woman's morals.*" (Italics are mine.) Or, he may make the doubtful assertion that a temperature of 135 degrees Fahrenheit, "does not in the least interfere with the health of workers."

Or, as in the last child labor decision, he may condemn youthful workers to drudge away in a South Carolina or Georgia mill in order to uphold a legal technicality.

Summing up, we have shown this: the fat friar, the Wife of Bath, the Valiant Knight, the Prioress, the Merchant, the Student, the Lawyer, all could live today and could possess the same characteristics they did in Chaucer's time merely with the stage scenery modernized. They are human characeters whom one sees in every hamlet, house, health resort, or hoose-gow.

These characters are modernly realistic because they are human, and human nature changes but slowly.

Thus we reach our hypothesis: modern realism is nothing new. It is simply human nature and human characteristics truly portrayed.

Experience

I've seen Pavlova dance *The Glow Worm.*
I've heard Caruso sing *La Miserere.*
Niagara is the biggest waterfall in the world;
Yosemite is the highest.
I've seen them both.

I've seen lots of things
In the Smithsonian museum.
I've seen Kitty Gordon's back
And Mistinguette's legs.

Kreisler has played the violin to me
And I was in an audience once
Listening to Raehmaninoff.

I've read Kant's *Critique*
And Carrol's *Jabberwock.*
I've heard Billy Sunday preach.
One time I saw a forest fire
In the Sierra Nevada mountains.

I bought a hot tamale from a half-breed
In Albequerque one August day;
I've climbed Mt. Ranier
In December.

The president of the United States
Has shaken hands with me;
I've shaken hands with Osear
At the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.
I saw Harry Thaw shake hands with
A big lawyer.

I've seen Babe Ruth knock a home-run
In the Yankee Stadium,
And I saw Ty Cobb catch a fly ball
In Pittsburgh.

I was in a train wreck on a horse-shoe curve
Above Harrisonburg, Pennsylvania.
I've been to the races at Indianapolis.
I saw Lincoln Beechey drown in Oakland bay.
I was in Fred Harlow's place when it was raided.
I've seen the sun set in the Grand Canyon.

I took dinner one night with a Chinaman
In Nat Goodwin's eafe.

I made forty dollars a week once
Bossing a gang of niggers on a street job.
I drove an asphalt truck for less than that.
I've had a poem accepted by a magazine.

A dog bit me once on the upper lip,
And there's a scar on my right arm
Where a girl's father shot me.

I heard the siren at Sing Sing one night,
And I heard the eeho from the Palisades.
I've seen green lights and red lights
Shine on ships.

Oh! I've been lots of plaees;
I've seen lots of things.
It's funny I ain't satisfied.

The Lure of the Hinterland

For God's sake, give me a drink. It's got so bad that I'm not alive unless soul and body are steeped in poison. Thanks. These terrible nights—these blazing mornings—these scorching afternoons—I couldn't live without my liquor. There are things in Africa not meant for white men to meddle with, things that shouldn't be seen, things that should remain unheard. And when a man does meddle with them—well, look at me. Once I was a young man like you; once I was full of dreams, of healthy ambition: was even a scholar—now look at what I am. See how unsteady that hand is? Well, I was once the best shot in college. Drink? No, drink didn't do it: look at it when I get full of drink, you'll find it as steady as your own.

You doubt that an old wreck like me was ever a man, a real man, with clean thoughts like yours and full of the joy of living? Then just listen, but first let me have a drink.

I came to this God-forsaken country ten years ago. My heart was filled with the hot flame of youth, fame seemed beckoning to me from just around the corner of tomorrow. Straight from old New Hampshire I came, with Her kiss on my lips, Her image in my heart. Visions of the wealth and fame that awaited me in the ivory country danced before me; curiosity concerning the new country gave a zest to life; in a word, I was happy. I was happy while I held the coast station, content with the new things around me and the promise of the future; but when they sent me inland matters changed. At first that, too, was pleasure—the rides through the streaming jungles, the strange plants, the gaily colored birds. While I was well, things were fine, but when I came down with jungle fever—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

At last I grew tired of the eternal sameness, for underneath its wealth of varied detail the jungle is always the same, never changing, never for an instant relaxing its menace to the white man. I'd sit and talk to the black boys, learning their language, hearing their views of life, and at last even thinking their thoughts. When a white man gets that way there is no hope for him but a lifelong exile from Africa; that or madness. Finally this stage passed, as had my period of happiness. Sit in the sun all day, thinking such thoughts as the beasts may think; prowl in the jungle all night listening to the noises of never-seen things in the darkness, hearing never-told tales from the trees, the creepers and even the snakes. You don't believe that trees and snakes can talk? Then spend three years in the hinterland a thousand miles from the nearest white man; do this, and if you return I'll listen to what you have to say. . . . Where did you get this brandy? I never had any that tasted quite so good. . . . Funny isn't it, for me to be sitting here, selling my soul to a filthy Jew like you for a drink of rum? But I must have my drink or I'll go mad, madder even than I am now. Where was I? Oh yes. Odd how a fellow forgets, isn't it? But as I was saying. . . .

At last even the natives grew afraid of me. They said I was mad, that I had seen things that the gods intended never should be seen, that I had learned secrets that the human mind could not carry. They were afraid of me, would run at my approach. Then came the fever—six weeks of madness; six weeks in which I lived a hundred years. I walked always through green jungles, jungles peopled with grotesque beings who were eternally whispering in my ear. "You will never leave this place," they seemed to say, "you will never leave this place, so we will tell you things that will make you long to die." And tell me things they did. What did they tell me? They told me things in the language of Africa, things that no white man can understand until he has ceased to be white. Only one thing do I remember clearly,—a squat, black man, with shining eyes and a grinning mouth, who came time and time again. He would stand and point at some vague, shadowy, thing that I couldn't quite see; point and grin. Then he'd chuckle and say, "Lost, lost, lost." Just that and no more. I use' to throw rocks and sticks at him until I found it did no good: they'd sail right through him and he'd just stand there and grin. Finally a black woman,—one who was braver than the rest, I suppose—came and nursed me back to health. I got so used to seeing her around that when I got well and she seemed to want to stick around I let her. When I went back to the coast she went along too.

The memory of the things I'd seen and heard while in delirium was too much for me, so I called in the power of drink. Drink that makes you forget the past; drink that gives you more pleasant companions than your own thoughts. And from that day on, I have never been without my rum.

Is there any more in the bottle? Thanks; you're very kind: I think another one would go all right. . .

Well, as I was saying, I had to get out of the jungle, get out of it quick, too. The hinterland with all its devilish power was dragging at me; the lure of the miasma-shrouded morass, the noises of growing things, the hum of unseen life, the throb of the war drums in

the distance—you can't know the call of Africa until you've been in the heart of the country and tried to break away. I hated the place with all that was left of my soul, and yet I couldn't leave it: I haven't left it yet.

At my request, the Company returned me to the coast where I could see a white man once a month at least, and where I could get my fill of New England rum. Home had long since been forgotten; try as I might, I could not even remember Her name. Do you wonder that I am a drunkard?

When the Company fired me—Oh yes, they were through with me long ago—I still kept the bungalow, just I and the black woman. Alone in Africa with a nigger woman, and I once lived among the clean, wind-swept hills of New England! But let me get on with my yarn. . . One evening I sat on the shore, my back turned to the call of the jungle, gazing out across the straight, white beach, out across the water to where the fire of the sunset smoldered behind a bank of ominous cloud. . . The noises of the night were just beginning; I was drunk enough so that I could scarcely feel the pull. As I sat among the fancies of my brain, the grass stirred behind me; the black woman stepped out. What was the trouble with me? The supper was ready, the night was at hand; why did I sit and stare so at the sunset? As I gazed at her swart, oily, face, her black, crinkly hair, her flattened nose, her savage dress, a sudden disgust overwhelmed me; this loathsome creature—what was she to me? I struck her in the face, struck her so she fell upon the sand, the blood running from her mouth. She lay there; writhing and moaning like an animal in pain. And, like an animal, I watched her with no trace of pity in my heart. What had she done to me? What had Africa done to me, the Africa which she typified? What had I done with my life? What could I show for my thirty years? I had sold my heritage of self respect, I had forgotten my caste. The woman stirred again, and looked at me with the dumb, adoring eyes of a dog. "Master, the meal grows cold, the child cries; wilt thou not return with me?"

Faugh! Was this what I had come to? Had the jungle done this to me? I—a white man, one of the mighty Nordics—ruled by ancestral atavisms, a slave to the ancient powers of Africa? Disgust and shame swept over me, curses for this heathen land in which such things are possible came to my lips; my mind seethed and boiled like a porridge-pot. With one last rebellious gesture toward Fate—the last that I have ever made—I clutched her by the throat. She struggled for her life, but I was far too strong. A wild and unholy joy surged through my veins; she should pay for all my sins, she should be my bleeding sacrifice upon the altar of the Elder Gods. My grip grew closer; I laughed aloud at the victory. Suddenly she fumbled at her waist, her arm swung murderously upward, a knife glittered and there was a flash of searing pain across my brow. See! The scar is there today! A sudden twist, the snap of a rotten bone, and she shuddered and was dead.

Trembling, I wiped the curtain of blood from across my eyes. She was dead! As dead as Hell! My sins were all paid for! The link with which Africa had bound me was broken, and I was free at last! God! How good it was to be free. I laughed at the shadowy jungle; no more would it call me night and day, for the sacrifice of blood had set me free. Free!

And now I bent over her to make sure the work was well done. The red blood-mist was across my eyes once more—I brushed my hand across the mark on my forehead where her knife had bitten deep. The wind still soughed through the palm trees, the jungle birds still hooted and called, the beach grasses still bent and swayed under the passing breeze—or was it the step of passing demons that brushed it back and forth? Let there come demons; let the ngle hoot and howl and the beat of the waves set fevered tom-toms throbbing in my ears; was I not free once more?

Once again I bent over the broken thing that lay at my feet. But the fever was stirring in my blood once more, and I saw, I saw, God help me! but instead of black and flattened features, instead of this witch from the jungles of beyond I saw a memoried scene of long ago. Smooth white cheeks, yellow fringed eyelids, a slim white finger with one blazing diamond—Irene, my forgotten Irene lay sleeping there before me! Africa had me in her power once more; it has held me ever since.

Medicine as a Profession*

One may question the advisability of making a choice of a profession by a coldly intellectual consideration of the character of the work, the remuneration, the opportunities for public good or personal advancement,—a careful weighing of its advantages and disadvantages. Such a procedure leaves out of consideration the most important factor—the personal factor. One must love the work, must derive intellectual pleasure and spiritual satisfaction in doing the things demanded of him in his professional life. Otherwise he will not submit to the discipline of a thorough preparation, or the rigid self-control necessary to continuous and persistent effort demanded of all who would achieve leadership. The things we like to do are wholly matters of individual taste. There is no reason why one with natural ability should not become a good lawyer, a good physician, or a good anything, but he will make a very mediocre physician if he likes law better than the practice of medicine, or vice versa. The practice of medicine is very exacting, and one must have his heart in the work.

Perhaps this individual taste or predilection for medicine is instinctive or inherited. Many medical students are sons of physicians. Or it may proceed from association with the family physician, for whom there is usually genuine respect and affection. In whatever way one's consciousness of choice may be awakened it should be scrutinized only as to its genuineness. There may be circumstances of a practical character which may deter one from following his natural inclination, and they may divert one into business, not into another profession.

Medicine has always made a strong appeal and now perhaps more than ever before. The very rapid progress during the past twenty-five years, the discoveries which have been applied to the prevention and cure of disease appeal to the imagination and stimulate a desire to enter a profession which holds out such oportunities and which will continue productive of far-reaching discoveries of great popular and humanitarian interest. Moreover the appeal is reaching more varied groups of college students. Medicine has won its place as an applied science and its purely scientific aspects are attracting students whose inclinations are in the direction of pure science. In the so-called fundamental science subjects, anatomy, physiology, bio-chemistry, bacteriology and in other less well organized subjects one may find an outlet for all of the ingenuity and energy he may possess in highly specialized scientific work.

The large majority of medical students have in mind the one purpose of ultimately practicing medicine, and unquestionably and properly the practice of medicine will continue to claim the largest proportion of medical graduates. There are, however, widening opportunities for medical men in public health, in laboratories of hygiene, in teaching and research institutions, as administrative officers of hospitals, life insurance companies, large business corporations, which are finding it more and more to their advantage to care for the health of their employees, and in the army and navy.

Preventive medicine has developed rapidly and will absorb more and more of the energy and thought of the profession, not only in the solution of public health problems, but in carrying through a health program for the individual. The public is beginning to appreciate in a practical way that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure", and to realize that the chances for a cure are very much better when the disease is recognized in its earliest stages. It is willing to pay for periodic health examinations and in response to the demand there has grown up a number of health organizations and "institutes", manned by physicians who devote their time to such examinations. The institute or organization is totally unnecessary, for such work is quite within the field of the general practitioner of medicine. The ancient custom among the Chinese of "paying the doctor to keep the family well" is developing in this country in a conservative fashion, so that in the future the doctor's work may, if he chooses, be confined largely to the well rather than the sick.

Aside from the general practice in which one may undertake to treat "all kinds and conditions of disease," as all country and many town doctors do, there is a great variety of specialities, eye, ear, nose, throat, etc. In fact the profession is threatened with an over-specialization, against which the leaders in American medicine are now giving attention. The tendency has grown because of a not-unreasonable conviction that one can ordinarily become really expert by devoting his time and energy to a restricted field, and the demand for really expert knowledge will always exist. The choice of work within the profession is very wide and very varied.

* This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the opportunities offered by various professions, written by the several Deans for the Bureau of Vocational Information.

The broadened scope of medicine is making room for an increasing number of doctors. The more exact methods are limiting the number of patients one may properly take care of, and so while the ratio of physicians to the population appears to be higher in this than in other countries, the profession cannot be said to be overcrowded. There is perhaps some congestion in the cities and large towns, but there is an actual scarcity in rural districts, and so long as this condition exists we may assume that there is room for more doctors.

It is true that during the past six years there has been a great rush of students into the medical schools, and if all had been admitted the profession would have been overcrowded. But previous systematic efforts to improve medical education has resulted in a reduction in the number of schools and finally in a limitation to the number of students enrolled. One may conclude from rumors of the large numbers refused that it is a very difficult matter for students to secure admission, but upon investigation it is found that there has been room in Class A schools for all properly qualified students. The choice, however, is not always with the student.

The doctor's income is never large in comparison with incomes of business men, nor do they grow rich from professional work. The practice of medicine should never be looked upon as a money-making occupation. On the whole, however, the income provides a comfortable living and for the accumulation of a small surplus which, if wisely invested, will take care of the demands of old age.

Tender Hearts

Mr. Kipple was in yesterday and confided to me that he was undecided as to whether some people are possessed of unusually tender hearts or whether they are merely cat-like.

Upon cursory examination of the facts which he expounded for my consideration I inclined toward the former view, but after having spent last night in pondering my decision wavers. It appears that certain people are so constituted that after they have lived in any place whatsoever for even a short period, they cannot bear the thought of changing their residence.

It is in the women who are susceptible in the matter that this singular trait is most easily observed, due, to be sure, to the small care which the feminine sex in general takes in hiding its emotions. The horror with which these women entertain the thought of moving their home is fast becoming one of the consuming mysteries of my life. And this because I myself can scarcely conceive of a person becoming so attached to any spot that he (or she) be caused pain by separation from it. Of course I am fully aware that sometimes it becomes exceptionally painful to part from certain people.

But this peculiar tender-heartedness of which I speaks relates especially to leaving places and only incidentally to leaving people. It has neither respect nor affection for rich nor poor; it admits no caste distinctions. Nor does it require ideal suroundings for its work.

Mr. Kipple, who is prejudiced against tender-hearts, tells me that women subject to this emotion will place their husband's photograph on the dresser of a lake steamer cabin, hang their baby's cap on the hook behind the door, call the tiny hole home for three days, and hate to quit the place on arrival at dock.

My Cousin Lavinia related only last week a tale which bears to some degree upon tender hearts. She said that she entered into the small room which bears the legend "Women" as she was returning home on a fast-flying Pullman and became interested in two young maidens who sat upon what ever furniture there is for the purpose in a room so legended. These two nymphs had pushed their little toque hats to the rear of their heads and were diligently mopping their small faces and smoothing away the ravages done to paint and powder by tears and perspiration. Cousin Lavinia has no scruples. She listened in shamelessly and found that the two were returning to the city from a small mountain resort.

"Tell me, sister," says one, "shall I cry now or wait until I get in bed?"

The sturdier, or harder hearted, girl responded a trifle unkindly, "No, sister, you wept enough at dinner to last until we have gone to bed. Wait."

"But," says the gentler one, (or the more cat-like) "we were there a whole month, and I did so love the place, and they were such cute people." Wherewith she sobbed violently, not waiting for the hour of retirement.

You will have noticed that the stress of the girl's lament lies heavily upon her love of the *place*. If external forces had not been too strong, that girl would have lived and died in the surroundings which in one short month had become home to her.

As I scanned the paper recently, I happened upon a short notice in the New York *World* which asserts that a certain Mrs. Martha Bauer, of Oregon City, crossed the continent fourteen times before she could generate courage enough to take ship from New York for a German port, where she was to visit with her mother. I dare say, that once again accustomed to the buzz of the German town, Mrs. Bauer and her tender heart will find it practically impossible to return to Oregon City. Mrs. Bauer is a distressingly good example of the tender hearted (or cat-like) type of woman who finds herself absolutely inferior to circumstance and absolutely incapable of wishing that circumstance changed. I expect to hear of her next as having sent for her property and so having lessened the population of Oregon City.

Even that remarkably vigorous and intellectual woman who followed the first of the Lewises to America suffered from the same pangs which afflicted Mrs. Bauer.

"How", says she, "it grieves me to part from the bonny locks and knowes of Lynn, even though it is to follow that gallant Huguenot whom I have taken as husband." On reading further in this lady's memoirs, one finds that the chinks in her log house in America were barely dry before she had left off all mention of the "bonny locks and knowes of Lynn" except when she felt it her duty to remember them, on birthdays and bank holidays. She soon became so enamoured of the place in which she lived that she was infinitely annoyed at the prospect of having to move closer to the sea because of the Indians.

And so it goes: they move and hate to move, and move again and hate to move. They make the steadfast colonies of the world. They are the people who lack the imagination of the explorer, but who hold with a death grip to that which the explorer discovers. They are home builders; they take root wherever they are set down.

At this point it seems best to leave off for the time to refrain from further cogitations until I can see deeper into the subject, see it from all sides, see it with the clearness which I hope will come when I have completed my contemplated study of the cat.

Pessimism

Tired, tired,
God, how I am tired.
Tired of performing again
And again
The little follies
That make up my life.

Men that I call my friends
Show the same faces,
Repeat the same platitudes
In loathsome monotony.

In the classroom
It is the same:
Instructors strive earnestly
To make the same impression
On each monotypic brain,
Repeating each year
The same old lectures;
Wearing themselves into a groove.

Everywhere dullness, monotony,
Grooves, ruts,
Sameness.

—J. F.

FORUM

Hoch Der Nationalverteidigungstag Bunk

By Chas. R. Jonas

When I read Mr. Malcolm M. Young's diatribe in the October issue of The Carolina Magazine I was amused and at the same time dumbfounded. I was reminded of a conversation with a man who had been at the last Blue Ridge Conference. This man, like Mr. Young, was opposed to the Defense Day Test. However, he based his objections on somewhat different grounds from Mr. Young and the Great Commonor, W. J. Bryan, who, it will be remembered, once said that if America is ever attacked "a million men will spring to arms overnight." This man said that if America is ever attacked he will refuse to fight the invaders. He would have us rather try to shame them away. He maintains that if we would peacefully welcome the invaders to our shores, agree to all their regulations—in short, make ourselves entirely subservient to their wishes they would be so ashamed of themselves that they would soon leave. That is also amusing to me.

Mr. Young favors the American people, our War Department, and The Congress of the United States with five remedies which he suggests as cure-alls. In the third suggestion he urges the repeal of the National Defense Act of 1920, and the substitution in its place a law "designed to put all soldiers and sailors to work in the middle western wheat fields, where they would be of some use." I wonder whether he approves of the method my friend at Blue Ridge advocates or agrees with Mr. Bryan.

But that is not Mr. Young's objection to National Defense Day. He objects to it because it was fostered by the Republican Administration. In his first proposed remedy he urges the American people to "vote Mr. Coolidge out of office and send him back to his Vermont farm." He also hazards the reflection that Massachusetts lost an excellent farmer when Mr. Coolidge became Governor. Bravo! Now we know what is the matter with Mr. Young. He is constitutionally opposed to anything that smacks of Prussianism, but more definitely he is against anything with the taint of Republicanism. That is a stain of disgrace. Republicans could never advocate anything with any merit.

And then he would have you believe that "Brother Charlie" and John W. Davis condemned the National Defense Day Test. Before "Bro. Chas." received the Democratic Nomination for Vice-President he made this statement in reference to National Defense Day: "I will order the National Guard to assemble and do all that is required of them by the Military Officers, and will appoint state wide committees to urge patriotic societies to hold patriotic services, as contemplated by the War Department plans." After his nomination "Bro. Chas." comes out in statement after statement denouncing this designated Defense Day as a militaristic gesture. Why this sudden change of front, is the question heard everywhere? Mrs. Clem Shaver, wife of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, suggests that he probably felt that there were no real issues in the campaign and so he tries to set up this false one. In an open statement she denounced the partisanship of his complete reversal of opinion and called upon him to stop menacing the chances of the Democratic party at the polls. He did and finally issued the proclamation calling out the troops.

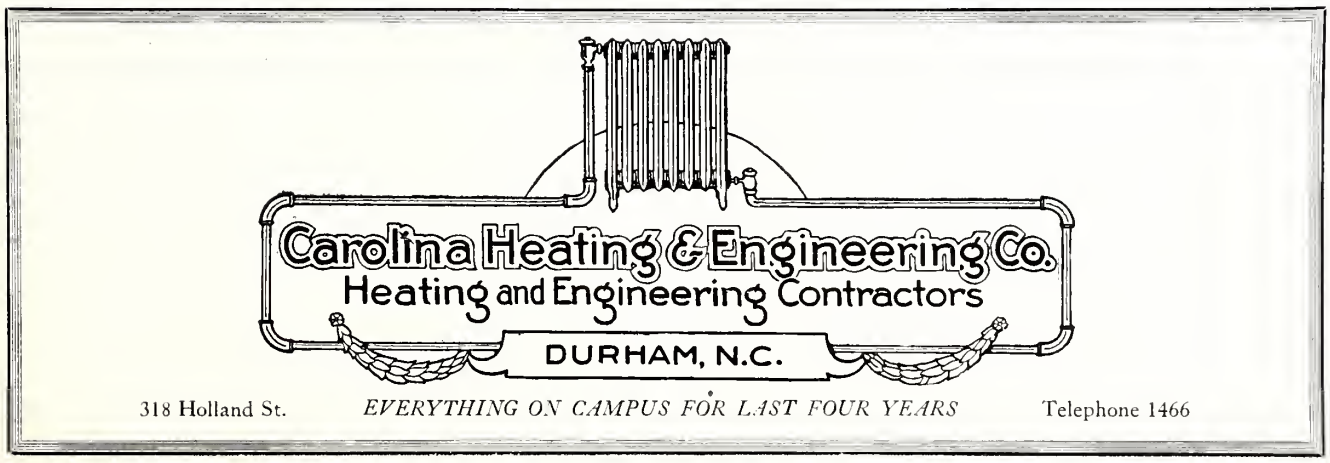
It is now a well recognized fact that if at the outbreak of the World War, Belgium had had a half million trained soldiers to hurl against the invading highwaymen of Germany, she could have held them at bay until the French armies could have come to her rescue, and today the little Kingdom would not be a waste place on the earth. If England had used precaution in training a sufficient soldiery she could have mobilized her fighting forces in twenty weeks instead of twenty months, and her armies would have reached the fighting fronts while the magnificent armies of France were still fresh and in their full strength and vigor, and Germany would have been defeated in the first year of the war. If the United States had adopted in 1910 the Army Reorganization Act of 1920, our fighting forces could have been mobolized in six months instead of it taking us eighteen months to mobilize one half our forces. We

could have turned the scales and Germany would have sued for peace before the great offensive of 1918, and millions of lives and billions of dollars would have been saved. Does the cautious householder arm his home for protection against the robber, does he wait and fight him on unequal terms after he has invaded the home, or does he try to shame him away after he has broken in? Mr. Young would advocate the middle alternative; the man at Blue Ridge the latter. I would say for nations to exercise the ordinary foresight of the man who arms his home for protection againt the midnight assassin.

However, the American people are not a warlike but a peace loving people. We hate war when waged for war's sake because we have been taught by history, by tradition, and by the highest instincts of humanity, that war and carnage, as the arbiter of National misunderstanding, is unrighteous. And we believe that righteousness, rather than the might of brute force should prevail. War as the arbiter of international disputes is as distinctly an oriental and European policy, as it is un-American, immoral, and undemocratic. I do not advocate it. The present administration does not advocate it. At this advanced hour, when we are going forward toward the final goal of universal peace and brotherhood, huge armaments and vast war machines make a distinct discord on the minds and hearts of the American people. They sound like a sudden retrogression of a thousand years to the days when the glitter of the shield and saber, the roar of the cannon, and the rattle of the musketry, as implements of death and destruction in the hands of war lords, Kaisers, and potentates, ground humanity into submission under the heel of professionally armed oppression. We do not want to militarize American manhood so that it might some day be seized by an ambitious leader with a dream of world power like Alexander the Great or William Hohenzollern, to drench the world in blood, to destroy freedom, to dethrone right and enthrone might.

That is the way I feel. And because it felt that way too, Congress passed in 1920 what was known as the Army Re-organization Act, which act Mr. Young illustrates that he knows nothing about. This act reduced our standing army to the lowest minimum necessary to man our forts and arsenals and provided for two other branches of our military force to be known as the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. Congress decided that we shall no longer maintain a large standing professional army, relic of barbarism, but that our able bodied men shall be left in civil life. We shall abolish the professional soldier and militarist, whose profession and ambition are constant temptations to ferment wars, and in their stead we shall have ten million citizens capable of bearing efficient arms if our country is threatened with invasion or our institutions are endangered. Not only shall we thus destroy militarism, root and branch, and set in motion a force that will ripen the spirit of our democracy to its full fruition, but we shall at the same time place our army and its program directly under the control of the electorate. It will be a democratic army, because it will come directly from the bosom of the people.

Our very country was founded on the principle of democracy. We recognize no aristocracy save that of individual worth, no caste but the caste of worthy manhood, and no nobility save the nobility of integrity of character. Therefore our army, to which we must look for the safety of our nation and its ideals, should be free from class distinctions, aristocracy, and caste. It will be recruited from every walk of life, representing every class and avocation of our people. They will be on an equal footing. There will be no priorities, no favoritisms, no aristocracy, but together will come from the North, the South, the East, and the West the representatives of every condition of life, on equal terms, as comrades in a common cause. The day laborer and the millionaire, the farmer and the wall street banker, the cow-puncher



of the West and the kid glove sport of the East, the coal miner and the professional man, the Jew and the Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Socialist and Republican, Prohibitionist and Democrat, all will march to the same martial strains, imbued with the same high purpose, baptized with the same fire of patriotic love for a common country, on terms of equality and comradeship, and breathing the spirit of democracy. Such an army, the product of citizenship, will stand as a mighty, imperishable, immovable bulwark across the pathway of brutal militarism, whenever or wherever that poisenous viper shall again raise its head to menace the peace and destroy the democracy of the world.

I yield to no man—not even Mr. Young—in my desire for friendship and understanding among nations. I do not think, however, that we have yet come to that point in world relations where we can do away entirely with our armies. That is what Mr. Young advocates. September 12, 1924 was designated as the day when we should test out this new system in military affairs, to see how well it would work in times of necessity. I am glad to say that it worked superbly in the test.

Hoch der Nationalverteidigungstag—Bunk.

* * *

Intercollegiate Athletics at the University of North Carolina

By Chas. R. Jonas

Our athletic policy has been attacked. It is being attacked out in the state and here on the campus by men with little knowledge of true conditions, but there are always some who jump to conclusions and find fault with the best of situations and conditions. That is true in all walks of life. Our football players have been called professionals, our athletic reactions have been declared unwholesome and unclean, and our management and coaches, it is charged, are obsessed with the desire to win at any cost, by fair means or foul. Let us examine into the true facts of the case before passing judgment.

One thing, if it were backed by no other condition or fact, which convinces me that athletics at the University of North Carolina are not "becoming more and more commercialized and professionalized," as charged, but that the tendency is rather very definitely away from commercialism and professionalism, is the fact that every member of our football team is a North Carolinian. That has been true for several seasons. Last year only one man on the entire squad was from out the state. He was from South Carolina.

From an article in the November issue of the Cabolina Magazine entitled "Matched Purses vs. Matched Sport," I take this statement: "The dawn of 1924 finds North Carolina with what might be called a 'Million-Dollar Football Show.' Coaches have been imported from afar, players have been induced to come south, and rumors and rumors are set afloat. It can be said, we believe, with but little hesitancy, that it is common knowledge that there is hardly a team in the state that is not rotten with professionalism." That is a glittering generality. It may be true with the majority of college teams in the state; I am not sure. However, it is absolutely false with regard to our team. We are not tainted with professionalism. Every player on our team is from North Carolina—naturally they would come to the University. The coaches were born here, went to school in this state, and have coached our teams and elsewhere in the state for a number of years.

We belong to the Southern Conference, and our teams are governed by the rules of that body.

Rule No. 1 says:

"No one shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest unless he is a bona fide matriculated student regularly enrolled and doing full work as defined by the regulations of the institution in which he is enrolled."

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Rule No. 2 says:

"No person shall participate in inter-collegiate athletics at an institution until after the expiration of twelve months from the date of his matriculation there, and until he shall have completed the scholastic requirements of that institution."

Rule No. 3 says:

"No student having been a member of any athletic team of his college during any year and having been in attendance less than six months of the college year shall be permitted to participate in any inter-collegiate contest thereafter until he shall have been in attendance six calendar months."

Note.—Attendance during summer sessions is not counted as attendance for the purpose of this rule.

Rule No. 4 says:

"No person who has participated in any branch of sport as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any inter-collegiate contest in the same sport as a member of any other institution of this conference."

Rule No. 5 says:

"Participation in inter-collegiate athletics shall be limited to three years, over a five year period, counting from the time of first matriculation. Participation in any inter-collegiate sport in any college year shall constitute one year of athletic participation."

Other rules forbid compensation in any form, summer baseball, and delinquency in studies. I have heard men laugh at this last prohibition, but we on the campus know that it is no joke. We can remember how last year one of our best backfield men, a man counted upon to bear the brunt of our offensive, was ruled ineligible because of delinquency in studies. We can also remember how one of the outstanding backfield men developed last season was unable to return to school this fall because of failure in class room work. Men do not play football here who do not pass their work, and the faculty is becoming stricter year by year in regard to this.

These are the rules under which our athletic teams are assembled and function. They are strictly adhered to by the members of the conference because each is on the lookout for infractions by the others. Witness the controvery which developed over the Carolina-Virginia game of 1921 when the Virginia authorities contested the eligibility of "Red" Johnston, and we narrowly escaped a break in athletic relations with Virginia.

Yet another proof that the tendency at Carolina is away from commercialism in athletics is the fact that the policy of the management now is to arrange all games, so far as practicable, on home grounds. Home and home agreements are being made, and the

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games are being taken away from the cities, although in so doing our athletic association suffers financially. It is a well known fact that football and baseball are the only self supporting college sports. Our basketball, track, tennis, and wrestling teams depend upon a successful football season for their schedules. Notwithstanding that fact, every football game during the past season was played either on our grounds or those of our opponents. Those in charge realize that intercollegiate athletics primarily are student affairs, and the games are being arranged for the students. We are at no parting of the ways. Long since we turned to the right.

A great deal has been said about the enormous amount of money—state's money, money from the taxpayers—which is being spent on varsity teams, relatively a small number of men, and that we are doing nothing for the vast number of students who actually need physical training. To quote again from "Matched Purses vs. Matched Sports": "Such a situation which now exists in North Carolina is very close to, if not, criminal. The physical development of the citizens of the state is a necessity, but lavishing five or ten thousands of dollars upon the collecting and training of a very small group of men, who are already physically fit and who are frequently not true students, is not bringing about the development of the great body of undergraduates, nor accomplishing the purpose for which the money is collected and supposed to be spent. To our mind the prevalent situation is clearly a crime, a wholesale embezzlement and misuse of money." The fact is that we do not spend one cent of state money for varsity activities. The state does not even furnish a field for varsity games. The coaches salaries are not even paid with state funds. Our varsity program is supported and maintained solely by gate receipts and student fees—fees, by the way, voted upon the students by themselves and subject to revocation at any time by them. While on this matter of fees let me clear up another false impression current on the campus. This fall each student paid $3.33 in his matriculation fee for athletics, in return for which he got the following:

$1.00	Trinity game.
1.25	N. C. State game.
1.00	Maryland game.
1.00	U. S. C. game.
2.00	V. M. I. game.
.50	Bingham-Fresh.
.50	N. C. State-Fresh.
.50	Virginia-Fresh.
$7.75	

But it is also charged that the University and the state are neglecting the physical development of the mass of students. That is a fallacy. During the past several years $113,000 has been spent out of state funds for physical development purposes entirely outside the field of intercollegiate athletics. Receiving the assistance and backing of the University authorities, intramural athletics have become a fixture at Carolina. Last year, the first year of intramural athletics, more than half the student body participated in some form. The exact figures are 1298. Think of it! 1298 boys in some form of healthful exercise—not mechanical, boresome exercise but actual games and contests calling for sportsmanship, leadership, and co-operation.

This year several full time men have been added to the staff in order to carry on the work more effectively, 48 new tennis courts have been built, a recreation building erected, class and intramural fields completed, a gymnasium maintained, giving competent instruction to all students free of charge. All this is being done at an enormous expense; yet it is charged that nothing is being done for the physical development of the students. The state is devoting its attention and money toward the development of its young citizens both mentally and physically. Varsity athletics take care of themselves.

In brief summary:

(1) Athletics at the University of North Carolina are not becoming professionalized, as evidenced by the fact that every man on our team is from N. C. They are here naturally. None have been imported.

(2) Athletics are not becoming commercialized because we have "nipped in the bud" any tendency toward commercialization by removing the games from the cities to the campus.

(3) We are not developing a small number of varsity men and neglecting the great mass of students, as evidenced by our extensive intramural program.

The Peripatetic Hole

ALTHOUGH a hole seems to be a very, very simple thing, it is probably the most difficult object in the world to describe. To my knowledge, no man or woman has yet said what a hole really is; they have said merely what it is not. We simply hit around it, say the same thing in different ways, and come back to where we began. Possibly that is the true definition of a hole—nothing, around which there is something. That is to say, something with nothing in the middle.

Most holes are stationary. In the case of a doughnut, however, it is different. The hole in a doughnut moves when the doughnut is moved, and when the doughnut is eaten the hole disappears entirely. I daresay Harry Houdini and Horace Williams are the only living persons who can explain this phenomenon. This disappearance proves my point—that a hole is nothing—or there is a trick in it somewhere.

In the case of a silk stocking also a hole is not stationary; it runs up or down and very often both ways. This is very distressing, particularly to anyone having the hole under scientific observation.

A key-hole, again, is nothing around which there is something—an opaque something which sometimes interferes with the bellboys point of view. Keys are often inserted in key-holes, and in this way many of them are lost, since a hole is nothing.

Another well-known hole is the predicament in which a young man finds himself at the end of a long taxi ride with a young lady in a strange city, when he discovers a large hole in his trouser pocket—a hole within a hole, or a hole in one, so to speak.

And so on, *ad headache*. There are many varieties of examples one might mention to make the definition of a hole clearer, and if those cited are insufficient, this piece itself may serve as another illustration—many words about nothing, written to fill up a hole on this page when the printer ran short of copy.

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Perception

The long swells erumble into foam,
The white dust of the sea.

Great epie-voiced couriers of the deep,
The jade-green waves
Roll in
Like moving hills.
They break,
And run far up the yellow sands,
In swirling whirls of film,
Flinging their songs on the shore.

Milton-voiced thunderers,
Organ voiees on the sands,—
But the ears of men are deaf.
The sea gulls
Wheeling in the air above
Hear more.

—H. R. F.

Victory

A thousand thundering cannon,
Fire and death,
Still lumps of clay that onee were men,
New-made widows,
Orphans,
Mothers pressing hands against their ears,
Shutting out their children's eries
For food they cannot give.
Nations impoverished,
Burdens pressed on backs
Of generations still unborn.
War!
And the followers of war,
Famine, pestilenee, hatred.
And men in Christian temples praise,
With ecremony, hymns and prayers,
The Prinee of Peaee—
For vietory.

—H. R. F.

Triviality

At the thirty-fourth story
the rain beats in at the windows.
At the thirty-third story
the rain beats in at the windows.

How do New York sidewalks ever get wet
With rain?

—S. G.

HELL'S VESTIBULE

ALL ABOARD, FOLKS! WE'RE HELL-BENT FOR GLORY

The College Ship

Carolina is as a Ship
That sails a life-long sea,
Not in space of distance run
But Time, into eternity.

Eaeh year She leaves the port
With many a noble man
Embarked upon a four year trip
On to a knowledge land.

She promises to eaeh career,
To him who thinks he can
A voyage safe; then he's prepared
To serve the world, and man.

I'm grateful for the men
Who built the College Ship
And passed her down to now
That we may take a trip.

Come, let us get on board.
Sueeess for you She'll make
A powerful eitizen of the world
And the future of the State.

I love old Carolina,
Her colors: furl them never
But inspire young men to heroes be
As the days go on forever.

And I love the College Ship
For I'm a Tar Heel true;
I feel Her spirit in my soul
E'er burning through and through.

Query

Dear heart, was it love
Or passionate desire,
That made the fire of me
Leap to meet your fire?

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

January, 1925

The Chinamen in Our Midst

By W. T. Couch

There is more than one kind of fanatic in this world, which condition, so far as adding interest and dispelling monotony is concerned, is of considerable value in life. There is one brand which is rather rabid today and which threatens to arouse an opposite to itself. The particular fanatic to whom we refer is the mechanistic evolutionist, the one who reduces everything to forces, electrons, protons and whatnots; who destroys the mind and soul and leaves only the body; who with supreme confidence says there is nothing ultimate, "there is no God," and who calls all religion superstition. He thinks to destroy quality by explaining it as a combination of quantities and motions. Differences in color, for instance, he says, are merely differences in speed of motion or vibration of particles of matter. Thus he thinks to destroy blackness and whiteness; in a similar way he thinks to destroy the mind of man, life and God. Everything becomes to him a mere combination of particles and forces, and here he stops. He cannot dissect life and put it back together so it will work; therefore, he says, it does not exist, it is a by-product of matter and force, and only an illusion. He cannot find, measure and describe God, so he says "there is no God."

We have known and talked with men who have so expressed themselves. But we do not believe there are nearly so many of this kind as some seem to think. Their influence is rather wide and great among the feeble-minded, those who allow their world to be destroyed by words and formulas, and among those who are willing to become creatures of the moment, who are willing to reduce their world to a flitting, passing show.

It is quite natural that someone should arise and oppose this sort of thought, but the danger of going to an even greater extreme in the opposite direction is ever present. We can sympathize with the motive which led Representative Poole from Hoke County to present the following resolution to the House:[1]

"Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the senate concurring, that it is the sense of the General Assembly of North Carolina that it is injurious to the welfare of the people of the State of North Carolina for any official or teacher in the State, paid wholly or in part by taxation to teach or permit to be taught as a fact either Darwinism or any other evolutionary hypothesis that links man in blood relationship with any lower form of life."

But we believe he makes somewhere nearly the same mistake in thinking of evolution that the purely mechanistic pseudo-scientist makes in thinking of life. The idea of evolution makes no inclusion of ultimate causes and effects; it is concerned entirely with forms and expressions of life, matter, force, their growth, development and relationships. It is an idea which is as old as history, of which thinking men were conscious long before Darwin ever made his observations, and which can have no logical effect whatever on the problem of the existence or non-existence of a Supreme Being. It is capable of a great variety of interpretations, and is probably second only to the Bible in the number of different interpretations it has received. Its being interpreted differently destroys its truth no more than calling the Bible mythology destroys its truth. The fact that some interpretations of it and the Bible clash does not make either untrue, but merely shows that some people have sadly warped ideas on either or both subjects. Evolution merely gives a statement of what we see in our everyday life, and is extended over all development by virtue of other evidences. No thinking being can be unconscious of it unless he be shorn of his senses. No person or party is responsible for it; if you know the history of the life development of a child to a man, if you have any eyes to see, ears to hear and thinking powers, you cannot fail to recognize evolution; it is merely the way things and life work, the way they were *made* to work, and when some legislative body abolishes it we shall know exactly where,

[1] Presented January 8, 1925. It might be added that there seems to be no danger whatever of this resolution being passed; it has for the time been referred to the educational committee, from which it will probably not even be returned to the House.

what and who God is. Yet in the face of this there are some who advocate that its teaching be stopped!

The Hickory *Daily Record* which is no longer edited by R. S. Pickens, Q. E. D., says:[2]

"The resolution should be passed. Evolution is too big a question for the average mind and the half-baked theories promulgated by college students and those claiming to be modern in thought are tiresome and disgusting. Leave the children of the State to the faith of their fathers. When they reach the age of maturity and can logically decide such matters it will then be time enough for them to choose between the Bible and evolution."

We admit without contention that thought of almost any kind is "tiresome and disgusting" to most people and that it is easier to pass over the problem by saying it is too big than to attempt to give it sane consideration and attempt to correct by reason some of the "half-baked theories promulgated by college students," and others. We find it difficult, however, to imagine anyone's "logically" deciding the matter; that was done according to good orthodoxy by God himself. And the same God, we are told, gave us the world and the Bible. We hardly see how one can be accepted as absolute truth and the other entirely rejected. Calling either the Bible or the World a myth does away with neither; we believe there is truth in both. There is a problem which someone who is not easily tired by thought may tackle, and give his solution to the public; we recommend it to the editor of the Hickory *Daily Record* as a worthy undertaking.

The Charlotte *Observer* takes up the refrain and adds to the song:[3]

"Governor Morrison was some time ago the subject of more or less ridicule because he took position that the education of the children in the schools of North Carolina should have faith in the Bible as its foundation. Last week a bill was introduced in the Legislature that was intended to prohibit the teaching of Darwinism in the public schools of the State. This bill was fathered and drawn by Representative Poole of Hoke County. It carried no penalties, but was intended as a test of public sentiment. Forthwith, he was assailed by the champions of 'modern thought.' But one thing these people do not explain is the determination back of their movement to force the teaching of evolution in the schools of North Carolina. Much progress has been made in that direction while the people have slept. Classes of native school children have listened to derision of the Bible and have been told that the teachings of their fathers was all folderol and tommyrot; that the Bible is not an inspired book but a compilation of mythology. The teaching leads back to belief that God did not create the earth and the heavens, that there is no life beyond the grave and that the church is a living lie. Doctrine of that sort is openly proclaimed in some of the schools that are supported by towns and counties.

"It was against teachings of that kind that Governor Morrison warned; it is the checking of it that prompted the Hoke County legislator to enter his test bill. The *Observer* does not believe the trend of modern education is in line with the best thought in North Carolina, but it may continue to infiltration of all the schools in the State—if the people are inclined to permit it."

We are, of course, aware of the fact that there are many people who deride the Bible, call it mythology—think they destroy it by so doing,—deny immortality and consider the Church as useless in their lives; but none of this is purely modern, and so far as the truth is concerned, what does it matter what anyone *says*? Is truth so worthless a something that it is made and changed by words? Does the Charlotte *Observer* believe that people will let words without reason blind them? If that is so, then we had all better turn back to the Catholic Church and let authority take its sway again.

We doubt the truth of the statement made by the Charlotte *Observer* that doctrine of the sort described above "is openly proclaimed in some of the schools that are supported by towns and counties." We know a very few men and teachers who hold these ideas, but we do not know of a single one who has made any reference to them in his teaching. We should like to see the *Observer* name some particular cases. And even if some fanatics have pronounced such ideas, legislating is no way to deal with them, and cannot have any effect in stopping their thought or the spread of their ideas. The only way to correct wrong ideas is by more thought, not by attempting to stop it entirely. It is no wonder the Governor's attempt has been laughed at; he attempted to function as God, and of course he failed. He may, as he has done, say that certain biology text-books shall not be used in public schools of the State.[4] But that does not strip the school-boy or girl of his or her perceptive and thinking powers, just as it does not change the nature of things and life. Rather, it makes the thinking school-boy or girl who knows of the Governor's action doubt the reality of the Governor's faith, and the faith of those who are afraid to look at their world. Of what value is such a faith? We prefer not to call it faith but cowardice and laziness.

And what is this faith of our fathers to which they would have us cling? What is this simple faith which is so precious—this faith of our fathers which we

[2] Editorial in Hickory *Daily Record*, Jan. 10, 1925.

[3] Editorial in Charlotte *Observer*, Jan. 12, 1925. Whether or not these editorials express majority opinion in the State is a matter on which we have no definite information, but it is obvious that they represent the opinion of a considerable number and that this opinion is by no means restricted to this State.

We were careful to check up and make our quotation of this editorial exact; we would apologize for some of the grammatical constructions, but they do not belong to us.

[4] This has been done by keeping several good text-books in biology off the State list because they seemed, to the Governor, to give too much emphasis to evolution. The Governor, not being a biologist, we deem incapable of determining such a matter. However, this has not hindered teaching since the text-books used are, according to good authority, in perfectly good standing as high-school text-books among biologists. What we object to here is the possible establishment of a precedent.

must hold or be damned? Is it the faith of our fathers, our grand-fathers, or our great-grand-fathers? Each of us has one father, two grand-fathers, four great-grand-fathers, and, if we go back to the time of the simple faith of the middle ages we find that we had several million fathers living at one time! If we are not absolutely ignorant we know that our fathers have held different faiths. Which one are we going to choose? Among our fathers we find just about every conceivable faith represented, and the simple faith of our fathers which it is so ardently desired that we retain proves to be many faiths. They have been placed in pagan gods as well as in the Christian God. Priests and teachers in ancient times became as anxious over the abandonment of faith in the old gods as some of our modern preachers and newspaper editors now are. What if our barbaric predecessors had accepted the advice of some of their priests and stopped with ancestor worship, or the worship of sticks and stones, bugs and beetles, sun and moon? Does the mere fact that a faith was held by our fathers give it absolute final validity? If so, which shall we take? Paganism, Catholicism or Protestantism? Methodism, Holly-Rollerism, Episcopalianism or what? Why not take the faith of our barbaric fathers who, as history says, worshipped their ancestors? If we are not ignoramuses and know more than the faith which our immediate parents had, we are forced to choose, if we have a faith; and choice involves reason, the exercise of thought. Now shall we take the faith of our immediate parents merely because it was their faith? If we do that whom will we be worshipping, God or parents?

Just as life has done, faiths have changed, grown and developed; shall we take advantage of this change, growth and development in building a broader, deeper and firmer faith, or shall we revert to ancestor worship? Shall we take for ourselves and develop for ourselves the faith given to us through ages of growth and development, of evolution, or shall we revert to barbaric faith? If the faith of our fathers of today is any better than the faith of our barbaric ancestors, or medieval Catholicism, how did it become so?

We offer no apology for the mechanistic evolutionist, the scoffer or the fanatic of any breed, whether he worship electrons and protons or ancestors. The world and some of its inhabitants may need to be apologized for but we refuse to do it; indeed we attempt, as the scientist does, to appreciate and understand our world. We may fail; but it is not because we are afraid, or easily tired. We are grateful to each fanatic for his contribution and stimulation of thought, but we refuse to let any fanatic stop our thought with his predications. We do not believe that mechanists can destroy life any more than Governor Morrisons, editors, preachers and legislative bodies can turn the course of history and time backward.

To this college student, it seems that here is a job, not for legislators, but for thinkers. The public men of the State, particularly the editors of newspapers and preachers, have a golden opportunity to do some constructive thinking; it remains to be seen how they will classify themselves. We are hoping that some of those referred to before will abandon ancestor worship and make a new attempt.

Episode

I

Lapis lazuli!
Human lives had been counted nothing
At command of a scintillating bit
Against a background
Sombre
And more sombre—
Forgotten things.

II

Tapering fingers,
Clean yellow with long polished nails;
Pudgy fingers,
Dirty white with short dirty nails;
Over a lacquered table—
"Ming, perhaps"—
Bargaining.

—S. M.

In Behalf of Political Partisanship

By Josiah W. Bailey

Recently Candidate for the Democratic Gubernatorial Nomination

In each House of the Congress of the United States once a year an occasion is made for the reading of Washington's Farewell Address—"the counsels of an old and affectionate friend" to his countrymen. A century and a quarter has proved the soundness of these counsels in many respects; in all they are regarded as the sum of the wisdom of the man to whom the existence of Our Republic is most due and the supreme proof of his statesmanship. So far as internal concerns are treated in this great utterance, the Father of his Country urged the preservation of National Unity as the chief end to be sought; and in the interest of National Unity he deprecated with intense earnestness "the spirit of party." He begins his argument with these words:

"Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally." He declares that "the domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism." "The common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it." "A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume." Washington was no political partisan, and manifestly he abhorred the spirit of party, or political partisanship.

One wonders what must be the reaction of Senators and Representatives, every one of whom owes the commission that he holds to the Spirit of Party, to the solemn warning of Washington. One is tempted to dwell upon the irony of the situation.

And as I come now to write, at the editor's request, in defense of political partisanship, I wonder also at my own position. I was coming into consciousness of political interest in the days of George William Curtis and Carl Schurz—those great non-partisans of the eighties and nineties who made famous and not altogether inglorious the name of "Mugwump." They made a profound impression upon me. I edited a religious journal for fourteen years, and I conceived it to be my duty to discuss public questions in the spirit of a non-partisan. All my early thinking was in that character. Nevertheless, as now I look backward I realize that I have always voted the ticket of one party; and since 1908 have canvassed for that party in every campaign. I assume that I am considered a partisan.

I wonder whether or not Washington himself would not have become a party man, even a party candidate under other than his most singular circumstances. I agree with him in the worst he has to say of the dangers of the Spirit of Party; but I think that while we must be ever mindful of his solemn warning we must also recognize that political parties are inevitable, indispensable, in popular governments; and if so, surely political partisans and political partisanship there must be.

I employed the word "inevitable": I mean to predicate that partisanship is native to the human mind. It is a characteristic of the human species.

I also employed the word "indispensable": I mean to predicate that I can not conceive in the present state of society how a government may be directed without political parties—i.e., without political partisans.

I concede that neither of the two historical parties in our country now represents the distinctive ideas that gave it existence and character. The issues upon which they were founded have become in large measure spent forces so far as any political campaign is concerned. Each national convention seeks either to conceal or evade any issue that really exists or to frame an issue for the moment rather than vitalize a national ideal or policy; and surely we must agree that now for more than sixty-five years every effort to call a new party into being has failed. I recognize that this state of affairs has largely increased the number of independents, or non-partisans, and that this is good for the country. I consider an honest and fearless independence as one of the noblest traits of the individual citizen. It is always to be respected.

Nevertheless, parties are inevitable; they are predicated upon the nature of men; and they are indispensable; we could neither man nor direct the government without them. And if we must have parties, it follows we must have party men or partisans.

Nor does it matter that neither of the two historical parties represents the ideas or ideals that called it into being and gave it character. No more does it matter that one finds some difficulty at times in distinguishing the essential character of the one from the other. There may be many parties; there may be many issues, and one may be "paramount" today and another tomorrow—just as a famous presidential candidate who ran three times had a different "paramount issue" in each campaign. But at bottom there are only two great parties and only two great party ideals. One is the Conservative, the other is the Liberal. And the Liberal party of one generation is the Conservative of another, and the Conservative party of one generation is the Liberal of another. "'A long lease of power" may not necessarily "breed corruption," as Grover Cleveland implied; but it inevitably breeds Conservatism—or, if I may use the more appropriate word for contrast, Authoritarianism. Ten years of power for a Liberal party are sufficient to convert it into an Authoritarian or Conservative Party. Ten years out of power for a Conservative or Authoritarian Party will go far to make of it a Liberal party. That is to say, in the final analysis the "Ins" tend to become Conservative or Authoritarian and the "Outs" tend to become "Liberal"—regardless of all other considerations.

So far as I can ascertain government has always manifested itself in parties; there were the Sadducees, Pharisees and Essenes of ancient Israel; there were the rivalries under David; ancient Rome and ancient Greece were divided and directed by parties and partisans.

That Washington was mistaken is rather strongly suggested by the fact that before he died the young Republic began to work out its destiny by means of political parties representing two well-defined schools, and from that day to this we have never failed to continue the government in the name of one party or another. The Spirit of Party is now fiercer than Washington dreamed. The fire is indeed unquenched; it has burst into flames; but somehow it warms rather than consumes. He was right in principle, right idealistically, but mistaken in fact. For has not this Republic done exceedingly well under a century and a quarter of the Spirit of Party. May it be said that Washington's fears were well-founded?

How could we nominate a President without parties? How could we boil down the ideas, the demands, the interests of 125,000,000 people without the crucible of parties? How could we cope with a million office holders without organized parties? How could we check the Authoritarian, when in power, save by an organized Liberal Movement? How move the Liberal to his duty in office save by the organization of Conservatives ready to turn him out if he shall not make good? How could we in any sense approximate the will of 30,000,000 voters save by means of parties?

Assuming that I have sufficiently suggested the necessity for political parties, I argue that the existence of parties implies partisans—men and women in great number attached by habit, by choice, by self-interest, and by sentiment to one party or another. These are partisans. They maintain their parties. They send up the delegates, form the committees, work amongst the voters, create opinion, constitute the Conventions, and some of them get the offices. They think in terms of party; they are either by habit, by prejudice, or by nature incapable of any other sort of political thinking. Independent thinking is to them impossible. They think in the mass—instinctively. They have never thought independently about anything, and it is best they should not attempt so to do. They follow a leader—often a dead leader. For example, an aged minister of the Gospel was recently talking with me. He said that he came out of the Civil War determined never again to be a party man. He was to vote "for the man, not the party." He attributed the Civil War and the twenty-five battles in which he took part, and all the disaster that followed at last to the Spirit of Party. But when he went to vote after the war something happened at the polls. "I changed my mind," he said, "and voted for Zeb Vance, and I have been voting the Zeb Vance ticket ever since." He voted it Nov. 7, 1924, at the age of 84 years. He is by no means an unintelligent man. He is one of the noblest men I have ever known.

These men (and women now) must have leaders and they must have parties—to guide them. Otherwise they would be as sheep without a shepherd. It was Thomas Carlyle who observed that the masses of mankind are like sheep. If in going out of the pasture the Bell Wether jumps a rail, all the others will jump as they pass the same point even though the rail be removed. This has always been so, and, notwithstanding our noble speeches upon popular education, is likely to be so some thousands of years to come. It is not so deplorable as one may think; but no matter what one may think, it is so and must be accepted. New leaders arise; new Bell Wethers appear, but they lead no flocks save by party and the Spirit of Party.

And so I argue for parties and partisanship. I have, of course, no brief for the excesses of partisanship, the hatreds, the intolerance, the meanness, the frauds, the deceits or the common selfishness of those who affect such a devotion to party as to justify their coarse and contemptible conduct. Such as these are

not partisans. They are usually first to leave a party when no spoils are in sight. They are spoilsmen rather than partisans. And it is they who have brought partisanship into disrepute.

On the other hand, we must bear in mind Washington's solemn warning. The independent is an indispensable citizen. He maintains the spirit of Washington's warning. He is thinking for himself and his country. He seeks no office, and it is well that he does not. He has no great gift of leadership, and little genius for eoöperation. But the Bell Wethers always keep a weather eye on him. It is the independent who plaees the rail in the gap, and eompels the Bell Wether to set the example of a leap. After all he guides even though he does not rule. There is no measuring the service the independent renders even the political boss.

In the partisan relation the voter coöperates with a large group to advance policies arrived at by more or less mutual understanding. Likewise he coöperates with the group in the election of mutually acceptable offieers. Whether in this relation he magnifies or minifies his influenee depends upon himself. At any rate he partieipates with the group to give standing to a cause or lend foree to an opposition. He exercises the invaluable principle of coöperation. In the independent relation one aets for the most part alone. An organization of non-partisans converts them into partisans. Witness the western nonpartisan leagues. Whether acting alone in an election in which millions of votes are cast will be effectual is a question addressed to the voter's mind. Such company as he has is unidentified. He is one of millions making up the dreaded "silent vote." Whether one is eompetent to act alone is another question—publie questions are not so simply resolved as we may at first be tempted to think. It usually requires about forty years to settle a big public question. Individual aetion is wanting in the element of continuity of force. Party action assures continuity of force, and, since courses stretch over long periods, this continuity is indispensable.

I may observe in conclusion that no man capable of self-direction should so attach himself to any party that he cannot leave it. For to do so is not partisanship but blind self-stultification. "My Party, right or wrong" is an unsound and unpatriotie policy. One should early in life seek to fix his eourse. He may choose the course of an independent, or he may choose the course of a partisan. If he choose the latter, let him choose his party deliberately, and let him seek to work out his political duty therein. Let him be patient. If his party goes wrong, as he sees it, or if his party falls into bad hands, as he sees it, let him be patient. Let him seek to put his party right, and not abandon it until the compunctions of conscience move him. But when they move let him make a choice. He need not go over to the other party. He may be independent or, if he is of a partisan nature, he may go into the other party, provided it seems aceeptable to his judgment. One should not be afraid to change parties, nor should one fear to be an independent. One should not be afraid at all. The counsel of fear is bad counsel. At bottom there can be but one test and that is—the honest expression of one's will and energy for his country's good—and under that test there is no room for fear.

To sum up. We need partisans; and we need independents. We have perhaps in the past had too many partisans. We are recently in danger of having too many independents. But that is because the two historic parties have not been sufficiently distinguished. In due season great questions will arise, and they will require strong political organizations to advance or repel them. Party lines will be drawn; party heat will be generated; there will be real campaigning and real mass-thinking. In such a time sound party leadership and strong party organization and action will render great national service. Against such a time we must maintain the party spirit and the party organization. Indeed in my opinion we now have all too many voters who faithfully enough vote the party ticket but are entirely wanting in that real interest in the party which would make them faetors in its counsels, in its precinct meetings, its conventions, its caucuses and its primaries.

Nothing would be more wholesome throughout America just now than a quickening of this type of party spirit and party interest. It would be a most servieeable form of real partisanship. To the want of this I attribute more than to any other one cause the present low estate of our political parties. We are partisan enough to vote the ticket they prepare for us but not sufficiently partisan to see to it that they prepare a worthy ticket. And so by the slackness of our partisanship we injure our parties, our country and ourselves. We establish the camp-follower, vote his ticket, and get out with the party. We ought to get out with ourselves for being sueh sorry partisans. If you propose to be a partisan, be one—all the way. Do your best within your party, and whenever it becomes hopelessly entangled, get out of it, and strive for the right from the outside.

Ruined By Testimonials

A True Confession

I am a testimonial fiend.

What sorrow, what tragedy lies in that admission only a fellow-victim can reckon. Unnoticed by the law, the testimonial habit is undermining every social class, sparing neither rich nor poor. I only pray that this story of my wrecked life may save others from the insidious clutches of the printed peril.

I cannot remember the time when I was not a slave to the testimonial habit. The tragedy of it is that my mother, my poor, fond mother, was the first to lead my childish steps into it. Like many another parent, she had had my photograph made and, after distributing copies to all our kinsmen to the third and fourth degree, one remained. What should she do with it? Observing that I, a plump infant of nine months, had grown to my plumpness in feeding on *Dr. Chow-Chow's Pure Baby Fodder*, she sat down and wrote a letter—oh, how innocently!—to Dr. Chow-Chow, commending his Baby Fodder, and sent therewith my photograph.

It was fatal. From the moment that my features stared out at her from the pages of a magazine, the deadly fascination of it gripped her. She had more photographs made of me and sent them with testimonials to a baby-blanket company, a ready-to-wear firm, a patent swing manufacturer and a cough-medicine dealer.

I pass over the next few years. Suffice to say that by the time I was fifteen, I had sent testimonials, at first under my mother's encouragement but later on my own, to the Johnny Boy Suits Company, to five different cereal manufacturers, to three firms which dealt in athletic goods, to two patent medicine companies, and to at least ten other firms of varied products. My mother passed away soon after—too early, thank Heaven, to realize the ruin she had brought upon her only son.

By the time I reached my twenties, the initial thrill of the thing had departed, leaving me cynically disillusioned but unable to break the clutch of the vice. There were times, to be sure, when I braced my shoulders and resolved to make a new start.

"No more testimonials for me," I would say. "Beginning today I'll never write another."

I would then abstain for a day or two, perhaps even three, but at the end of that time, I would be so exhausted by the steady torturing clamors of my insatiable demon that I would take my typewriter, buy a magazine or newspaper and write letters of testimonial to every firm advertising in it.

"I have used your paint for skyscrapers and find it great. I want to commend it to every one. I do not object to having my photo published . . ."

"I have used six bottles of your medicine for bowlegs and feel like a new man. My legs are perfectly straight now and I want to commend your product to every one. Enclosed find photograph of my legs . . ."

"I have taken your course of instruction in millinery and can now make all my friends' hats. I want to commend your course to every one. You may use this letter and my photograph in your ads . . ."

What matter that I have never seen a skyscraper, that my legs have always been straight, and that my whole knowledge of hats is confined to my favorite derbies? Anything, anything to ease the constant pressure on my mind!

Mere words cannot convey the cost of the habit to me. Not to mention the waste of time, paper, stamps and the thousands of photographs which I have distributed throughout the country, I have paid highly. The constant effort to find new articles for testimonials, then the high nervous tension of waiting for my testimonials and pictures to be accepted and published, have been responsible for more than one rest-cure at an expensive sanatorium—to which I later sent a testimonial.

People often point me out in the street as the man who used Blisterine for bald head or as the one who ate all fifty-seven varieties in a day and liked it. I am naturally a timid person and this kind of publicity has made my public life a torture.

I have been denied the joy of a wife and children. How could I ask a pure, innocent girl to share a life already married to vice? Suppose our children should inherit it? I could not face the possibility and am passing toward a lonely and cheerless old age.

I have given up struggling. It is of no use, for the doctors have long since pronounced me incurable. I shall carry my slave's fetters with me to the grave. And, who knows?—perhaps from the Beyond I shall send a spirit message to my undertaker:

"I have used your coffin for several months and am perfectly satisfied. I shall never use any other brand and I want to commend it to every one. Enclosed find my spirit photograph, which you may publish . . ."

M. H.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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JANUARY, 1925

Non Quo Modo, Sed Quid

The reduced size of this issue of THE MAGAZINE is, in an indirect way, a monument to the literary barrenness and mental stagnation of the student body at this so-called institution of higher learning. We say this after the reflection that not only does the campus at large pay little attention to this much-maligned publication, formerly called "A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor," but that through *no other* medium that we know of, save the *Buccaneer*, is non-journalistic writing from the rusty pens of Carolina undergraduates given to the world in general.

We at Carolina like to think of ourselves as the elect of the Southland, as inhabiting an educational garden spot in the all-encompassing waste which surrounds us—but where does our intellectual superiority show itself? In parts of our faculty and administration, in our graduate school and specialized departments, in our honor system, on the basket ball floor perhaps, but where else? Granted that the dear old school turns out a good many worth-while products, do not most of us wait until we have donned and doffed cap and gown before we begin to show our worth? Do not most of us climb up to this Hill, as though to a mountain monastery, and here seclude ourselves in monkish isolation for four years, smugly satisfied in our supremacy over the *hoi polloi?* And while we are here do any of us ever really relate our microcosmic existence to that of the macrocosm, do we ever question how what we are now will affect what we are ten or five or twenty years from now, do we ever consider why we are what we are; in short, do we undergraduates ever think? Frankly, damn few of us ever do.

Now all you yokels, sheiks, honor students, self-help men, grinds, gamblers, drunkards, prodigies, morons, and more or less intelligent Carolina men, are you content to believe either that college is an ethereal Utopia or else a workhouse where you are imposed upon by the gods? If you think the latter, why did you come here; if the former is your idea, how do you excuse the manifold inanities of college life? Do all of you drive into the collegiate pond and remain under water for four years without ever a wheel turning save when somebody else turns it? What do you think about college, anyway—is it altogether petty and useless or is it somewhat broadening to your stultified inner being? Does it help or hurt your soul, if you still retain any such old-fashioned encumbrance? Does it ever occur to you, please, that your inability to write, to do, or to think is partly the result of external as well as internal causes?

Many people, odd years removed from undergraduate life, do not think that college is such a holy place after all—witness practically all of the recently published collegiate novels and magazine articles. Many undergraduates think likewise—recall numerous collegiate bull sessions you have been a party to. You have a reaction to college; what is it? If you do think, why not give occasional expression to your thoughts? As long as you accept pap passively, your diet will largely consist of pap.

The foregoing Taurus, dear reader, is the outcome of our personal mood as we go to press; doubtless the mud has much to do with it. At any rate, the prizes we announced last month—rather handsome prizes for a college publication, by the way—have thus far produced no tangible results and there seems small likelihood of their producing any in future. We are inclined to wonder why a student body of more than two thousand, supposedly the selected adolescent brains of the state, is so literarily dumb, for dumb it must be when the clarion call of coin fails to move its material mind.

Other evidence of your dumbness, *lector benevole*, is offered by the heap of rejected manuscripts in one drawer of our desk. Some of you feel the urge, but why will you sons of the soil write about pink teas in Yokohama, why do you preacher's sons write about wild adventures on the Barbary Coast, which died before you were born, and why do you would-be poets steep yourselves in Pollyannaism or in maudlin metres which are beyond your command? If it comes natural to you and you know whereof you speak, go ahead and write about Berlin nad Bangkok and Bloemfontein, but otherwise, there is literature and life on this campus and in North Carolina which will suffice you

until you are ready to use the whole world for your playground. Assimilate that fact and sooner or later, if there is a bit of the Spark in you, your name will probably burgeon forth in print.

We are not planning to suspend publication quite yet; there are at least a few students here who have ideas, and if need be, we could no doubt round up enough extra-undergraduate material to keep off the rocks. But in that case there would be kicks no end, and the editor of our favorite semi-weekly collegiate newspaper would probably remind us again that we have a duty to the student body, whose shekels help to make the publication of our Maggy possible. Then, too, we are somewhat taken with the idea that the proper province of a college magazine is to reflect undergraduate life and especially the life of the institution of which it is a part, so long as it can do so without debasing itself.

Do not think, therefore, you who would contribute to this sheet, that your stuff must necessarily be "literary," though heaven knows the publications at this university could digest distinctly more really literary material than they get. Look around you, if you are not blind, and write about what you see, what you know, what you remember, and what you feel. If worthless, your contributions will go to swell the contents of the Drawer of Lost Brain-Children, but if they show evidences of cerebration worthy of the name, we can correct your abominable spelling and rehash your unspeakable punctuation and constructions to the best of our ability.

To shorten a story which is growing tiresomely long, we and our worthy assistant editor are getting a bit tired of writing about half the contents of The Magazine. All hail to the Faithful Few, may their number increase!

Athletics and Short Legs

We fancy that the majority of the readers of Dean Bradshaw's article on athletics at the University since the war, in the *Tar Heel* of January 28, will see the same reason for its being written that we do, and this gives us a basis for one or more random remarks.

Already there has been some whining among University alumni and among the student body on account of our somewhat mediocre football record during the past season. The groundwork has been started for the old howl for new coaches in case athletics throughout the remainder of the year are unsuccessful. The latter eventuality is, we believe, a very remote possibility.

A perusal of the statistical records of the aforementioned article should be sufficient to show that our coaching is adequate. As for the loss of a few games, it is inevitable that there should be seasons when varsity material is not of the best, and in our opinion a lost game now and then is an asset rather than a liability. An unbroken string of victories eventually becomes, if not monotonous, at least unthrilling.

That we should lose to Yale consistently and by fairly large scores is the expected thing and no disgrace, but a glance at the record of U. N. C.-Yale games, as well as our record with Maryland, with South Carolina, and with other teams, should be enough proof that a *me und Gott* attitude on our part is quite out of place. The fault lies not with our coaching system but with the meagre athletic background of this state.

For our part, if a series of defeats followed by a smashing victory is capable of bringing forth a display of really genuine Carolina spirit such as that attendant upon our recent win over V. M. I., we are in favor of a partially unsuccessful season several times a decade.

Law and Law Enforcement

The Jitneys have hogged the roads long enough. The old dangers of the highways, thugs and thieves, bogs and swamps, have simply been partially replaced by the danger of being run down by taxi drivers, imbeciles, and other irresponsible drivers who monopolize the roads and make driving or walking a matter of great peril. It is about time the State should step in and take them over for the people, and then do something to regulate driving and drivers on the roads. In no other state that we know is the genus road pig so prevalent as in North Carolina.

The need is becoming greater every day for a well organized and efficient state police force. Our system of law enforcement is antiquated and ineffective; our laws are constantly being mocked and broken. The advisability of passing seemingly necessary laws is often doubted because of the ineffectiveness of those already existing. Cars run on our public roads at breakneck speed, endangering and destroying the life and property of others; bootleggers run their business almost as if there were no law and the State government does practically nothing about it.

It might be well for the government to remember that it does not exist purely for the purpose of making laws, that strict and uniform enforcement is just as necessary as legislation, and that laws had better not be made unless enforcement is to follow. The present system allows the law to be travestied; a change is necessary if life and property are to be protected.

State police forces have been successful in other states; they have secured the services of men with ability which our present system so obviously lacks. We believe a well organized and well directed state police force is essential to the establishment and maintenance of law and order.

—W. T. C.

THE PASTURE

J. E. H. AND W. T. C.

We have attained more or less notoriety of late as the possessor of a fine pair of iron jaws. In fact, we now run around under the pseudonym "Gym-cracker." If you will keep it under your hat we shall let you in on a little secret, we shall tell you *why* it all happened. For every effect, you know, there is a cause—more or less.

At any rate we were in our office (yes, we have one) some week or so before the Christmas recess, discussing things in general with our worthy assistant editor. Sooner or later, as always, the subject of our personal inferiority complex came up and we were deploring its existence, as usual.

"Say, do you know why you are such a dud?" suddenly asked o. w. a. e.

"Why, oh, why?" we asked with bated breath and palpitating heart.

"It's because of that growth behind your nose."

"What d'you mean, the growth behind our nose?" (We always maintain our editorial dignity, even with o. w. a. e.)

"Well," quoth he, "some folks call it your face."

After that what was there to do except commit?

* * *

On its editorial page in the first issue of the year, the Charlotte *Observer* printed a long list of *North Carolina Firsts,* or rather, that is what the *Observer* called its list. The next day the Greensboro *Daily News* wrote an editorial correcting a few of the gross errors made in the list, and several days later the Raleigh *News and Observer* reprinted the list on its editorial page.

Among the *Firsts* we find that Mt. Airy is the big-best cabbage center in the world, that Wilkesboro sells more chickens, turkeys and eggs originating in its own section than any other town in the world, and that North Carolina has furnished the United States the only circus freaks of a certain name and the only President of a certain name.

We wish to add to this list that North Carolina has some newspaper editors who, we believe, have equals nowhere else in the world. If they printed this list seriously, unknowingly advertising the State as poverty stricken and benighted, and showing the utter darkness enshrouding themselves, they take first place in a certain capacity which we shall not mention; if they printed it as a joke, it was a rather hollow one, and one which we do not think the State should appreciate. We should like to know just what their idea was, if they had one; and we must say: we doubt that.

* * *

We have heard several scattered criticisms of the new lamp posts sprinkled about our fair campus. The chief burden of complaint seems to be that they are out of harmony with the pastoral atmosphere of our ancient and traditioned skool. For the benefit of these aesthetic sufferers we should like to say that a member of the biology department is now working on a plan whereby are lights can be grown on trees.

* * *

While everything else is being remodelled why not have a try at the Declaration of Independence? Especially that paragraph beginning "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." One professor of modern phraseology has rewritten it: "All we got to say on this proposition is this: first, you and me is as good as anybody else, and maybe a damn sight better; second, nobody ain't got no right to take away none of our rights; third, every man has got a right to live, to come and go as he pleases, and to have a good time however he likes, so long as he don't interfere with nobody else."

In the interest of Truth we recommend that the following be considered: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created un-equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with no Rights whatever, but that they may *get* some if they get out and hustle, that among those they may get if lucky are a fairly decent Life, a little, a very little Liberty —and that only liberty to be a good slave—and a small amount of Happiness, depending on their ability to fool themselves.

* * *

After having read some of the recent utterances of Paavo Nurmi and Joie Ray, more or less w. k. dis-

tance runners, we are sore grieved that these gentlemen were not born in North Carolina. They would make priceless additions to the staff of the Charlotte *Observer*.

* * *

Well, Peter Pan has came and went and we have went and came. We enjoyed the movie exceeding much, but one thing hawked us more or less to distraction. The picture, we observed, has carried on the pernicious practice of our stage in Americanizing the story by halves. The speech of the picture is typically British, yet there is repeated mention by one or more of the Lost Boys of conducting one's self as "an American gentleman" should, and the Jolly Roger at the masthead of Captain Hook's pirate vessel is replaced by the Stars and Stripes. For the second time in our life we felt like hissing the American flag. The naturalization of this delightful but typically English story was utterly ludicrous and uncalled for.

And there is no better place than this to express our appreciation of the spirited rendition of "Oh, Baby" and "My Best Girl" by the New Pickwick grind organ as musical accompaniment to the picture. They fitted in so exceedingly well with the jazzy nature of the film!

* * *

Being one of those spasmodic individuals who eats, more or less, at Miss Cates' Cafeteria, during these rather drafty days, we have recently come to the conclusion that approximately 60% of her patrons were born and reared in some of North Carolina's best barns. All hail to the 23% who close the door behind them upon entering or leaving! (The other 17% have the door held open for them.)

* * *

In a recent issue of *Hearst's International* George Jean Nathan gives vent to another of his chronic tirades anent things in general, saying this time—in several hundred ways with several thousand words—that "Woman is a Plaything." We see where another writer says that man considers woman a plaything because he has not sense enough to recognize her serious nature or value it when he sees it. He wants only lightness and loving from her, and when he meets one with a somewhat balanced character, with a power of intellect and depth of feeling nearly equal, a nature that can be both gay and sober, he is repelled by her when she does not use the usual tricks and subterfuges, hiding her power to think and catering to his desire for frivolity.

We think it is rather dangerous, so far as truth and personal safety are concerned, to generalize about what woman is or what man considers her. But we should like to make this observation about Mr. Nathan's admittedly rehashed idea: Some women may be playthings, but there are some who have played merry hell with men who thought they were.

* * *

Appended to a pamphlet which we have just examined—"The Book of Revelation, What it teaches and Why this teaching"—and above the announcement of a list of pamphlets to be published, appears this statement: "Other publications soon to follow this Pamphlet and all of much interest to all those who are seeking the Truth and want to know God's will." Considering the author's clear and lucid explanation of the above named book of the Scriptures, we can heartily recommend this pamphlet to the reader.

We have noticed another by this same author entitled "What is Truth?" After reading the first one mentioned, we are quite sure you will feel the author capable of defining truth. These pamphlets are for sale by the Reverend W. T. Cutchin, of Chapel Hill, N. C.

You didn't know there was an oracle in our midst, did you? If you'll only look around, you may find others—some one of whom you may be able to use as a care-taker for your soul.

* * *

The latest bleat we have heard on the inferiority of modern civilization says that poetic speech is disappearing from our language. In his native land, India, so this writer says, poetic expression is still used. As an example of such speech he gives the manner in which he, a stranger in a large city of India, once asked direction to the house of a certain man. Neither streets nor houses were numbered. "Where," he asked of a chance pedestrian, "dwell the lotus-feet of the blessed Swami, whose holiness like the fragrance of flowers has called out souls like the bees?"—How he ever found the place he wanted from the answer to this flowery question we never could tell; but we do believe we have a match for his language, and, indeed, we think we can go him one better.

Have you ever read "The Balsam Groves of Grandfather Mountains"? According to himself "the writer was cradled in the loving arms of maternal toil in one of the first rude log cabins constructed in the morning and evening shadows of the beautiful mountains with which he has grown up in love, and every scene described is as familiar to him as were the blooming vines in which the humming birds nestled around the home of his childhood." This book has some passages which, we believe, would soothe the soul of this Hindu gentleman, and satisfy his craving for *poetic* speech.

Just to make our case stronger let us quote a few passages. In speaking of the mountains, "for millions of years the mountains had employed the rain and sunshine to decompose their stones into soil, that

they might be clothed with trees and crowned with laurels, that their underskirts might be tucked with ferns and galax; that rhododendrons might bloom upon their bosoms, and that rivers trickling from their feet might carry their music and poetry through smiling valleys to the great ocean: but now their devastation had begun."

Or this: "One summer evening, when wild flowers nodded by the dim road, and birds piped their melody through the trees, a little rider was borne along up the meanders of Elk by the soft and gentle tread of an ox. This animal was spotted all over with black and white spots of various shapes and sizes, as if the ladies had turfed him in colors. His large horns curled like a forked spiral as their points receded far apart; his eyes were like two liquid spheres, whose orbits lay toward the dainty bunches of wild herbs growing on the road-banks, which he reached for and drew into his mouth with his long-pointed tongue, while the blast from his nostrils waved the ferns and green leaves where he bit as the north wind bows the waving grass."

While we are considering this we wonder why the Charlotte *Observer* in its list of *North Carolina Firsts* failed to include this book as the first and last, the *one* and *only* of its kind in existence?

* * *

We quote the following masterpiece of North Carolina mediaevalism from the *Durham Morning Herald* of recent date:

A bill which would provide automatic divorces for all couples finding themselves without issue at the end of two years of married life, unless they could produce a certificate of impotency, will be introduced in the general assembly by Representative N. L. Broughton, of Wake, according to a statement issued by him today.

"I want us to get a far away from monkeyism as we can," he said. "The purpose of this bill will be to do away with poodle dogs, cats and monkeys. In this connection I wish to state that I shall heartily support the measure to prohibit the teaching of evolution in our public and other state-owned schools. I deny the right of any teacher to draw a salary from the state of North Carolina or any of its sub-divisions for teaching evolution to our young people. It is time to call a halt and I hope that if there are instances where evolution is being taught they will be brought to the attention of the general assembly."

We have sworn immoderately and laughed until exhausted at the above, and now we hang our head in shame to think that both we and the author of this Better Babies Bill live within hooting distance of the state capitol. Kindly page Confucius, another of the faithful has been found.

The bill mentioned is so ludicrous that we consider an enumerations of its vicious points and connotations as *infra dig.* We cannot refrain, however, from quoting, apropos of nothing, something which good Dick Steele wrote more than two centuries ago:

"I named Pythagoras just now; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men and could name several on two legs that never discover any sentiments above what is common with species of a lower kind. . . ."

* * *

RANDOM PRATTLE

"Jolly, jolly are the days
'Neath the elms of dear old Yale."

May old Eli's faculty orators ever flourish (and gesticulate) *'neath the elms of dear old Yale!*

* * *

Mr. J. E. Hawkins and Dr. J. H. Hawkins wish to announce that they are not related, either mentally, morally, or physically. For which fact mutual thank offerings are proffered to high heaven.

* * *

THE MAGAZINE sincerely regrets to announce that Brig. General Albert Jesse Bowley has removed his headquarters to the state of Georgia.

* * *

After exhaustive research, our valet has discovered that there are still three men on the campus who have stuck to their New Year's resolution to quit smoking. One of these, however, is rapidly weakening.

* * *

First it was "Three Weeks," then it was "Six Days," and now it is "His Hour." No doubt Elinor Glyn's next movie will be called "The Last Minute" or "The Split Second."

N. B.

We have it on good authority that several of the choice volumes of our library of the world's best informal literature, which were abstracted from our boudoir during the Christmas recess, were discovered in or near Russell Inn at the time of the recent conflagration. Will the gentleman who now has these volumes in his possession be so good as to return them to us or to Box 1088. We should be most grateful, since the books are not replaceable in the United States.

Violets

By Mary Calhoun Henley

Ebert sat on the side porch overlooking the garden. He could see his wife kneeling over the violet beds, her hands filled with the purple flowers. Now and then she carefully laid her gathered bunches in the little basket beside her. How carefully, he thought—as if they could feel a rougher touch. He remembered that always before their marriage she had chosen violets for her corsages.

Seven years ago, their marriage! It would be eight next month, in May. He smiled, thinking of that spring eight years before, when he and Margaret had met. She had been teaching thirty dingy, chattering youngsters in a North Side grammar school, while he was just beginning to be known as a special writer for the *Sun*. A feature story on the city school system had introduced them. Timidly—for a reporter—he had made advances and even more timidly she had responded, until one day, when they were on the river, he had kissed her. The odor of the violets at her belt returned to him with these other violets in the garden. He recalled the crushed heads of the flowers after she had drawn away from him.

Neither of them had experienced love, any sort of love, nor even much happiness, before. That alone was a bond between them. She had been reared in a city orphans' home, where she had been placed by a welfare worker, who had found the abandoned and unidentified baby in some tenement or other. An old aunt had given Ebert a begrudged home, with ceaseless reproach that his "shif'less pa" had left a helpless "young'un" on a poor hardworking woman. His only conception of his father and mother had been formed from a faded photograph in the plush album which adorned his Aunt's parlor table. It was of two young people with staring, scared faces and stiffly poised bodies, dressed in the fashion of forty years ago. On rare occasions he had been permitted to look at it, and, in a fit of generosity at his leaving, the old woman had given it to him.

His mind went over his career since then. He hadn't done so badly. The chief respected him, and most of his stuff was syndicated. The critics had been kind to the one novel which he had produced. His new one—the one which he had not yet finished—would be better. He felt the power of his theme. Now he owned all this, the curious, old house, with its high-ceiled rooms and heavy furniture, the lawn that stretched unevenly down to the gray-paved road, and the garden. In a few more years, with work, he would be high, high up.

He glanced at his wife's dark head bent over the green bushes. She was scrambling from her knees now and gathering up the violet-filled basket. The odor of the flowers grew faintly stronger as she came up the steps to his side.

"Lovely, aren't they?" She pressed the basket toward his face. "There are more this year than ever. I'm happy!"

He laughed. "You're always happy with violets, aren't you?"

"Oh, violets aren't quite *everything*," she returned, pausing at the open door. "By the way, I've something to show you after dinner."

He sat still, watching the delicate changes of the sky. The dark blue of the east was slowly engulfing the yellow sunset. The violet beds were dusky green, while the hedge beyond had purpled and the trees had acquired finely etched silhouettes. The odor of violets persisted. He dreamily confused their perfume with Margaret, the house, the garden, his present peace. After a while he arose from his chair and went into the house.

They sat before the fire—April nights were still chilly in spite of the violets on the low table between them. Margaret was sewing on some piece of her never-ending linen and his eyes idly followed her moving fingers.

"Didn't you say you had something to show me?"

"Oh, yes, I'd almost forgotten." She put down the linen and went to the table at the side of the room. "It's something I found today in my little old trunk. I cleaned the attic this morning," she explained.

She laid an oblong photograph in his hands. "My father and mother."

He stared at the faded portrait of two young people with staring, scared faces and stiffly poised bodies, dressed in the fashion of forty years ago.

"Why, it's—" He looked up quickly. "Where did you get it?"

"I told you—in my little trunk. The people at the home found it lying by me in that—tenement." She turned it over for him. "See what it says."

He read the shaky scrawl on the back: "Please take care of our little child."

"Do you know," she went on. "I never saw even the picture of my parents until I was eighteen."

"My parents"—The words throbbed in his head. He spoke through dry lips.

"Are you—could you be sure they're your parents? The—the writing may not prove it absolutely."

"Yes, the superintendent herself said that there might be some doubt if I had not looked so much like the woman—my mother."

He steadied his voice with an effort. "I—I believe it is like you," he said finally. His voice sounded flat in his ears.

"Do you think so, too? I'm glad."

She laid her hand on his shoulder and he held himself rigid under it. Quickly, he must think of some way to end the little scene and to keep the picture. Raising his head, he twisted his face into a smile.

"Will you let me have it—to remind me?"

"Surely, if you really want it. You have several of me already, you know."

"Yes, but I'd like this, too."

"Foolish!" But he felt her fingers brush through his hair.

He thrust the picture into the pocket inside his coat. Margaret was already picking up her sewing and he went toward the long rows of books at the end of the room. Any excuse not to talk. Aimlessly he took a book from the shelves and returned to his chair. It was a small, leather-bound copy of Tennyson's *Maude*. He opened the gilt-edged pages at random.

"From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets—."

A mist swung over the page. A tight band seemed drawn around his forehead, a numbing pain above his eyes. He sat there, unconscious of time, mercifully unable to think. Margaret's voice aroused him. She had risen.

"You must be thinking hard—or asleep. You've hardly moved for an hour. I think I shall go to bed."

He managed to look at her as she folded her sewing and opened the door.

"Don't sit up all night. You're looking pale now."

"I won't," he promised. "Good-night."

He did not move at once after she had gone. A sputter of gas in the coals stirred him from his daze. He drew the photograph from his pocket and looked at it again. Some foolish dreadful mistake! They couldn't be her parents. Perhaps some more distant relatives—there was the mute testimony of the legend, "Our little child." *But the woman's face held the likeness of Margaret.* It was strange he hadn't noticed it before.—Probably the photographs were not as like as he thought. A chance resemblance—but he knew that it was not. Nevertheless, he looked for the little packet at the back of his desk and held the portraits together under the light. The same man, the same woman, copies from the same negative. They were identical, save that the one from the desk bore the inscription: "John and Mary Ebert, December 2, 1880."

God! What now? Ebert had a sudden, childish impulse to pinch himself out of the nightmare. It was too impossible, too cruel for reality. What devil was possessing his mind? A delusion, surely, to vanish in a few moments.

He shook himself free from the fancy. He had to think clearly. There couldn't be any fudging on himself now. He walked to the window and flung it open. The chill spring air brushed the heat from his face and fanned his numbed senses into feeling. His brain worked slowly at his problem.

His first definite thought was of concealment. He turned from the window and glanced at the still glowing fire. No one knew, none but he. A few movements, and the only evidence would be gone. His world would be back where it was before dinner, when he had sat on the porch. Even he could prove nothing then. He could work, write, with a future before him. Their happiness would continue. Surely, they had a right to that. His mind clung to the idea, desperately thrusting away the miserable thought which crept irresistibly after.

Happiness! with that secret forever haunting him! His every glance at her reminding him! What if they should have children, a son with that inheritance? A spasm of revulsion swept him. Trembling, he leaned against the window.

He thought of the woman upstairs. To tell her? He could picture her first incredulous expression, then the shrinking of all her sensitive body when he laid before her the evidence of their crime. Crime! He himself shrank before the word, but he drew himself together. She, a criminal, withered under the curious, malicious eye of the world! They had been too happy, something the world never forgives. Margaret pilloried by every newspaper of the country! Her face—and his—on the front pages! He would scarcely recover his professional position, and what ghastly fate would await her? He clutched at the window ledge with whitened knuckles. Not that, whatever the cost to himself, not that!

He began wandering nervously about the room, fingering books and papers, setting them back in place. His fingers were tense, his whole body ached. In a peculiar exhaustion he dropped into the chair before the fire, his hands twisted in his hair. A sweet cloying smell filled his nostrils, closed in around him. The

heavy air weighed upon his brow. He felt as if he were being smothered, choked. Those damned violets! He lifted them from the table and flung them, bowl and all, into the fire. The water sputtered from the broken glass, and the purple flowers curled up, brown threads writhing in the red coals.

The action seemed to calm him. He sat again in the window and leaned his head against the sill, looking out for a long time across the dim garden. The breeze ruffled the damp hair on his forehead. One sure way out! He was thinking of death with a sudden thankfulness. Living, they would lose each other. If he went out, they held each other forever. She would suffer, but time would ease her pain. He was thankful for time, too. A whiff of the damp perfume of violets in the garden cut into his thoughts. He breathed it deeply, with closed eyes, then turned toward the room. The photographs lay where he had left them, under the light. He carried them to the hearth and laid them side by side in the grate. They flared and he watched them turn to thin, fluttering ash. Then he opened the door quietly.

In a few minutes he returned with a small vial in his hand. He mechanically lifted it between his eyes and the light and squinted through the translucent liquid, his fingers on the stopper. As he lowered it, his eyes fell upon a single violet lying on the rug. Setting the vial on the mantel, he slowly, almost painfully, stooped toward the flower, then leaned against the mantel, twirling the thin, green stem between finger and thumb.

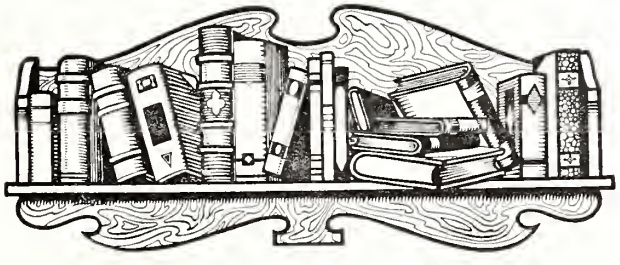
He had better not delay, he thought, or his courage would be gone. He wondered what sort of conjectures people would make, gossiping the next day. His chief, the boys—what would they think of him? It would look like an accident, perhaps, but there would still be talk. If this had only come earlier, when the world had not held so much for him. He glanced involuntarily at the pile of manuscript which was his unfinished book, his half-born child. He had had so much to say in this one, even more than in his first. And it would go unsaid. Then there were his friends, his home, his books, his—but he dared think no further.

Really, he might be taking too much for granted. "Our little child." Someone, anyone, might have found the photograph in some waste-heap and used it for the message. Margaret's resemblance could be accidental. The likeness was probably not as great as he had imagined in his first fear. He remembered that in the early days of their life together he had tried to trace a resemblance to her in every attractive woman he met. Was he to destroy their happiness for a mere fancy?

She couldn't be—his sister. He wouldn't have loved her so. They would have known, somehow. Something beyond his will was leading his thoughts on, now. What if she were—though she couldn't be? What difference could it make—if he went on? Children? He shrugged. Hardly likely, after eight years,—and what better mother could he choose for them, if they came?

He had been unconsciously tearing the violet petals and crushing them until his forefinger and thumb were stained with the purple. When the last petal was gone, he snapped the stem and it fell from his fingers to the floor. He laughed aloud, harshly. Suicide! Fool! What sort of juvenile heroics had he been about?

With a quick movement he dashed the vial, unopened, into the coals. His hand reached for the electric button and he made his way in darkness to the door. The stairs creaked heavily under his weight as he mounted toward their room.



Red-Blooded Fiction Dissected

By A. K. King

Is the setting in "God's country"? That is enough to classify it. "God's country" is almost any place in which our stereotyped disciples of passion and gore wish to lay their foundation for a series of monotonous gyrations. "Out where the West begins," colored usually with purple sage, rugged canyons, mysterious hidden mines, baronial ranches, secluded fertile valleys, and barren stretches of sand and cactus, "out in the great open spaces where men are men" is the favorite setting. Alas! the purple sage is grey; the rugged canyons are used for Sunday school picnics; the baronial ranches are adobe huts long since inhabited by owls, snakes, and tarantulas; and the secluded valleys are filled with modern homes. Let us be thankful for one exception, the cactus and the sand, though Burbank is fast breeding the spines off the cactus.

Another variety of these heetic romances is cast "above fifty-three on the rim of civilization" in the land of the mid-night sun and the aurora borealis, where the struggle against nature is hard and men become beasts in the solitude of the snowbound wastes; where gold and caribou, mounted policemen and villainous halfbreeds, lonely eabins and wide-open towns abound. Then romances of the sea or amphibious romances of both land and sea interspersed with hell hole fo' castles, Captain Kidd's treasure, or perhaps Chinese pearls, mutiny, shipwrecks, and beautiful islands second only to the Garden of Eden, furnish ideal scenes for these outbursts of blood and thunder.

But the so-ealled western novel is by far the most popular variety of red-blooded fiction. Since this is true, let us consider only those stories which portray our western country in such a bombastie manner, not forgetting at the same time that the difference between them and other red-blooded stories is only one of setting. Sueh authors as Zane Grey with his grandiloquent style, Wright with his flat preacher complex, W. McLeod Raine and B. M. Bowers without either style or complex, grind out by the ream this stuff to drug the popular mind. Grey seems to typify the whole school, or rather conglomeration; so a glimpse at his mode—he has only one—is sufficient.

The hero of our tale must be a young giant of prodigious strength, abundant vitality, rippling muscles as tough as tungsten steel, and as handsome as Adonis. His steel blue eyes—I have long admired the eyes of these phenomenal young men—his eyes must have all the characteristics of the old changeable color neckties, capable of responding with a different intensity to every surge of noble passion in all the category of human emotions, except fear. He knows no fear. There is no one in all the country who is as quick on the draw, as proficient with the lariat, or who ean sit a bronc with the same indomitable courage as he. And, if you please, he acquires all these admirable traits in a comparatively short time, for he is usually a graduate of some eastern college and, incidentally, an all-American football player of traditional fame. Various tricks, such as bad health, ill fortune and misplaced affections, are used to lure him to "God's Country." His debut is characterised by a thrilling rescue of the heroine from some perilous fate. "What a man!" is the comment.

But these heroines—what are they like? Well to begin with, they are always beautiful; one can depend on that. Nut brown maidens with dark hair and passionate black eyes inherited from some Spanish ancestor of old Castile, or "the pure Castilean beauty of her mother blended with the energy of her Anglo-Saxon father" are stock descriptions. She is the queen and lady bountiful of the plains, a superb rider and unerring marksman, coveted by many villains, the idol of her aged dad, worshipped by the cowboys, and a goddess in the eyes of the hero. Having been East to school for a few years she is a woman of intelligence, and is occasionally sought by some visiting scion of the four-hundred who serves as the butt of innumerable witticisms of the cowboys.

Villains are always indispensable to the well finished product, and since one or more has to be killed, there must be a copious supply. These are not ordinary villains, but dark, stocky built men with long arms and enormous necks, who will use any means to attain their ends. Desperate they are to the *nth* degree. There is always a chief who is just a little more unscrupulous and villainous than any of the rest. He is the brute that abduets the heroine. But, on the whole, I always feel sorry for these poor villains. They are foreordained, predestined, doomed to die in order to satisfy the savage appetite of blood thirsty readers.

Of course there are always minor characters. The solemn, sinuous, brooding, mysterious Indian, who has returned to his native haunts to mourn the decadence of his race after receiving a white man's education, is a necessary requisite. Mexican peons, va-

queros, cowboys, eastern visitors, relatives of the heroine, the old grizzly hunters, trappers, and gunmen of bygone days all contribute to the casualties in both love and feuds of blood. The mysterious masked rider who ventures forth, according to dire rumor, leaving death and destruction in his wake, furnishes the sinister air.

All of these are brought together in action! action! action! The story must open with a shot and close with a kiss. There you have the formula. Shots and kisses, blood and passion, combined in a series of hairbreadth escapes, misunderstandings, and suspenses which thrill the hearts of rationalizing, identifying Americans from adolescence to the grave.

The author continually reminds the reader that something is about to happen. The characters to be true to type must have an uncanny intuition and a perpetual foreboding of impending struggle and calamity. It is this wonderful intuition which leads the hero to arrive just in time for the several thrilling rescues. One marvels at the versatility with which the same scene may be manipulated over and over again. There must always be several hand-to-hand conflicts between the hero and the villains in which the hero, thanks to his old football tactics, emerges gory yet victorious, while the reader exults over the prostrate bodies of the foiled villains. A regular battle between the honest ranchers and thieving villains is always stimulating after a few chapters in which only one or two persons have been killed per page. It is often necessary, much to our sorrow, to wound a few of the good ranchers, but it is consoling to know that our hero never gets killed. Good men, it seems, are always quicker on the draw than bad men, although the bad ones are supposed to be professionals. In reality they are never anything more than professional stimulators, leaving the role of professional killer to the so-called good men. After the final battle with the villains, when they have all been exterminated—poor fellows, they are seldom allowed to reform—dad is reconciled to the fact that our hero is a man. Or, if it becomes necessary to kill poor old dad off at the last, he commits his "little gal" to the care of our hero with a final sigh of relief.

The most sought for scene of all occurs along about page 378, after the minor characters have all been allotted their generous reward by the author. Hero and heroine are silhouetted against the skyline under a romantic moon. Perhaps they are riding a pair of those "high crested" horses that one hears so much about. He turns and faces her and this "dashing queen of the rolling prairies suddenly drops her eyes with a surrendering look of reticent, coy joyousness" which is followed by a gentle embrace and betrothal kiss which draws wistful sighs from many sixteen year old damsels as well as bank presidents and office boys. We are told that they live happily ever after in the noble and aristocratic profession of cattle raising.

When it is finished, what has been accomplished? A thrill, perhaps. But what effect do these fanciful episodes of blood and passion have on the discriminating reader? At once one begins to wonder why people persist in reading the same stale matter over and over again. In effect each author has his pet scenes catalogued, and all he has to do when he has finished one book is to rename the characters, shuffle the cards, and begin all over again. Simple? Yes, each book is simplicity itself, and not only that, but melodrama in its most elemental array, sentimentalism in its cheapest form, and gore in its most liquid state. As each of these books is stamped off the press it is devoured hot by an avid population of "thrill chasers." Hired reviewers flood the country with puff circumstantials heralding it as the masterpiece of the age; usually it is a masterpiece of "bunk."

The authors, however, should not be censured too greatly for their productions. The fact that they are not capable of producing any better grade of literature is more or less deplorable, but the public would not absorb it so readily if they were. There is a demand for these "canned" thrills, and the successful author is paid well; so who can blame them for furnishing this ludicrous corrollary to modern civilization? Everything else, with the exception of brains, is produced on a quantity scale. With the supply of brains remaining constant and the quantity of everything else increasing it is perfectly natural that the demand for thrills should have increased, especially when the struggle for survival no longer offers the elemental thrills. Canned foods now furnish us the nourishment which our ancestors struggled for; jazz records furnish us the music that they laboriously pounded from the tom tom; in the same manner moving pictures and "red-blooded" fiction are furnishing us the thrills they experienced of necessity in the dim, dead past.

Of course, we dislike the thought that one of the big functions of the printing press today is to assist in the satisfaction of these baser instincts of man. Have we, in educating the public, taught people simply to read and not to discriminate between the coarser and finer characteristics of human nature? Or is all this a desire to escape thought and identify ourselves with those experiences which are denied us? It is much less difficult for most people to bury their minds in the elemental thrills and emotions provided in a best seller of the fighting type than to submit to the more strict discipline of thought. People are naturally attracted by sudden changes and sharp contrasts, and nothing could be more sudden or contrast-

ing than swift changes from love to fighting and conquering and all the numerous thwartings and obstacles presented in some of these books. The very fact that their popularity is ephemeral and that they are seldom read a second time shows that it is variety which is desired, even if it is the same old book with a new name. It is doubtful if the public can be educated away from this type of fiction soon, for the more they are denounced and ridiculed the more they are read through pure curiosity. Human nature is still elemental and atavistic to the extent that we desire to identify ourselves with the situations that modern civilization has robbed us of.

Folk Songs of The American Negro

By Lucy Lay

We who have so often been lulled to rest by our mammies' quavering voices have seldom realized the value of the quaint and charming lullabies they sang. We have almost overlooked the fact that these folk songs are the greatest gift which the African race has contributed to our America. Song has always been an outstanding characteristic of the negro, from the savage of the jungles to the negro of today.

The first slaves were brought to America in 1619, before the Pilgrims landed. These broken-hearted strangers, through their bitter sorrows, comforted their souls with songs. They developed their primitive tribal melodies in their new environment and laid the foundation of the rich and varied folk lore of today.

Song was to the negro the sole means of expressing his emotions and feelings, and he has made splendid use of this unique means. We may more easily understand him from a careful study of his songs, for they portray his character to perfection. We may form the truest judgment of his character and disposition from them, for they are songs which are intimately connected with the singer's work and his play, his joy and his sorrow; and they are his expressions of things temporal and spiritual. With song, he has covered his life, evoking joy, beauty, and hope from within himself.

The negro folk songs cover such a wide range of feeling that one scarcely knows where to start. One finds soothing lullabies crooned by a loving mother to her baby, vital, martial work songs, catchy corn-shucking and cotton-picking songs, love songs, and, lastly, those which have proved most beautiful and worthwhile—the spirituals.

The cotton and corn harvesting melodies constitute a class most interesting to many. For, as Carlyle has written, "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer." In many cases a man with a good voice was paid to lead the negroes in singing at their work on the plantations, simply because they did their work more skillfully and because they were kept in the best of humor. Most of these work songs are simply spontaneous lines characterizing an impulsive overflow of high spirits, and are full of local allusions. They moulded monotonous toil into a form of rhythmic life.

While the working-songs are practically all the reflection of a happy life of toil, the spirituals, which have been judged the most musical, are permeated with a strain of suggestive sadness. But these, curiously enough, never seem to convey a spirit of revolt or hopeless despair. At moments, even in the most despairing of them, there floats out a triumphant note as if the veil of darkness suddenly had been lifted and some fair world beyond had revealed itself. One of these inspirational moments is readily to be perceived in the following song, the first line of which is sung in recitative style, while the other lines, serving as a refrain and repeated several times, convey the mood characteristic of the plantation negro, the momentary drifting from sadness to joy:

Nobody knows who I am, who I will be till de comin' day;
O de Heav'n bells ringin',
De sing-sol singin',
Heav'n bells a-ringin' in mah soul.

In a general way, we know how they were produced. Most were slowly and painfully put together at religious meetings. One person sang a phrase and other voices joined in the answer, and thus a new song was worked out, composed by many. This was generally the case; so we are not able to attribute one song to an author.

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which is one of the best-loved of the spirituals originated in the soul of an old negro, Sarah Sheppard. Almost crazed by the thought of being separated from her baby, who had been sold to a new master, she was hurrying to a river to drown herself. An old mammy stopped

her and spoke earnestly: "Don't you do it, honey; don't you do it. Jest you wait and let de chariot of the Lord swing low." The words had such an effect on her that she gave up her design; but with those words she comforted herself, and the song grew in her heart and passed to others, until it reached its final state.

The origin of "Steal Away to Jesus," another spiritual, is also very interesting. A band of slaves who had been in the habit of going across the river from their plantation for services at a mission, were told by their master for several reasons not to go. He feared that the missionary might try to induce them to run away. But the slaves could not forget the gracious words of the missionary, and they decided that they would go in secret—that they would steal away to Jesus, as one expressed it. And so the song began. Whenever there was to be a service, the negroes would chant softly at their work about sunset, "Steal Away to Jesus." At night, when all was still, they crept from their cabins to the river, and rowed swiftly across, singing as they went, so that the missionary would know of their approach, and then on the other side they would lift their voices and sing from the depths of their hearts:

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul;
I ain't got long to stay here.

By these two examples we see that there was gloom as well as sunshine in the life of the slaves, and so we have songs that are grave as well as gay. Their most important and noteworthy characteristic is one which cannot be put on paper—the musical manner in which they are sung by their creators and their descendants is inimitable.

In a study of the hundreds of folk songs, we notice that the finest ones are the fruits of suffering undergone and the hope of deliverance from bondage at death. We also notice that there is practically no middle ground; they express the two extremes of emotion, joy and sorrow. We are made to realize that they are the expressions of the true life of a people.

About eighteen hundred and fifty, when these songs were first noticed to a large extent, they began to exert an influence on American popular music which has continued to this day.

At first this influence showed itself in the songs which were written for the popular minstrels of that time. The writers employed their rhythm, keys, and dialect, to produce many catchy songs. The most notable and important of these productions is Dixie which was written for the Emmett Troup. From that time on, the folk songs influenced our popular songs and many have claimed that these gave the vital stimulus to the ragtime of today.

Stephen Foster, of Kentucky, who has been called the American Song Writer, took these melodies and derived from them many appealing melodies such as "Old Black Joe," and "My Old Kentucky Home." He used the melodies as models rather than as material from which to take ideas, in them we do not find parts of the originals; they are songs which embody the spirit of the negroes rather than songs which are exactly like them in all respects.

Among the many composers who have used the folk songs as material for music of great artistic worth Antonin Dvorak ranks highest. The famous Bohemian composer, while he was making a visit to America, heard some of these songs and decided to write a symphony to show to the world their untold importance as themes for musicians. He gave his production, "The New World Symphony," to the world shortly afterwards, explaining how he had drawn his themes straight from the music of the southern plantation negroes. At that time he wrote: "I have been led to believe that these melodies are the most musical and beautiful songs to be found this side of the water, by the fact that most Americans unconsciously express the same belief. What songs would stop an American when he was in a foreign land? They are few, but the most potent and beautiful of them are the so-called plantation melodies."

It is fitting also to mention here Samuel Coleridge Taylor; though not of American birth, he is of African descent and has shown himself most interested in the development of compositions from these songs as themes. He has taken many negro melodies and evolved from them charming compositions. His piano transcriptions of "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," and "Steal Away to Jesus," are really gems of their class.

But of the large number of composers who have worked on Dvorak's theory, the one in which we are most interested is an American negro, Henry T. Burleigh. As a small boy he was so much interested in music that he once became very ill with pneumonia, because of exposure, when he stood knee-deep in the snow outside of a house where there was a concert. This fact brought him to the attention of several people who immediately set about giving the boy the music he craved without endangering his life. He was given a scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music in New York, and it was there the friendship between the young colored man and Antonin Dvorak was formed, Dvorak being musical director of the Conservatory. It was Burleigh's singing of the old Negro melodies which gave to Dvorak that contact with Negro folk-music which formed the background

for the themes of his own creating in the New World Symphony. As a concert singer he always used some of the folk songs and looked upon them as living proof of the triumph of the spirit of the negro over oppression and humiliation. He has transcribed many of the old melodies and composed new ones, of great artistic worth.

The most important value of the songs is the fact that they are true folk songs and as nearly as it is possible for any to be so, they are American folk-songs. Dr. Henry E. Krehbiel, one of our most eminent musical critics, is a strong supporter of this theory. He writes: "Is it not the merest quibble to say that these songs are not American? They were created in America under American influences and by people who are Americans in the same sense that any other element of our population is—every element except the aboriginal element. And science seems to have answered that even the red men do not constitute an aboriginal element. The 10,000,000 negroes in the United States are native-born, and speak the language of American folk songs. The songs are folk songs in the truest sense; that is, they are songs of a folk, created by a folk, giving voice to the emotional life of a folk; for which life America is responsible."

Musicians have never been so conscious as now of the value of folk song elements. Music is seeking new vehicles of expression and is seeking them where they are most sure to be found, in the field of the negro folk songs. This field of ours is most fertile and should be cultivated more extensively. There is no doubt that America has proved to be the gainer musically from the unfortunate people first brought to this our country as slaves.

Contrition

Strange that years cannot efface
  The memory of that gamin face,
The face that lighted at the bough
  I bore within my arms. E'en now
I see the hungry lingering gaze
  That haunted me for days and days
When I remembered how I passed,
  And merely smiled and hurried fast.

If ever kindness I have wrought
  By deed that followed kindly thought,
I would my soul could let thee know
  'Tis expiation that I owe,
To thee, condemned to squalor's doom,
  Who loved my bough of Poinciana bloom.

And yet, more truly thou than I
  May happy be, tho' thou should'st die
'Midst graceless walls, from gardens far
  'Neath skies obscured, where shines no star;
For thou didst see and love my tree—
  Thy wish I knew, but gave not thee.

—M. E. V.

Opportunities in the Field of Railroad Transportation

Transportation Related to Business

By Professor T. L. Kibler*

The School of Commerce now offers two courses in railroad transportation, viz., a general course covering the development, service, and administration of railroads in the United States; and a more practical course in traffic problems, the latter involving the interpretation of classifications and tariffs, packing, routing, tracing, claims, procedure before the commission, etc. A new course on railroads and public utilities is being given during the current term. Special attention will be devoted in this course to the problems of administration and regulation.

The three courses now available, together with closely related courses in the School of Commerce, offer a full background for a student contemplating work in the following fields: Traffic management, business administration, accounting, and law.

If the student is interested in the traffic field, opportunity may be found with the railroads, public utilities, federal and state railway and utilities' commissions, chambers of commerce or other trade bodies, and large industries. Shipping rules and regulations as well as the laws setting forth the rights and obligations of shipper and carrier and their interpretation by commissions and courts, are technical. These rules and laws require expert knowledge on the part of the shipper if he would avail himself of all his privileges. The expert traffic man knows the laws and possesses technical knowledge of classifications and tariffs. These qualifications are necessary to the ascertainment of the best route and lowest rate that apply; to the preparation of claims on accounts of overcharge, misrouting, overbilling, etc.; to the interpretation of tariffs, classifications, and the decisions of the commissions and the courts; to supply information to the marketing department as to comparative transportation costs of competing industries; to prepare petitions calling for more equitable rate and service adjustments and present them before the proper governmental authorities; and, in short, to organize and administer efficiently the shipping department of an industry or a common carrier. There is an opening for such a man with the industries, the railroads, and the government.

The business man should likewise understand the broad principles of transportation as they affect the policy of his concern. He cannot intelligently go ahead with his manufacturing plans or his purchase and sale of stock unless he can understand the limitations and advantages growing out of his transportation situation. Transportation of the raw and finished product is an expense of production just as truly as are wages and interest. The margin of advantage or disadvantage growing out of comparative rates paid by competitors may be determinative of the location and successful operation of a manufacturing or trading enterprise. It is fundamental, therefore, that the business executive be well grounded in the principles of transportation.

In the more highly specialized field of business finance, the executive is severely handicapped if he lacks knowledge of railroad economics. There are over $40,000,000,000 of railroad and public utility securities outstanding in the United States. Eleven million savings bank depositors depend in very considerable measure for the security of their deposits upon the investment of savings banks in railroad securities, to say nothing concerning the resort to such investments on the part of commercial banks and trust companies, investment houses, industrial and commercial enterprises of all sorts, and the individual. Furthermore, railroading financing is unique in that it deals with a set of circumstances and conditions in marked contrast to those applying to other business undertakings. The peculiar nature of the business, involving an abnormally high ratio of invariable to variable expenses; the relatively high prevailing operating ratio as compared with the industrial concern; the relation of the government in its control of securities, earnings, rates, services; the essential militations upon foreclosure in the event of default—all have a very intimate bearing upon the soundness of railroad securities from the standpoint of the investor. The

* This is the third of a series of articles dealing with the opportunities offered by various professions, written by the several Deans for the Bureau of Vocational Information.

student contemplating any phase of business finance is not well grounded until he has made a careful study of railroad economics.

The field of accounting is very materially broadened for the student who coördinates his work in this subject with that in transportation and related fields. The Interstate Commerce Commission has evolved a system of uniform accounts for all interstate railroads in the United States. Acceptance of this system is mandatory upon the railroads; and, indeed, practically all the state commissions have adopted the uniform system—with slight modification in some cases—and now apply it to all intrastate railroads and to many other public utilities. This uniformity of practice throughout the country offers unlimited opportunities to the railroad accountant either with federal or state commissions or with railroads and other public utilities. With the development of student interest in transportation, it may be presumed that courses will be offered designed especially to qualify men for such work.

If space permitted, the subject of transportation might be intimately related to almost every business enterprise and to many of the professions. Whenever it figures as a cost affecting competitive relations, it should be the object of scientific study. Foreign and domestic commerce, marketing, farming, stock-raising, lumbering, and manufacturing, must all figure on transportation costs, rates, services, claims, etc. The lawyer, familiar with railroad economics and legislation and the decisions of the duly constituted bodies, has an unlimited opportunity for service either for the railroads, the government or the shipper. The student interested in engineering, insurance, labor problems, political science (in which the government has established its most active contact with business) will readily establish his contacts in the study of transportation. It may be concluded, in short, that knowledge of this field not only qualifies the college man for a vital profession closely associated with the development of his community and state, but it also supplies him with a background that enables him to function more efficiently as a business executive and, in the larger sense, as a citizen competent to analyze and pass intelligently upon measures proposed by federal and state governments for the regulation of our transportation agencies and the promotion of our material progress.

Winter's Fairies

The downy forms to rest descend,
Like petals from the shivering flow'rs
  That bloom from sun to sun;
And gliding through the lotus-breath
That Night diffuses round the Earth
  They slumber, one by one.

Alike on tile and roof of thatch
The lily-phantoms soft repose—
  Demeter's kindly veil
For blots that mar her canvas vast;
For beauty in whose gorgeous sheen
  Mere human eyes should quail.

Congealèd tones from angel harps,
In sweeping, swirling harmony—
  Old Nature's masterpiece.
The Earth turns on in tune with Time,
Enwrapt in dreamless sleep beneath
  The fluffy, crystal fleece.

—A. R. W.

Nightmare Experience by the Author

In a Small Hotel in 34th Street New York City, Between Three and Four A. M. on a Thursday Morning in May After Having Seen Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound" The Previous Evening

Fog. Cold, clammy, congealed. The smug, self-satisfied swish of cynical waters. Lapping, lapping. Will it never cease, this lapping, this pounding, this dry-bone rattling? My teeth clatter, my head is splitting. And the flies bother me. Flies, what are flies? What are they doing in this fog? I detest flies, I loathe fog. Why won't they leave me alone? I want to be let alone. I have something to think out. I must think. I must. But my brain, it will not work. Oh, can't you see, I *must* think. I have something—What is the matter with me? Where are my feet? This pounding, the fog. That's it, the fog. The fog won't let me think. My brain is fog, I am all fog. I am a part of this Great Blackness.

But the bell. It keeps on ringing. It sounds like, it sounds like— What does it sound like? Like a church bell—tolling. Beautiful, isn't it? It hasn't been very long since I was in a church. I was praying in a church not so very long ago. *See,* I am beginning to think. The fog is clearing a little. I am beginning to see. There are my feet. Down there on the deck, aren't they? But why should it be a deck? This must be a ship, then. Yes, it is a ship, and I am in the saloon. Rugs and mahogany and gently swinging lamps. It is a lovely ship. It—but why am I on a ship? Really, now, why am I? Am I dreaming? "Life is a dream and even dreams themselves are dreams." Who said that? The chaos in my head has given way to circles. Circles that whirl and whirl and funny sayings that chase one another. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Am I mad? No, I'm all right, everything is all right. I am angry, a little. But I mustn't be. It isn't anybody's fault, really. I was born on Friday. I must think now, just think. But—I can't remember where I'm going. I'll go on deck and ask somebody, the steward perhaps. No, he'd think I was crazy. I must think.

I wonder if that is where we are going, that picture over the table. Green fields and charming old men and beautiful ladies in white. They look like angels. They are angels—I think. I'm going to take a turn above. My head feels queer again.

It's eery out here, all dark except for that curious radiance everywhere. There aren't any stars above and nothing of water save the sound. But we are moving. I feel it. It's odd that I don't see anybody. I'll keep going. I'll go to the bridge. My God! There—there isn't any bridge. There's no starboard light and—there's no port light. There aren't *any* lights. Oh, there must be somebody, somewhere. I'll keep going—going. I must.

What ho, the saloon again. Have I been all over the boat? God, yes! and—there isn't—a soul—on board—except myself. Not a sign, not a trace. Wait! A sound. Footsteps. The companion door is opening. Who—? Joek! You— Thank God. But you're all wet, doggie, and cold. Your tail doesn't wag. Aren't you glad to see me, boy? You've been in the water, the mad, black water. That's it, the mad, black water—that tells no secrets. I'm beginning to remember now! Last night, tonight it was—after we left Joan—on the dock—you and I—the world was through with us—and the mad, black water was the easiest way. We're dead, Joek! That's what we are—Dead! God in heaven!

Don't whine, boy, it's all over now. We're all right. We're rid of the world and its smallness. We're part of the infinite now. But where is Joan? Didn't she come with us, Joek? Joan, *Joan,* where are you, sweetheart? Oh, they can't separate us now. They *can't.* I love you too much.

Joek, she isn't here. She isn't here, is she?

My head is swimming again. We can't ever go on without her, can we, Joek? No, we—the fog is closing in again. Where are you, Jock? Don't leave me! Joek!—Gone! The ship, the lights, everything is gone. I've lost my feet. The bell is ringing again. The flies, the pounding, the lapping of water. I am the Great Blackness once more.

A strange warmth is suffusing me. I am beginning to feel. My wrists are tingling. I am lying on something which is hard, and cold. A heavy weight is crushing me and lifting me with monotonous regularity. My eyelids flutter open. The sky, the moon, stars! Faces. One sweet face bending over me. I can scarcely speak.

Joan, is it you, darling? And I am—where? Alive? Not dead? Not at the bottom of the river? Not to leave you again—ever? I think God does have a heart after all!

Convention

I saw sorrow in her laughter
And laughter in her tears,
And all the strength of memory
Came flooding back the years
I have not lived.

I see pleasure in my laughter
And sorrow in my tears,
And all the weight of conseienee
Comes erushing me with fears
That I shall die.

A babe, hopeless in my yearning
And bound from crown to toe
In staid convention's shaekles—
That I shall never know
The heart of man.

—C. B. M.

Cognoscence

I got drunk onee
With Caruso.
Another time I oiled
Myself before going
Over Niagara
In a barrel.

Three ladies
Of the Folies Bergere
Tanked up on ehampagne
With me.

I mixed wine
With Scoteh
One night in Italy.
In Zululand
Mumbolina
Swapped drinks with me.

I was high as a goat
Three days and nights
In Charlottesville.

In a San Franeisco dive
They robbed me
While I was tight—
Tight as a coot.

I was intoxicated
One night last summer
With a girl's father,
(I hope he was her father.)

In fact, I've been drunk
Almost everywhere,
On almost everything—
Vodka, corn, vermouth—
And with almost everybody.
It's funny I ain't satisfied.

Oh, Sing Unto the Lord a New Song!

By Naomi Alexander

This was the ehureh and that was the steeple; open the door, but where were the people? They were out playing golf in an attempt to reeuperate from the six working days just over; they were out automobiling and picnieing in the eountry; they were perambulating their off-spring in the park; and they were working in their gardens.

Yet the pews were fairly well filled. A few bank direetors, physieians, merehants, offiee managers, trained nurses, private seeretaries, mothers, lovely young daughters, and even stenographers were there. Why were they, too, not enjoying themselves with the rest of the populaee? Simply beeause with them eustom still prevailed.

The preaeher was struggling over "doubting Thomas," eontinually reiterating Thomas' assertion, "Exeept I shall see in his hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe."

The eongregation sat there fidgeting, eonstantly fingering something, straightening a tie here and a hat there. Their faees were expressionless; no hope, no faith, no great resolve depieted on them. Their minds were vainly trying to reeeive the proffered sermon.

The preaeher was wasting his opportunity; he was not giving them anything that would keep them from following the other prodigals. He was harping on "doubting Thomas," when all the world is torn by doubt; in speaking of the wounds of Christ he was relegating him to the age of erueifixion, and the world has been erueified enough.

I was one of the stenographers present. It was not hard for me to listen to what he was saying, as I am used to being dietated to. I know that I am narrow minded and all that, and that I really have no experienee, exeept what I have gained by traveling on a typewriter. But I did want to get in the pulpit and give that eongregation the right address. I wanted to tell them that the wounds of Jesus Christ had healed long ago, and that he is now fully able to lead any people to a wonderful and glorious aehievement. I wanted to tell those men that dictate to me during the six days of the week, and those girls that have never notieed me, and those mothers that do not know that I exist, I wanted to tell them that they were endowed with speeial gifts, and that nothing would please God any more than seeing them use them.

The preaeher now began to pray, "Oh Lord, we know we are blaek with sin, and too engrossed in the world. Oh Lord, please help us to live apart." His prayer sounded like long dead sentenees out of a short-hand book.

I eould hardly eontain myself. Although taking dietation is my business, I disliked hearing the preaeher dietate to the Lord like that. I eould see the angel at the dietaphone in heaven, typewriting it off, and I felt very bad over a prayer like that being preserved forever in the files of heaven. Oh, for a ehanee to have put in a word right then! I wanted to tell the Lord for the eongregation that we are glad to be here and thank him for making us. I wanted to tell him that we know the world is not exaetly what it ought to be, but we intend, with him baeking us, to roll up our sleeves, get down into the thiekest of it, and make things different. Then I wanted to end my prayer with:

"Hoping to serve you further in the future, we remain—

The Members of this Congregation
By: A Stenographer."

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The Scoop

The newspaper man lives in a world of his own. To him matters of life and death are only so much copy to fill the jaws of the press. A world peace conference means less to him than does the divorce of a millionaire from his bride (formerly of the Follies). The unique, the bizarre, the exaggerated—these interest him, for he serves the people.

The whole force of the *Morning Star* had been getting more and more into a state of boredom. In the city room of a big newspaper there is usually some piquant bit of news that will relieve the dull monotony of the daily run of accidents, marriages, divorces and political rows—stories that do not attract any more attention than a page of statistics on the rubber industry in a Central American republic—but for two weeks there had not been a single big head or an item of more than passing interest.

The reporters and the men "above" were getting stale—losing the keen edge of curiosity that drives a man to grind away day and night the year round for the mere fascination of being backstage at the fleeting show of life. The old stars spent most of their time hanging around the office drawing on ill-smelling pipes and exchanging recollections of big stories that had broken when least expected.

From the chief paragrapher to the smallest paper boy there were grumbles because there was nothing which they could tell the world in big letters—from the paper boys, especially, since their stock in trade is the scare-head.

The night was yet young—scarcely ten o'clock—when the youngest reporter on the paper called over the phone and asked to be put through to the managing editor. After a pause to get the message, the face of the chief broke into an expression of live interest; then, hanging up the receiver, he scurried into the composing room, leaving a partially aroused staff behind him.

"Boys, the Kid has got a real story for us," he said as he returned. "A peach of a murder story, he says. Wants two columns held, with a number five head. Said he was coming on the run."

The aspect of the office changed almost unbelievably. The typewriters changed from a dreary rattle to a cheerful clatter, feet were removed from desks, and the pitch of voices acquired an overtone—everybody awaited the Cub.

A few minutes later the boy came in, nervously seated himself at his 1900-model machine and began to pound out copy. Sheet after sheet was snatched

from the roller by the rest of the staff, passed from one admiring and interested reader to another and then rushed to the linotype man. At last it was done. It was the story of the month—heart interest, a prominent man, a daring and brutal crime. An old philanthropist had been accosted as he left a show that night by a man who begged him to go with him to where a sick woman lay almost starved. On consenting, the man hailed a cab which took them to a deserted part of the city. The old man paid for the cab and after it disappeared, turned to his guide. The other drew a heavy pistol from his pocket and struck him savagely across the forehead and continued beating him until he fell unconscious, then broke two ribs with a kick, and, as signs of returning consciousness appeared, shot him three times. The assailant then went down town and surrendered to the police, refusing to make any statement as to why he commited the crime.

With a sigh of contentment as if he had finished a great task creditably, the boy arose from his desk, got his hat and walked out, leaving the force full of renewed energy. He had saved the morale of his paper and had proven himself to be a real newspaper man.

He went to commit the murder.

—E. B.

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Caveat Emptor

I love. Yea, I worship.
But the things that I love most
Hate me.
I am loathed with the loathing
Of Medusa—
I am destroyed.
For I love false gods
And worship at shrines that are not holy.

I love the hour
Between the dawn and the daylight
When the philomel
Twitters in the marshes
And the humming bird
Lilts his dew-stung notes
In the depths of the blushing heavens.

I love the deep resonance
Of the matin tocsin
Which shatters harsh dreams
And beckons me to Elysian joys.
I love. I adore.
But my loves are false.

I love the gleam of burnished ivory
And the twinkle of legal tender
Where clouds of translucent opaqueness
Gently swirl. I love anthems
Of transcendant purity—paeans
Of joys in the dim, dear, dead, dull past,
Half forgotten songs of days
When minstrels sang of feudal kings.

I love the wild Taurus that flows
Eternally—rhythmic, discordant—
Like the gentle purring
Of a wind-swept moon,
Or the mellow bark of a mangy dog.

I love the exotic foods
Of nocturnal moments,
The puerile nectar of
Of the half gods
Of town and country.
And I love pairs and couples.
I would be a One—
But dozens divide and slay me.

I love. Yea, I worship.
But I love too well;
I love too much.
My gods are false
And I am undone.

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And Such is the Stuff that Dreams are Made of . . .

I HAVE seen many lovely women in my time but of them all she was the most beautiful. She with her eyes that remembered the rising sun and cheeks that did not forget its setting. With shoulders that spoke poems of the Balkans and hair that put words to shame. These were her beauties of transient fame; but in the scintillating teardrops that sprang full-blown from her irridescent orbs and whimsically pursued one another adown the nose in which all the glories of ancient Greece lived again she was ethereal for the moment with a divinity that will live forever in my memory.

Alas! I could see but the upper half of her, for she sat on the veranda of a house not built for princes to live in—a house half-Romantic with the lanquid lure of Old Spain, half-Classic with the essence of the early Renaissance, and half Gertrude Stein with its proximity to unsavory environment—a curious house, a house with three halves but without a whole. She sat on the veranda and was half-hid by the balustrade which enclosed it all—all save a space where three steps led down into the unkempt street which lay close beside the railroad, as though it drew its pallid life blood from those two thin white lines of steel.

Her hands were busy with something in her lap and, as I say, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, enhancing beyond description a loveliness that was not of this earth. But she did not sob; she wept without sobbing. What womanly valor, what rare fortitude—to grieve unmercifully and yet not give way to childish, convulsive sobbing! Pearl beyond price was she.

And I sat with my heart throbbing in my throat, sat on the rear platform of the last car of the flashing Piedmont limited—sat and wondered why she wept. Of what moment were the troubles I had left behind me or the joys that I was going to, or even the cares of all the world—what were these compared to the unconfined suffering of this beautiful lone girl in this waste place of creation. My heart impelled me to go to her and comfort her but my reason bade me remain where I sat—on the rear platform of the last car of the flashing Piedmont Limited.

Perhaps she was fingering the portrait of some beloved one now passed away or fled into the great world which lay beyond the horizon; if so, she hallowed it with her tears. Perhaps dream castles which she had erected about some bit of her soul expressed and sealed in concrete form had crumbled about her feet; if so, there must have been Art in it somewhere, if only from its contact with her physical perfection. Or perhaps she held some small something which typified to her the unbreakable chains which bound her forever to the squalor amid which she lived; if this were true, the object could be naught but sinister and vicious.

I saw for an instant the gleam of a knife which she held in her hand—priceless hand of carrara marble. God! Was she thinking of suicide and an eternal existence deep in the living forest of self-destroyed souls? My will power was exhausted in a subconscious but eventually successful effort to restrain a mad impulse to burst all bonds of heredity and training and rush to the succor of this fair maiden in distress. It left me helpless and limp and on the verge of succumbing to tears which welled into my own eyes.

To think that I should never know why the girl wept; to think that in the seething years to come her face would ever recur to me and haunt me with the mystery of its glistening teardrops! I was not sure that I could bear it. I rose to go into the car to lose myself in a newspaper and bury my surging emotions in a re-assimilation of the already familiar stock quotations.

But hold, with a trembling jerk the train was getting under way again. I cast one last burning glance toward the veranda and the girl—the one gesture I could make, the one gift-offering I could place upon the altar of penitence before stepping across the threshold of the new and finer life which was opening out for me as a result of this one divine moment at the Glittering Gate. Then I saw that for a fleeting moment my line of vision would be such that I could see the full figure of this *donzelletta gloriosa*. Perhaps,—perhaps the enigma would be solved, or partially so. I became rigid; my breath came in gasps. Then my heart plumped into my shoes . . .

She was peeling a pan of Bermuda onions!

Campus Note

AROUND at the Chi Phi house, last Saturday morning was given over to curbing the temperamental outbursts of one H. N. Parker, campus character of note and incidentally Managing Editor of our favorite semi-weekly newspaper. Very few of our budding national geniuses blessed with such talents as those inherent in Mr. Parker are free from temperament and the gentleman of whom we speak is no exception.

Of late he has been reading some of the stirring sea-tales of Joseph Conrad and last Friday night he was absorbed in the trying experiences of the good ship "Stetson D"—owned and skippered for the nonce by himself—until nearly dawn. The story had sunk deep into his consciousness and, being one who puts his whole self into his reading, he spent the night turning and twisting, dreaming that his warm, soft bed was a bunk in a storm-driven and disabled schooner.

At about four bells of the forenoon watch (or 10 A. M.) he turned out in all apparent good health. But lo, instead of proceeding to the arduous task of arraying his somewhat elongated figure with conventional week-end attire, he ventured forth into the hall with contorted features, the like of which have seldom graced the face of mortal man, stating that he was going "for'd."

For an hour or more he strode with measured tread through and around the former home of the Dekes, causing no little merriment and anxiety to those who witnessed the master newspaperman and famous wit walking in his sleep. Though barefooted and clad only in scant pajamas, he roamed about in the mud and drizzling rain, bewailing the predicament of his ship and assuring the doubting spectators, with tears in his eyes, that their domicile was about to sink.

The affair was becoming more or less serious and the advisability of calling in Dr. Abernethy was discussed, but happily somebody's alarm clock turned loose its clarion call. Relief spread over the face of our hero and, tottering bravely after his exhaustive efforts, he rent the air with joyous cries—"The signal, the signal, the blow is over"—rushed into the house, coiled up in the middle of the floor, and resumed his peaceful slumber.

* * *

The First Blush of the Amoeba

Sorrow creeps up, surrounding me
And flings a black, suffocating veil o'er my senses.
My mind sticks out weak yet struggling fingers
And makes a feeble attempt
To sort things into little pigeon holes. —E. G.

HELL'S VESTIBULE

O S: Omnia!

We quote the following letter from *The Tar Heel* of January 14:

EDITOR, TAR HEEL:

Having just laid down a copy of the latest issue of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, an unusually rotten copy by the way, I would like to say a few words in criticism of one of its rotten articles, "Cindy," by Randolph Spear. I do not know whether Mr. Spear is a resident of Chapel Hill or is connected with the University, nor do I care; his story could hardly have been of less value in the literary field under any circumstances.

Having, myself, been born in the midst of as wild a range of mountains as can be found in the United States, and having also been raised in those same mountains, I speak with some authority when I say that Mr. Spear is evidently drawing heavily upon his own imagination, or that of some cheap author he has read after.

For one thing, the mountain folk aren't nearly so destitute as to be forced to make a breakfast on corn pone and "aigs." Then too, Mr. Spear pictures the mountaineer as even keeping a jug of "moonshine" beside his bed. As a matter of fact, since the coming of prohibition, liquor is as scarce in the mountains as anywhere else.

"Tull Mullins", a character in the story, had killed two revenue officers when he was a child. Just imagine it, one little boy, barely able to carry a gun, killing TWO seasoned officers in the performance of duty. According to the impression left by the author, the boy was respected because of it, too! I know of no community where a murderer is admired. The heroine, "Cindy," seems to be quite as capable and desperate a character as anyone, having her own rifle with which to murder folks.

The most ridiculous feature of the whole story was one sentence in the description of the sheriff's office, namely the statement that "A fly droned lazily, poised in mid air." If anyone has ever seen a fly, motionless in the air, making a droning sound, I'd like to see that person.

Yours respectfully,
W. C. K.

THE MAGAZINE, as usual, is hard pressed for worthwhile copy, especially good short stories. So, if the gentleman who knows the mountains so thoroughly and who is such a competent literary critic will. . . .

On second thought, however, if the gentleman has never seen a fly, a very common insect, he has probably never seen anything else worth putting on paper.

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!

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Strowd Plantation For Sale

1,200 Acres of Beautiful Hills and Meadowland, on the Edge of Chapel Hill and alongside the Paved Chapel Hill-to-Durham Boulevard, Are Put on the Market

Just outside of the eastern limits of the town of Chapel Hill is the tract of land known as the Strowd Plantation. It lies along both sides of the Chapel Hill-Durham concrete highway, running down the hill, and stretches southward to the Raleigh road.

The total area is about 1,200 acres. Most of it is high ground with splendid trees, but the easternmost part of about 300 acres, furthest from the town, down along the creek, is a level valley.

Before and for many years after the Civil War this land was the property of the Hargrave family. Jesse Hargrave bequeathed it to his children, Fred, Robert, and Mary. Mary married William Kenan. Her daughter, Mary Lily Kenan, became Mrs. Henry M. Flagler, and it was she who, a few years ago, gave to the University the fund of about two million dollars for the creation of the Kenan professorships.

Before the War the Hargraves, a wealthy family with many slaves, ran the place as a farm, and on it today there are seen walls and ditches that were built with slave labor. It remained in the possession of the family ten years after the war.

Fifty years ago, in 1875, it was bought by William F. Strowd of Chatham county, for many years one of North Carolina's Representatives in Congress. His son, Robert L. Strowd, came to live there upon his marriage in 1886 and it has been his home ever since. When his father bought it, the tract lay entirely south of the Durham road, but in recent years Mr. Strowd has added to it by purchases of land to the north of the road. On the estate are several dwellings, most of them new.

Like so much of the property in and around Chapel Hill, for a generation or more after the War the Strowd Plantation was valued only as farm land. People referred to it as a "country place." Mr Strowd and his children went to and from their home in carriages and buggies or on foot, often through mud that made travel extremely difficult. But with the great growth of the University the town grew out to it, and, now that the concrete highway has been built, the owner motors from the bank or the post-office to his front door in about two minutes.

Within the last five years, he has received many offers, of from $3,000 to $4,000 an acre, for parts of the property adjoining the town limits. But Mr. Strowd has chosen to keep the place intact.

Now, at last, he has decided to put it on the market.

The land is ideally situated for a residential development, and of course it can be subdivided in any way the purchaser may elect. Streets and roads can be run through it, and every home that is built will be in easy reach of the University campus and the town. The slope of the land is such as to permit of a perfect drainage system.

It is a fine place for a club; and the lower hills and the meadowland to the east would make a beautiful golf course.

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

February-March, 1925

What Price Fervor

By SIDNEY S. ALDERMAN

Ranking Officer of the Organized Reserves in North Carolina.

HEAVEN preserve us from our friends when they are extremists, for verily they will deliver us into the hands of our enemies. Heaven be praised for our adversaries when their zeal knows no bounds, for eftsoons they will bind themselves hand and foot and deliver themselves into our hands. Despite the apocalyptical animadversion against the lukewarm, and however truly it may apply to religious zeal, the philosophic common sense of Aristotle has stood the test of ages as applied to other general concerns and turmoils of man. Truth and sanity usually lie somewhere along the golden mean.

And so the vaporings of the out-and-out zealot either for or against any cause or public issue not only are frequently lacking in sel attique, but always are to be taken with anywhere from a few grains to a rasher of common table salt. Sometimes indeed large and broken doses of salts of more hepatic efficacy are to be prescribed.

Being some decade and fraction removed from the academic undergraduate world, I believe I can look back at that world with some sense of perspective. I seem to remember, among other paradoxical characteristics of its inhabitants, this quality: that when they arise to harangue or dip stylus to indite they almost invariably start navigating toward the Ultima Thule of their thesis; but that when they listen to or read the excesses of others no one is more cooly sophistical or more competently skeptical.

With much deference and some trepidation I make a bow to the collegiate audience of this magazine and undertake to address a few considerations to its faculty of common sense on a question of public importance which has been the subject of an unwonted amount of extreme blather on both sides. You are entitled to this preliminary information. I am a native of this state; a college graduate, became a reserve officer in 1916 because I believed the war would draw us in and I wanted a little preparation; served throughout the war as an officer of infantry, a year of it in France with the late lamented A. E. F.; saw a little active offensive warfare, very little but very active and distinctly offensive; upon discharge swore as did all others never to grace a uniform again, after a year re-accepted a commission in the reserve; have attended summer camps; have sought and obtained promotions; have held the empty but resounding title of President of the N. C. Reserve Officers' Association; believe in reasonable preparedness along the lines projected in the National Defense Act; did some "propagandizing" on behalf of what your recent publicist Mr. Young, in a display of the benefits of a liberal education, called *der Nationalverteidigungstag* and in the odd times when I am not rattling the saber and shaking the mailed fist I practice law six days in the week and about fifty weeks in the year for the combined reasons that that is my professional interest in life and that it is indispensable to the support of my family.

Having thus frankly placed myself in the category of the "goose-steppers," "American fascisti," "debauchees participating in the Prussian demonstration," (*Vide* Young, op. cit.) and of the "preparedness war mongers," and "preparedness maniacs," (*Vide* The Nation, Vol. 119, No. 3104, p. 772) as we have been variously and sweetly denomiated by the *pacific intellegentsia*, I bespeak your fair indulgenee to the extent that you refrain from frothing at the month until you have heard me through and are convinced that I actually arouse your phobia.

Let respects first be paid to the perfervid extremists on the military side. Their three outstanding propositions are these: *first*, preparedness for war will insure peace; *second*, all opponents of military preparedness are dangerous radicals and insidious agitators, either the direct hirelings of the Bolsheviki, the Pan-Germanists, or the Japs, disciples of the Youth Movement, or the dupes and victims of their

wiles; and *third*, military preparation, training and display in time of peace are necessary to keep alive the sentiment of patriotism.

Each of these propositions is ten-tenths bunk.

Similarly the more ornate of the *pacificos* postulate these three inverse propositions as ultimate verities: *first*, preparedness for war will inevitably lead to war; *second*, all proponents of military preparedness are tin-pot Field Marshals, gaudy ribbon strutters, hankerers for war as an opportunity for personal advancement, or sadistic revelers in the orgy of blood; and *third*, patriotism is a contemptible emotion of the Junker, the chauvinist, the jingo, and beneath the scorn of enlightened *intellectuals*.

Each of these is nine-ninths rot.

And nine-tenths of all the discussion of the question of national preparedness has been a mere reciprocal hurling of invective between these two hostile camps located at the extreme poles of opinion and beyond the zones of rational thought. Never has the *argumentum ad hominem* been so badly overworked. It runs into the *argumentum ad nauseam*. What price fervor, when all it results in is a welter of epithet!

Preparedness for war has some tendency to prevent wars of aggression against the preparer. It is reasonable that a weaker, less prepared neighbor will hesitate to attack one stronger and better prepared. But unless it is doubly prepared it is in no degree insured against a double aggression by two neighbors, unless triply prepared it has no semblance of guaranty against triple aggression. And so on *ad absurdum*. To rise from the rank of a mere tendency to the substance of an absolute guaranty, preparedness by this country, for example, would have to be sufficient to cope with an aggressive combination of several or all of the major powers of the earth. There lies the absurdity.

On the other hand preparedness is not only not a guaranty against, but does not even have any tendency to prevent, aggression by the preparer. But certainly until preparedness by this country should achieve a military and naval establishment markedly the superior of one or more of the major powers, it could never by its own weight and momentum have any tendency to throw us into a war of consequence. It is indeed inconceivable that this nation or any other nation on earth could ever wage a distinctly aggressive war against another power without finding itself opposed by a defensive combination for self-preservation of several powers such as inevitably faced Germany in 1914. And no nation would ever in modern times be thrown into a war of aggression by the momentum of its military establishment until that establishment reached some such proportions as that of the central powers when they set the world afire. The wildest militarist in his gaudiest visions has never dreamed for America such an establishment as that.

A recent article from the *pacifico* extreme camp unwittingly demonstrated that no preparation for war such as the United States will ever make has anything to do with entry into war. The article is a page editorial in The Nation, December 31, *supra*, characteristically entitled "The Preparedness Maniac Again." After the usual invective and extravagance, the writer says:

> "Preparedness never kept any nation out of war. While usually portrayed as an insurance for peace, it is a preparation for war, *and it inevitably leads to war*. The United States during its history as a nation has had five foreign wars, each one of its own seeking—that of 1812 with England, the brief hostilities with France, the Mexican War, the Spanish War (and the Phillipine), and the World War. *The state of our military and naval defense had nothing to do with our getting into a sing'e one of these; we were put into each by executive and congressional acts.*" (Italics mine.)

And, after quoting President Alderman of the University of Virginia as saying repeatedly in his recent eulogy, "President Wilson put us into the war because. . . ," this editorial continues:

> "That is the simple truth. Not Congress, not the people. *but a single man put us into the war and he would have done so had we had ten times as much or ten times as little armament.*" (Italics mine.)

That leaves precious little of his thesis that it is military preparedness that leads to war. If Congress did not put us into the World War, if the people did not, how much less was it done by the professional soldier, by the army and navy, by the feeble flock of Plattsburg prodnets, or by the fact that they existed. With quite unintentional candor this *pacifico Gelehrter* has exposed the truth. Military establishments such as we will ever maintain or ever have maintained do not cause wars. Wars are fostered by generals of industry, commerce, and finance, rather than by generals of soldiery. Everybody recognizes, when not arguing the preparedness question (which always seems to rouse the pacifist antis to warlike frenzy), that ethnological conflict, economic strife, and imperialistic commercial clashes of interest are the fundamental causative principles which lead to modern war. The showing that the United States has engaged in five wars, each of its own choosing, when in not one of the instances have we had a military large enough to do more than throw the fear of God into a K. K. K. Kloncilium, would seem to be ample proof that it is not the military nor the degree of preparedness that has led to any of these wars. On the other hand these same facts are ample proof that the supine policy of non-preparedness, of

laissez aller, which we as a nation have always followed in peace, has been no deterrent even to wars of our own seeking.

Why cannot we be realists enough to turn from the pother of verbiage and to face facts? This world is not yet in sight of the millenium. In spite of nineteen and a quarter centuries of the Christian era it is still a wicked world. We still have to keep our bonds in vaults and padlocks on our garages and cellars, because there are sinister individuals in the world who, under the force of greed or need, recognize no authority in law or in the amenities of neighborliness. As nations we must recognize a like failure of the *jus gentium* and of the amenities of international intercourse to restrain the employment of violence on the part of nations acting under the impulsion of greed or need, or deeming themselves touched in honor, pocketbook, or ambition.

If this most pacific nation has engaged in five wars of its own seeking in the short space of about a century, and that not in response to the pressure of a top-heavy military, shall we not expect that other, more imperialistic, more necessitous, or more greedy nations may in the future seek wars? It is certain that no great power feels cordial affection for us and that we are the shining swollen, golden mark for the world's greed.

The true purpose of reasonable preparedness is not to cause nor to prevent wars. Short of such enormous preparation as has never been imagined for this country, it will have no influence to speak of in either direction. Its real purpose is to contribute to the speed, efficiency, and cheapness in money and life with which we shall win any possible war into which we may in the future be thrown, whether by "executive and congressional act," by economic competition or imperialistic clash, by the aggressive greed of another nation, or by what cause so ever it may be. And that man is *rara avis* who would not agree that if we do become engaged in a war we must win it at all cost, but that at the same time we should win it as cheaply and expeditiously as possible.

I well recall the idealisms of college days which often led us away from the "bare bones of fact" and into extravagances of thought and language. When I was a senior in 1913 none of us dreamed that modern civilization would ever see another major war and all talk of war seemed to hark from as far back as the Middle Ages. It was already said that armaments had become so powerful, and aircraft, explosive and chemical weapons so lethal, that civilization and the race would be wiped out in a few months. It did not occur to us that man's defensive ingenuity progresses about in proportion to his offensive, and that the race is tough and tenacious of life. It was said that no nation could stand the monetary cost of such a war as world powers would wage. It did not occur to us that there are no bankruptcy courts for nations and that even a vanquished nation can, like Germany, simply repudiate debts and start again. All the tra-la-la was then said, in fact, which we now hear repeated.

But we saw war come. We saw America inevitably drawn into it, and that by no preparedness on her part. Many of us went through more or less of it. Such things make realists. The perfectability of man is the subject of such a slow, trillenial process, the perfectability of nations is so much slower, that despite all the beneficient effects of world courts and leagues of nations, peace treaties, et als., despite the saddening experience of the recent inter-racial conflict, he is a hardy optimist who can believe that human nature and state nature have abruptly changed, that history has suddenly lost her world-old habit of self-repetition.

The reciprocal invective with which the extreme pre-pararedness and anti-preparedness camps attempt to flay each other really merits no serious consideration. I have no sympathy with such tactics in either camp.

I do not for a moment impugn the motives or the sincerity of the pacifists who argue that we must make no military preparation because to do so will lead to war. They go a step ahead of Descartes' *cogito ergo sum;* they argue *credo ergo id est.* Because they believe what they say, therefore it is true, all evidence of history to the contrary. Their crime is no worse that the logical fault of begging the question. No thoughtful man believes they are suborned by the I. W. W., by Trotsky, or by Ludendorf. They are patriots in their way; they want their country to contribute to world peace. I believe them to be merely misguided idealists.

On the other hand, "what price fervor" when they charge Pershing, Shanks, Bullard, Liggett and other lesser and closer generals with being inspired with a craving for war? I cannot but quote from the rhetorical definition of "patriotism" by Mr. Young (*Op. cit.*):

> "Patriotism, in the eyes of Shanks and Bowley, is raising to the *nth* power the fallacy that the welfare of a small fraction of the people—soldiers, profiteers, those who profit by war—is more important than that of the mass of the people—those who lose, who are enslaved, and who are butchered by war."

Profiteers? Perhaps. They are about the only class imaginable who desire war. But when did you ever see one enrolled in the military establishment? Frankly, what do you think of the logic which throws soldiers and profiteers in the same hotch pot? Is the gentleman so unfamiliar with modern war that he really believes that it is the soldiers "who profit

by war," that he really believes that in battle the position even of a brigadier or major general is one of cloistered safety and gaudy show? Does he really believe that the officers of the army and navy, and the hundred thousand or so civilian reservists, are a body of men insanely longing for their own destruction in war? Does he really believe that we in the reserve burn with enthusiasm to leave our civil professions and businesses for the stipend of an ill-paid military rank, to leave our wives and children for trenches, hardships, H. E. shells, gas, blood, mayhem, or death? If he does, I can only repeat "What price fervor," when it thus blinds reason.

I have no space to argue the question of the advisability of the observation of National Defense Day. It had one distinct advantage. It did effectually center for a moment the attention of the country upon the very meagre steps in military preparedness which we are taking, upon the outstanding fact which cannot be stressed too much that America is relying for her defense not on any considerable regular military establishment, but on the capacities and patriotism (yes, I dare use the despised word) of her civilians. It pictured the regular army as what it is, just large enough to constitute a meagre corps of instructors. It showed the comparatively small body of reserve and national guard officers and enlisted men endeavoring to keep up a modicum of training to enable the nation to save time, money, and lives in any major emergency when part of the manhood of the country will be called upon to protect all Americans, pacifists, profiteers, politicians, and non-participating intellectuals alike. God grant the necessity may never arise, but if it does the nation will thank its stars that some preparation for it has been made. Even some of the ornate *pacificos* will be talking about "blood-red line of heroes, when the guns begin to shoot."

What alternative have the pacifists to offer. Your Mr. Young frankly goes to the extreme of advocating outright a refusal to fight or to aid in any way the prosecution of any war. Such advocacy is bound to be rhetorical, not actual. I do not believe for a moment that he would practice his own preaching if put to the test. I know the mass of college men would not, for they are not now radically different animals from those of the past decade. I know many an ardent and sincere pacifist and hater of war who aided with prodigious deeds to stop the gap at Cambrai, to hold the bridge at Chateau Thierry, to penetrate the tangles of the Argonne, and to break the Hindenburg line. They will do the same in the next decade or in the next century, if national exigencies demand, and they will do it even if they have never before been members of any military organization or marched in defense day parades. Only they will do it quicker, more efficiently, and with less loss of life and money if they are reasonably trained beforehand.

Aside from his suggestion of refusal to serve in war, Mr. Young, feeling the necessity of offering constructive proposals after his devastating treatment of "militarists," offers five, *soi disant*. Of these the first and fifth are frankly merely humorous. The second is a gratuitous little fling at General Pershing, in the nature of a childish tease. The fourth is a repetition of the doctrine of non-participation and conscientious objection. The remaining third exposes the futility of the whole extreme pacifist theory: "I would urge the repeal of the National Defense Act of 1920, and the substitution in its place of a law designed to put all soldiers and sailors in the middle western wheat fields, where they would be of some use." The inexplicable feature about this "constructive suggestion" is his failure to include among those to be sent to the wheat fields policemen, night watchmen, jailors, judges and prosecuting attorneys of criminal courts, custom and immigration officers, secret service and Department of Justice special agents, and, last but by no means least, federal prohibition agents. If we are constructively to suggest Utopia, why not round it out and make it consistent?

I have been impelled to attempt this article because I sincerely believe that the present generation of college men should give sane and considered thought to this problem of what is reasonable national preparation and of how it may best be effected. It seems to be the fashion among the gaudy *literati* to employ the word patriotism as a word of opprobrium, but however much the youth of the land may enjoy their literary flavor and sophistication, I have no fear that they will ever tumble for the content of that fashion.

I am confident that if college men of today will refuse to be intoxicated by word-play and will consider this question without passion they will, by force of their own reasoning, arrive at the conclusion that the plan of the National Defense Act for preparedness is sane, necessary, and non-militaristic. And I am further confident that many of them will decide that it is not only not inconsistent with intellectuality and a taste for fine-writing, but that it is a part of their public duty as enlightened citizens, voluntarily to take some degree of military training, to become members of the reserve, and to help build up the small, partly trained, civilian framework into which any national army must be built in any major emergency which this land of ours may face in the future history of a still only slightly regenerate world.

Sic Semper Parva

By Mary Calhoun Henley

The September wind had driven the street-corner crowd into the hotel lobby. To a man, they had betaken themselves to "set-back" in one dingy corner of the room. All but Boswick, Mayor Boswick. He was yawning over a newspaper and glancing from time to time at a spruce young man near the window. Boswick's eyes were almost lost in creases of fat, (creases being much more germane to his anatomy than to his trousers). He shrewdly scanned the stranger with narrowed eyes and the creases welled up, almost cutting off vision. Shrewdness did not sit well on Boswick but friendliness did, and he had already ascertained the stranger's name from the hotel register.

"Pretty windy outside, ain't it, Mr. Fordon?" he ventured, dropping his newspaper and looking through the grimy, streaked plateglass window, as if to reassure himself of the facts. The young man showed a brilliant set of teeth and replied, affably:

"Yes, sir, pretty windy. At the fork of the roads as I came into town, I noticed a big billboard had blown down."

Boswick sat up. "A billboard? Was it the one on the left or the one on the right?"

"Why, the right, I believe. Yes, the right."

"Jumping Jeremiah!" Boswick turned in his chair and called hoarsely to the set-back players. "Boys! our signboard at the fork is down. Mr. Fordon here has just been by and he says the one on the right is *down*."

There was immediate action among the "boys." They laid down their cards and came toward Boswick.

"You don't say, Boswick?" "When did it happen?" "What you gonna do?"

"Do?" roared Boswick at the last questioner. "Put it up again and that right off. We can't have *our* signboard down and Beanton's still up, can we?"

"Listen at that wind, though, Bos. We couldn't get anybody out there now to put it up."

"It sure ought to go up, though. Ain't got any business being down with Beanton beating our baseball team last week, especially."

"That's so. We got to get it up some way."

Boswick rose heavily. As he weighed two hundred fifty-seven, he did most things heavily. "You boys come out in Smith's Ford here. I'll go rustle up a couple of niggers to help. I'd be obliged to you if you'd come along, too," he added to Fordon. "Boys, this is Mr. Fordon,—Mr. Winston, Mr. Smith, Mr. Crawley, Mr. Polk, and my name's Boswick." The erstwhile set-back players looked uncomfortable and grunted pleasantly, while Fordon smiled and bowed.

"I'll be glad to go," he said to Boswick, and the six men filed out of the lobby, clutching their hats against the wind.

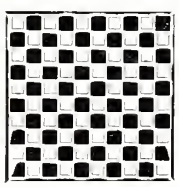
In a quarter of an hour they were at the scene of the disaster. From a local carpenter Boswick had obtained material for props and three negro helpers, and all together they attacked the unwieldy billboard, while the wind stoutly opposed their efforts. Fordon strained with the others, pleasantly, as he did everything. He almost made a joke of it. "Heave ho!" he would cry. "Let's go, boys, what d'you say!" and seemed to enjoy heaving ho. After each heave, the wind playfully and tirelessly pushed the board down. Five, six, seven times, the board went up, only to topple back.

"It's no use, Boswick. We'll never make it in this wind."

"It's got to go up," answered Boswick, doggedly.

Persistence finally conquered and during a lull in the breeze nine perspiring men fastened the billboard upright. Fordon now had time to see what it was all about. He stepped back to the center of the fork and read:

YOU ARE NOW APPROACHING COLBY
Population 3,564
THE HOME OF JEBALTER DAVIS
STATE'S CHAMPION CHECKER-PLAYER



Fordon lifted his eyebrows, then glanced casually toward the signboard at the left:

YOU ARE NOW APPROACHING BEANTON
Population 3,605
THE HOME OF ALTON PEELE
INTERSTATE CHAMPION HORSE-SHOE PITCHER
"A Horse-shoe Brings Good Luck"

"Hum," commented Fordon. Then he clasped his hat on his breast and looked up with a face filled

with the holy awe of the inspired. Boswiek was advancing to his side.

"You see now why we had to have our signboard up?"

"Yes, sir, I surely can see. City spirit is something I always applaud."

"You've got to boost your own town, I always say. If it wasn't for them brassy Beanton people, Colby's trade would get somewhere."

Fordon seemed lost in thought for a moment. Then he looked at Boswick. "I've got a scheme to show you, sir, that will wash Beanton's face. Listen."

As they walked to the car, Fordon explained to an interested Boswiek, and all the way to the hotel, Fordon expounded to an almost affectionate Boswiek. When they were about to part, the mayor shook Fordon's hand vigorously.

"Son, I don't know where you come from, but you've got the goods. I'll present your proposition to the Chamber of Commerce this very night. They'll jump at it, all right."

The Chamber of Commerce jumped. Fordon appeared before them and eloquently explained his plan, so eloquently that that circumspect body of citizens unanimously voted him all the support he needed. The members swore themselves to secrecy and went home.

The next morning it was all over town that Beanton was going to have its eye knocked off. The worthy members of the Chamber of Commerce had whispered the scheme to their wives in the dead of night and the wives had made pre-breakfast trips to the neighbors—to borrow butter. While borrowing they casually imparted the secret—strictly to go no further. By noon, the black and white elements of Colby had all the facts at their finger tips. Small boys followed Fordon about and street-loungers let their mouths swing open as he passed.

In brief, the plan was this: Beanton held the interstate championship for horse-shoe pitching. Fordon knew a man who was the champion horseshoe pitcher of New York, California, Pennsylvania and Florida. For a small pittance, this man might be induced by his friend, Fordon, to take up residence in Colby long enough to wrest the championship from Beanton's "favorite son," Alton Peele. Thereby would Beanton's prestige and chief claim to glory be lost, while Colby, possessing two champions, would profit.

The Chamber of Commerce voted Fordon enough from the treasury to bring the champion, Mr. Toby Appleton, to Colby, and in a week's time, a lanky, slightly unkempt individual stepped off the train amid the welcoming plaudits of half Colby's populace. The other half was preparing a banquet in his honor.

A challenge was formally sent to Beanton's Chamber of Commerce. The Colbyites agreed to a man that Fordon was the proper person to carry the challenge and that pleasant young man yielded to their presuasion. Somewhat to the surprise of Colby, he brought back an immediate acceptance.

The date of the contest was set for September 23, two weeks away, and during those two weeks, Fordon made several trips to Beanton, "to sound the feeling of that flag-station," as he said. Colby people liked to hear Beanton called a flag-station.

Within a week after Colby's challenge, an imposing-looking letter lay on the desk of the secretary of its Chamber of Commeree. The secretary read the letter with emotions best left undescribed. He immediately called up Boswiek, Fordon and the leading members of the Chamber to an urgent meeting. The gentlemen were not long in arriving, each with a perturbed countenance and anxious voice.

"What is it, man? Tell us quick."

When they were all seated, the seeretary read the letter:

"We, the citizens of the city of Beanton, represented by the Chamber of Commerce of said city, do hereby challenge Jebalter Davis, alleged state's champion checker-player to a trial of skill with our representative, Mr. Hamilton Bolton.

(Signed) J. A. Jones,
Seeretary of the Chamber of Commerce
of the City of Beanton."

"Know anything about this Hamilton Bolton, Mr. Fordon?" queried Boswick.

Fordon admitted that he had heard of Bolton through the newspapers, but he did not believe that a really intellectual player like Mr. Davis, of Colby, had anything to fear from him. At the exhibition match last week, Mr. Davis had out-played anything he, Mr. Fordon, had ever seen on the checkerboard.

"Well, gentlemen, what are we to do about this challenge?" asked the chairman.

There was general silence, finally broken by Boswick's growl: "Far as I can see, there ain't but one thing to be done. They took us up, therefore we can't back down, now."

"That's right," was the general comment, and the secretary was forthwith authorized to write an acceptanee.

Fordon rose again. "Mr. Chairman, the horse-shoe contest is set for the twenty-third, one week from tonight. Could we not make it a double contest that night, and celebrate a double victory?"

The suggestion met with general approval and the members left in a genial mood. The "double vietory" suggestion had cheered them wonderfully.

Colby and Beanton alike were abuzz with exeitement during the following week. Such an elaborate affair had never been staged in either town. Committees from either side of the fork met and fought over the place of the contest, financial affairs, decorations. Popular feeling ran high. The editors-in-chief,

owners and chief reporters (consisting of two persons in all) of the weekly Colby *Times* and of the Benton *Dispatch* waited on Fordon, who, in the truly great manner, refused to talk. His only statement was that he had great love for both towns. The journalistic gentlemen also waited on Messrs. Hamilton Bolton and Toby Appleton, both of whom talked copiously and glowingly of their former victories, their love for their wives and children and for the people of Colby or of Beanton, as the case might be. Both hinted of making their homes permanently in the towns for which they were to struggle.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Peele, the native champions, also gave interviews, and spoke confidently of victory, though with inward, sinking sensations. Bets were made freely by their respective backers.

Somewhat to the disappointment of the populace, neither Mr. Appleton nor Mr. Bolton would consent to edify it by exhibition matches.

"I always rest completely for weeks before one of my big matches," Bolton assured his gaping and urgent admirers. Whenever the suggestion was broached in Colby, Mr. Appleton assumed an attitude of intellectual preoccupation, the austerity of which completely awed his satellites. After all, the lobby loafers argued, such big men ought to know what they were about in their own business.

The great day came at last, followed by the great night, and all Colby and all Beanton crowded to the auditorium of the Colbean Consolidated School, halfway between the two towns. At Fordon's suggestion, the charges for admission were placed at one dollar per person, but an hour before the appointed time, every seat was filled, and standing room was being sold out. Boys of both towns and both colors hung in at the windows to watch the great sight.

At the right of the low platform in the auditorium was an enormous checkerboard, barbaric in red and black squares, with blue checkers for Colby and gilded ones for Beanton. At the left were two brilliant red stakes, rung with six horseshoes each, blue ones for Colby and gilded ones for Beanton. The edges of the platform were hung with Stars and Stripes and two flags were crossed against the background. It was a gorgeous setting for a great occasion, one which parents urged their children never to forget.

Arguments and casual conversation, conjectures and rumors buzzed loudly through the hall, especially wherever a citizen of Colby chanced to sit next to a citizen of Beanton. The athletic coach of the Colbean Consolidated School led yells impartially for Colby and for Beanton, for Hamilton Bolton, for Toby Appleton, for Jeb Davis, for Alton Peele, for Fordon, for checkers, for horse-shoe, for anything that would make people yell.

A tense hush fell upon the crowd as the superintendent of the Colbean Consolidated School walked out on the platform, followed by Boswick, mayor of Colby, and John T. Bean, mayor of Beanton, who seated themselves at either side. The superintendent cleared his throat, buttoned up his coat and placed his right hand between the second and third buttons.

"Friends, fellow-citizens of Colby and Beanton, we are gathered here on a momentous occasion, two contests between the highest products of these two towns in two time-honored arts. In the past, these two noble municipalities have honored themselves alike in the power of their trade, in the glory of their citizenship, in the splendor of their manhood, in the beauty of their womanhood,—" and so on for ten minutes. Then—"Before we begin these two trials of strength, I want to present to you that noble specimen of young manhood, who, a stranger here, has by his brilliant efforts made possible the settlement of an ancient rivalry. Most of you already know and love this young man and I am sure you will be glad to acknowledge your debt to him here. Let me present Mr. James Fordon."

The superintendent bowed and stepped aside, amid the thunderous applause of the stamping audience. Every eye was turned toward the wing, every hand was rendering laud to the god-like Mr. James Fordon. But that noble specimen of young manhood did not appear.

"Mr. Fordon," said the superintendent again. Puzzled, he went toward the screen of the wing, while Mayors Boswick and Bean rose to their feet in wonder. The applause stopped and the audience craned their necks, buzzing vehemently. The superintendent came back to the stage, rubbing his ear, while Mr. Davis and Mr. Peele hurried from the other side.

"He's not there!"

"What?" Boswick was near apoplexy.

The audience heard the words and roared confusedly.

"Are Mr. Appleton and Mr. Bolton there?" demanded Bean.

"No." Peele and Davis shook their heads.

"Jumping Jeremiah! What does this mean?" yelped Boswick. "Has anybody in the audience seen Fordon?"

A frowsy individual, the keeper of the gate, was pushing his way down the aisle.

"Mr. Boswick," he said hesitantly, "Mr. Fordon got all the money we took in from me half an hour ago. I thought it was all right, seeing's he started this shindig."

"You gosh-almighty fool!" exploded Boswick and choked.

"Well," whined the frowsy one. "I didn't know. You might have done the same yourself. He told me to give you this after the contests were over."

He handed a smudged envelope to Boswick, who tore it open with trembling fingers. One glance, and he sank down into his chair, holding the note toward the superintendent.

"Read it out loud!" shouted the front rows.

The superintendent cleared his throat and read:

"DEAR BOSWICK:

Sorry to leave so precipitately but my friends and I have important business in California.

Yours, with best wishes,
JAMES FORDON."

The hall roared again, and men hurried out to 'phone the police. The Colbyites accused the Beantonians of putting up the job on them, and vice versa. Each side hinted in no subtle terms that the big-wigs of the other side were getting thir share of the loot. While the noise was at its height, the pastors of the three important churches of Beanton were hurriedly conferring with the pastors of the three important churches of Colby. Then all six filed out on the platform. The oldest and stoutest of them, Reverend Mason of the Colby Methodists, stepped to the front and raised his hand.

"Sssssssssssh!" went around the audience and the shouting graduaally quieted.

"Friends," he began. "It seems to us, the ministers of your churches, that this catastrophe has come upon us as a judgment, for the Lord saith, 'Vengeance is mine.' The struggles and bitterness between Colby and Beanton in the past years have been a source of sorrow to us, your ministers, and are unworthy of Christians. We, your servants and leaders, ask you here tonight to heed the warning and to give the right hand of fellowship to your neighbors, no matter what town they live in."

The quieted audience murmured, neither convinced nor dissenting. The other members spoke in similar vein, entreating the friendship of Colby and Beanton. The spirit caught and the prominent citizens of the two towns, led by Davis and Peele, vied with each other in declarations of good will. Committees were quickly appointed to knock down the signboards, and the right hand of fellowship was shaken nearly off. The enthusiasm of a revival meeting seemed tame beside it, and the one dollar per head paid and lost was forgotten. Finally, the entire audience left for their homes to sleep the sleep of the just and magnanimous, while Fordon, Bolton and Appleton sped toward Bermuda.

Did I say "entire audience?" Pardon me.

Little Jimmie Boswick, of Colby, and little Jackie Bean, of Benton, bumped into each other as they lingered in the school yard.

"Huh!" said Jackie. "Think you can run into me just 'cause my pa shook your pa's hand?"

"Didn't run into you, Butter Beanie. Mind your step."

"You did, you Colby coot!"

"Didn't!"

"Did!"

"You shut up! Colby can beat Beanton and I can beat you, any day, old Beanie!"

"If you didn't run into me, just spit across my hand."

Jimmie spat and followed the act with a blow at Jackie's nose. Jackie, nothing loath, returned the compliment and hostilities began in earnest.

Most assuredly, the people of Beanton and of Colby shook hands over the pact of peace and friendship and went home in exalted good feeling, while young Colby and young Beanton bloodied their noses and rolled in each other's arms in the moonlit yard of the Colbean Consolidated school.

Old Songs

I LOVE old songs. It is not so much for themselves that I love them, but for the memories tangled in their cadences, the pictures of the past that are not utterly forgotten, but which, sunk deep in the shadowy background of the mind, are lying dormant, ready to be awakened by a chance phrase from some half forgotten melody. Sitting before a glowing hearth these winter evenings one needs only to hum a single bar from a song of long ago to bring back all the past that is worth remembering, to glimpse once more one or two of those golden moments that are scattered through our leaden hours.

A picture from the past. . .

A desert camp: a bonfire flaming to the heavens, streaking the blue-black vault with banners of ruddy light and laying a film of sage-brush incense between us and the distant stars. The dancing flames light up a circle of sun-browned faces gathered here in this distant corner of the thirsty country that lies along the Rio Grande. On each man's lap a battered plate—a silver platter in the firelight, transmuted from base metal by the magic of the night. A thick slice of that most delectable of dainties—half-cooked beefsteak barbecued in a shallow stone lined pit hastily scooped from the shifting sands. Beef and beer! A feast fit for a Saxon chieftain or a yellow haired sea rover of the Northlands, a scene from some old saga of the Vikings transplanted to these arid plains. The eerie wail of the coyote in the distance beyond the frozen waves of silver sand that encompass us, the uncouth and bristly cacti weaving in and out in a pagan ghost-dance on the edge of the firelit circle as the dying flames rise and fall, the brown faces of a score of curious watchers to whom all Gringoes are a little mad—here is the frame of that never-to-be-forgotten picture of barbaric feasting in the wind-swept open under the eternal stars. I need no lamp or wonder-working genii to relight for me that camp-fire, or to paint for me once more that picture; a single low hummed strain of the song we sang that evening and I am sitting cross-legged on the sands of the Sonora staring into a glowing bed of embers, and singing with my comrades "I Wonder How the Old Folks are at Home."

And so each one of us can call up his stores of memory; there is an "Open Sesame" that will re-admit us to the past. Love songs, hymns, scraps of ribald ditties, no matter what so long as it can paint in living colors some wistful picture of the days that were. Memories of soft voices in the twilight, of moon-lit nights of autumn or the crisp stars of winter and the joys or sorrows of each glittering moment of the long ago—the whole past is at our call. But there are songs we may not sing again without regret, for some memories are so fragile as to crumble in the unfolding, and some too sacred for the searching light of the days that are. . .

There is one soldier-song that brings back to me a memory of a summer sunset, of a flower-scented and moth-haunted twilight now gone to join the dawn of yesterday. The last glowing colors of the sunset are fading in the west, above the eastern hills a lover's moon is slowly rising, behind us a nightingale begins to sing. But high in the umbrous heavens an aeroplane is speeding through the dusk, an ill-omened night-moth swollen with new venom fresh brewed in the vats beyond the Rhine, and the pulsing of its motors, like the beating of a monstrous heart without a body, in the growing darkness all but drowns the music of the bird. The glittering fire-flies that seem to follow and to light the path of the unseen menace are the flash of bursting shrapnel; the dancing aurora—in itself a thing of beauty—is the stabbing fingers of far away searchlights combing the sky; the dully throbbing war-drums in the distance are the sullen cannon chanting their vesper hymns of hate.

Through the gathering dusk a footsore company is marching, trudging up the dusty road that leads to the land of No-Tomorrow, that leads to the sodden trenches beyond the shell torn wood that crowns the hill. As they march in ragged ranks and unsteady cadence they are singing. No marching song nor patriotic ballad, no hymn of hate or of defiance is in their hearts tonight. The alien hills of France are hearing of "The Sunshine of Her Smile."

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1925

Carolina, We Are Here

In this issue are combined the February and March number of THE MAGAZINE. The editors have found this step necessary for a very obvious reason; namely, that, in consideration of the non-productivity of the student body in general and our own pig-headedness in particular, THE MAGAZINE would otherwise never catch up on its schedule of nine issues during the collegiate year. There is precedent for our action, but to salve your feelings in the matter we have almost doubled the size of the present number.

There has been a good deal of criticism bandied about the campus recently in regard to the late appearance of THE MAGAZINE. Much of this criticism has been just, but with the editors themselves the publication of the sheet has resolved itself into a question of whether it should appear regularly with anything or nothing in it, or come out sooner or later with the best material obtainable and some pretense of a standard of content. The editors are strong for the latter point of view and the campus can take it or leave it. As a result, the distrsesing lack of usable stuff during the early part of the year put THE MAGAZINE under a practically insurmountable handicap as far as regularity of publication is concerned. The consolidation of two issues offered the easiest solution to the problem. At the present time, we are grateful to say, acceptable material is trickling in at a fairly regular rate.

It has been our intent, as stated in our first issue, essentially to put THE MAGAZINE on probation during the present year. During our day at this institution it has reached a deplorably low level, but there is certainly a place for it and a need for it on the campus, and if, by a conscious effort to raise the standard of its contents and its meaning, we can bring it to the point where another solid year on top of this one will place it in a position to fill this need, we shall have accomplished something worth while. With another year's constructive growth THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE should rank with the best half dozen college magazines in the country, a position it has every right to occupy. If, on the other hand, it is found to be a hopeless job, if the student body here is utterly impotent, we see nothing ahead but to abandon publication of this scurvy sheet.

The Publications Union is a very important item in the renaissance of the fortunes of THE MAGAZINE and should that body be voted out of existence this spring—a quite unthinkable eventuality—there is no question whatever that it would soon go by the board, in company with a sad decline of the *Tar Heel*, the dimming of the bright future of the *Yackety Yack*, and the stunting of the growth of the young *Buccaneer*.

Wherein We Tweak a Nose

Alas! another masterpiece lost to posterity. . . . We spent the past hour writing an editorial concerning the doings of the late lamented legislature, but after reading it over we have decided that it looks much better as small, odd-shaped bits of paper. On the whole, the less said about the recent Confucionist convention the better for all concerned, including (chiefly) ourself.

A would-be wag, who happens to be acquainted with us, recently expressed mock surprise that certain of our remarks concerning things in general had not landed us in clink. With this winter quarter, than which there is none more hectic, rapidly—oh, how rapidly—nearing its close, nothing in the world would suit us better than about two weeks in some nice respectable gaol, with regular meals, plenty of sleep, and no annoying required courses. We wrote the aforementioned editorial with some such idea in mind but on reflection we decided that should it be published it would be a kind-hearted judge indeed who would let us off with a mere fortnight, and thus

Knox Massey was saved a small sum for paper and printer's ink. Then, too, spring is here, you know—or so the *Tar Heel* says.

Hence, we must content ourself with a mild expression of disappointment in the legislature's generous display of lack-wit. The March of Progress, in a manner of speaking, has been halted, and the old Civil War alibi and its ragged fraternity of excuses must be reclaimed from temporary discard and polished up for use through the coming two or more years. And the University, the fount of inspiration for hope of a brighter day to come, must mark time, in its physical program at least, along with the rest of the State, largely because it dared to be the first state university to express itself in legislative halls as standing for the Truth first and political expediency afterwards, because it refuses to think, with the *Charlotte Observer*, that, though some of the common people can understand only one-syllable words, all the people want one-syllable words drooled at them all the time.

The most sordid portion of the legislative tale was that more or less childish uproar over the evolution question, and yet what was perhaps the brightest glimmer of intelligence reflected from the Capitol dome evolved from this same uproar. One cannot but admire the legislature in its final rejection of the Poole bill to prohibit the teaching "as a fact either Darwinism or any other evolutionary hypothesis" in state-supported institutions, for in the roll-call of "noes" appear the names of more than one fundamentalist and old liner, many of whom very probably voted for the cause of intellectual freedom against the inner promptings of a stern orthodox background. Such action must go a long way toward buttressing one's faith in the fundamental worth of the State, a faith much shaken by other wobblings of the legislative state of mind.

At the same time we cannot altogether blame the upholders of the stick-to-Methusaleh side of the question. Even we, in our childish college innocence, have reached a point where we can see some sense in the old "beam and moat" proposition. It is inescapably a fact that the old orthodoxy has really been on trial for its life and it is quite natural that those to whom that old orthodoxy means salvation should fight to the last ditch to save it. Indeed the fight has just begun.

The thing that makes us gasp, however, is the questionable methods which have been used in the process. What are we to think, for instance, of the absurd charge that the fight against the anti-evolutionists was led by the publishers of text books? What are we to think of the wilful misrepresentation of the University's attitude and opinion on the question, of the removal from their context of certain parts of statements by President Chase and others and their use in such a way that they carried meaning to the public entirely foreign to their original import? Some of the leading men of the State were guilty of such practice—some of the men in whose power it is to mold a large part of the State's opinion. What are we nincompoop college students to think of them?

Oh, well, we shall be writing that torn-up editorial over again if we continue at this rate. We were, as we say, disappointed in the legislature, but we are not inclined to feel despondent. The real harm done in the long run was to shake the faith, perhaps, of some of those priceless men, whose faith we cannot well afford to have shaken, in North Carolina's own sincerity in her forward movement.

Full Steam Or Retard?

We hope the present State administration will do more than economize. Doubtless economy is needed, but it is, as always, wise, enlightened economy that the State needs rather than blind penuriousness.

Of course the question at present is, what constitutes wise economy for the State in its program during the next two years? In order to answer that question it is necessary first, to know something about the financial condition of the State; second, to know what expenditures are needed, their nature and the possibility of their bringing in returns greater than outlay.

As to the financial condition of the State we know very little of a definite nature other than what the U. S. Census report tells us. There is considerable wealth in the State which is not very equally distributed, and the bonded indebtedness of the State is rather heavy. But just how much the State is indebted in comparison with its wealth no one seems to be able to say with any degree of accuracy. Our estimated wealth, according to a decennial report of the Bureau of Census, is about four and one-half billion dollars; our total State indebtedness, including municipal and county debts is, at present, according to reports made in various State papers during the month of January, somewhere between two hundred and eighty and three hundred million dollars. It is reasonable to believe that our wealth has increased since 1922 by a considerable amount, for, if we remember correctly, the wealth of the State increased about 135% during the ten years period, 1912-1922, and there is no reason to think it has not continued to increase. We are reasonably sure that our State debt is less than 6% of our State wealth, but we cannot

say exactly what it is, and do not believe any one else can. But we knew no more about our financial condition when our educational and highway improvements were started than we know now. We were willing and anxious then to take a chance; indeed, the salvation of the State educationally and economically lay only in taking a chance; we took it and found that it was not such a long one after all, but almost a sure thing. We had the men, the land and the guts; and that is capital enough in any sane project.

Now we should have more than we had then—more schools, better educated men, better roads and more experience; but for some reason or other, instead of going ahead as we started, we are now crawfishing. We have heard of a deficit and do not yet know whether it is a dream or not. Naturally that is something to make us pause momentarily to find out where we are; but it should not cause us to stop investing in the State's future. It is merely notice to us that more order and system are necessary in doing the State's business, and *that* we should demand of the administration. If any sort of sane book-keeping and accounting methods had been used in the past, the present ridiculous and dangerous situation would not exist. There was an attempt made about ten years ago to establish some sort of system but it failed.

But just because this matter, which can be remedied, has been overlooked is no reason why we should cease attempting to dispel the darkness enshrouding us, or cease attempting to make the State a decent place for civilized people to live. It is rather absurd that the same State which recently seriously considered embarking upon an experiment in development of waterways which would have cost several millions with no certainty of immediate or near future returns whatever should curtail an already-proved-sound road building and educational development program.

We know now that money expended in education brings returns far greater than that expended. The question is not, then, how much *money* do we have on hand, but how many boys and girls are there to be educated, how much is necessary to educate them, and how much of that can we safely get by taxation or bond issue? These young folk are capital, they also constitute a part of the financial condition of the State, and the *big part* as experience has proved. Consequently, they are the factor which should be given greatest consideration in making appropriations. It is their right that, if necessary, bonds be issued to educate them. They are good for credit, if credit is necessary, and will only develop into value as that credit is used. That is a side of the matter which was recognized years ago, and that is what the present legislature and people of the State seem to have forgotten.

We advocate neither blind pollyannaism as to State finances nor irresponsible and prodigal spending. But unless we see the possibility of a revolutionary change in mode of transportation, there is good reason for us to spend, and spend heavily, on our State highways. Modern civilization cannot exist without modern methods of transportation, and *the way to get there and back* must be developed before the country can be developed. That is why such large portions of North Carolina are so benighted; mud roads have kept the State fifty years behind other portions of the United States. Of course, compared with Virginia or South Carolina this State has, in recent years, given an appearance of containing life and virility, and some have seen the promise of an awakening, a dawning self-consciousness, a realization of backwardness and a determination by conscious effort to bring the best in modern civilization to the State; but this appearance now threatens to reveal itself as mere appearance, and this promise threatens to show itself as the fantastical brain-child of dreamers. However, we refuse to believe that it has all been chimerical; but it would be mighty easy for it to become just that; and the wrecking or discontinuance of a portion of the State organization for education in a blind panic will do much to make this promise no more than a costly dream.

There is no legitimate reason for cutting State expenditures on either education or roads below what was planned for the next two years before the recent attack of cold feet. There is every reason for continuing the same program. It is obvious, however, that this will not be done until the present panic is over. We hope the Governor will find and tell us the actual money status of the government; then we hope he will reconsider the investment program and give full consideration to some factors which have been forgotten during recent weeks. Then he should be able to call a special session of the legislature and talk some sense to it, instead of merely enumerating the different interests and saying he knew nothing about them, as he was forced to do under the circumstances when he first addressed the legislature. This brings up another absurdity which the legislature should correct, and which, along with election reform, we hope it will do before it stops business this time. However our hopes and expectations do not tally: we expect neither wise economy nor needed reform, for the simple and potent reason that a good portion of the State legislature and State people have not yet emerged from the dark ages. —W. T. C.

THE PASTURE

J. E. H. AND W. T. C.

There is one despicable crime which is committed often in this State and particularly here at the University which, although greatly resented by those who suffer from its commission, as yet goes entirely unpunished. Indeed the criminals often get great pleasure and satisfaction, not only from the actual perpetration of their crimes, but also from the flattering words of the sufferers from their evil deeds. We have seen great numbers of people sitting in agony, waiting, looking and hoping for release, or sitting silently, and mournfully, bearing the torture resignedly.

Five days a week, one hour each day this crime is committed on this Campus by a considerable number of men against a portion of the defenseless youth of North Carolina. It is a crime of omission rather than commission. It is a crime which is hard to define, but which is always immediately and highly effective in giving agony to its wide awake victims; those who are dumb or who can sleep at will are the only ones who escape it.

The criminal is usually a master of the art of taking one or two hours to say nothing, and is ignorant of his mastery; he has a degree of which he knows nothing, which, however, is not out of accord with his general condition. Recently, we have heard a number of great masters of this art of saying nothing at great length, all of whom were from these highly intelligent Northern centers of learning. We of the South have been inclined to think of the Southerners as the most accomplished criminal of this type and the South as the most usual scene in the perpetration of this crime. Be we now know it is not a sectional malady.

It is usual nowadays to think of criminals as suffering from some sort of disease, and since the ones of this type are so seemingly unconscious of their condition and apparently well-disposed toward mankind we cannot ascribe their crimes to malicious intent—they must be unfortunate victims of disease. We are not medicos but we suspect they have something of the nature of chronic mental cavity emptitis, and we doubt their susceptibility to cure. Meanwhile we have to bear it, but you will catch us grinning about it not often.

While it is considering such Bills as the one which would prohibit man from evoluting and knowing about it, the one which would automatically divorce a couple after two years of marriage if it does not bring forth something other than poodle dogs, tabby cats, etc., and the one designed to prohibit moonshiners from carrying dangerous weapons, we should like for the legislature to consider some other laws of a very desirable nature.

First, however, we should like to suggest a solution of the problem of the dangerous weapons of the moonshiner, a law which, if properly written, will undoubtedly solve the prohibition question. The moonshiner is a rude, ignorant person; he has almost no idea of the potency of laws and law making bodies. The chief objection to the Bill which has been brought up in the legislature concerning his carrying dangerous weapons is that he might refuse to come out of his hole to let himself be searched for them. That would put the revenuers and the law in an embarrassing position. Obviously the law should avoid this difficulty. It is merely a problem of passing the right law. Now, if the legislature should make a decree declaring the weapons of these rude persons harmless, the difficulty would be solved. Then our efficient, brave, dauntless revenuers, without any danger of getting hurt or allowing anyone to become embarrassed, could walk right in and catch the moonshiners after they found them, and that would solve the prohibition problem.

If it only knew how to do it, there is no end to what our legislature might do with laws. For instance, it might prohibit, on pain of death to the violator, any speaker from saying nothing over more than one hour. (The only trouble about this is that it might mean self-destruction.) Or it might regulate the rainfall by enacting a Bill to prohibit the clouds from pouring down rain so abundantly and constantly, especially around and about Chapel Hill. In truth, there is no end to what a well disposed, conscientious legislature may do; we are looking for and expecting wonderful things.

* * *

Spring is here, children, and our fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of examinations.

The Passing of The House of Seven Labels

By Josephine Winston

Built in Chapel Hill a hundred and thirty years ago by Tom Taylor, a Revolutionary soldier, the Eben Alexander house, originally a log cabin, later enlarged and added to, has been torn down to make a place for the woman's building. This old house has been the scene of merry-making; of birth and death and romance; University presidents have been married from its portals; it has housed a diplomat; and, in a room over a wood-house in its back yard Wilson Caldwell, from his boyhood a servant in the University, was born in slavery; prelates have dwelt there; and an ex-President of the United States was entertained in its rooms; a tradition has also come down of a ghastly suicide, when a man hanged himself in one of its rooms.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN LABELS Drawing by Mary Polk Beard

The log cabin will be rebuilt, at an early date, as nearly like the original as possible, but it will not be used as a museum. This is the present plan of Vernon Howell, Dean of the School of Pharmacy, who has been a resident of Chapel Hill long enough to value and to wish to preserve its traditions. When Mr. Howell found the logs in the original cabin in good enough condition to justify its preservation, he decided to reconstruct it, on his own land. He has selected a knoll, near the little log cabin he has already built, which he calls the "Scout Cabin" and lends to the Boy Scouts on occasions, and there the logs lie. He plans to rebuild the cabin in its original form—a two-story structure—and use it for parties and "bacon bats," and to camp out or live in it when the urge of out-of-doors is too strong to be resisted. "One log has one end that has rotted," he says, "and when I rebuild the cabin, that end will be replaced by one of the logs from the old

Battle house, which is being remodeled by John Booker at the present time; in all other respects it will be just like the original. But, it will not be used as a museum; that idea originated in the fertile brain of some newsgatherer. . . .''

Thus passes one of Chapel Hill's oldest land-marks. Its old box bushes have been moved to grace the entrance to Manning Hall, the new Law building; the age-old seuppernong vine, known to generations of students for the best seuppernongs in North Carolina, is a thing of the past; all that is left of a tradition of a hundred and thirty years is the majestic row of cedars that led up to its narrow front porch, and a kitchen, in the rear of the dwelling. This kitchen was built from bricks, first used in the oldest Astronomical Observatory connected with a University in America—built by President Caldwell on the Raleigh road, near the cemetery, where the new tennis courts have been placed. Allowed to fall into decay and disuse, this old Observatory became an eyesore, and was finally destroyed by fire, set by the hand of a student. The bricks left from the ruins were used in the brick kitchen in the back-yard of President Swain.

The old house, in a setting of box bushes, on the crest of a gently sloping lawn, surrounded on four sides by an old-fashioned rock-wall, was simple in design with a simplicity almost severe. Its only attempt at adornment of any kind was an ornamental cornice under the eaves, the spirit of which Arthur C. Nash, architect for the Atwood Construction Co., has tried to preserve in a similar cornice on the Edwin Greenlaw house, designed by him. He says the Alexander house belongs to the period of the late colonial; that it is a true type of North Carolina colonial—with its narrow front porch, supported by open-work pilasters or columns, which he has never seen anywhere else than here in Chapel Hill, and which he considers very individual. These pilasters or ''veranda supports,'' as Mr. Nash calls them, were on the first house to be built in Chapel Hill, the old President's House on Cameron Avenue, familiarly known to the present generation as the Gore House, built in 1793 and torn down nearly a dozen years ago to make a place for Swain Hall. These supports were also on the old Martin house on Rosemary Lane, now owned and recently remodeled by Dr. William M. Dey. One of the few houses on which they can now be found is on Franklin Street, facing Battle Lane, originally the house of Widow Puckett, wife of John Puckett, one time Postmaster of Chapel Hill. Mrs. Puckett sold it to Professor Olmstead, and by him it was sold to the University, in whose possession it now is. ''This type of house is fast dying out,'' Mr. Nash says, ''as they are torn down to be replaced by other more modern buildings; a sentiment should be created to preserve them. They have a historical value both for the town and the state, and they give Chapel Hill atmosphere and charm and a historic background that cannot be bought for any price.''

In detail the interior of the house carried out the simplicity of its exterior. The mantels were good, and interesting in design. They suited the rest of the plan admirably; but they were not handsome. The locks and door-knobs were plain brass—the kind that are fitted with very large keys—and are identical with those used in the old President's House on Cameron Avenue. Professor A. H. Patterson, who lived in the latter house for five years, prior to its being torn down, says that the door-knobs on that house were the same as those of the Alexander house. The latter are now in his possession. This leads one to believe that the two houses were built at the same time and by the same architect.

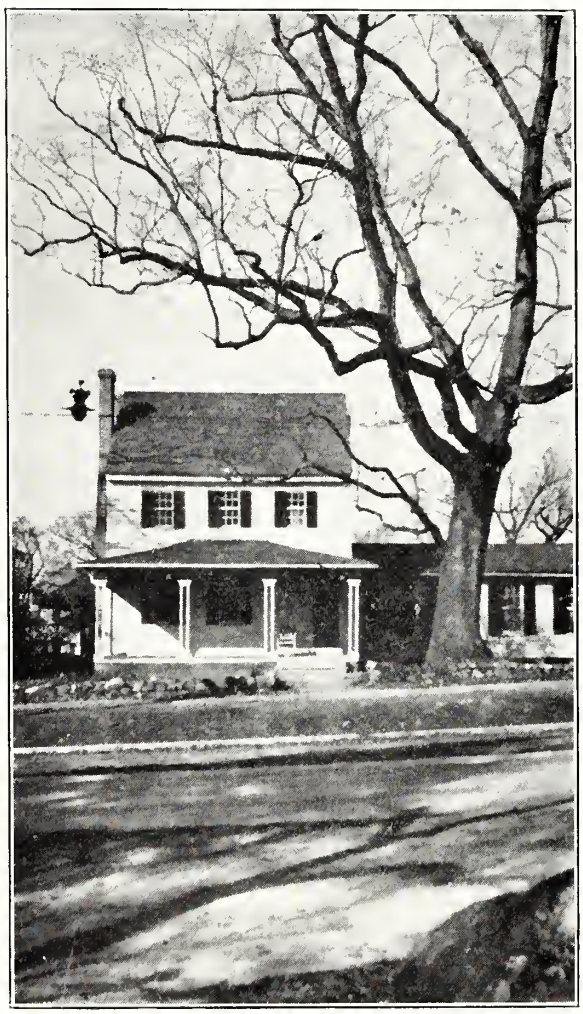
From the narrow front porch one entered, even as late as the late seventies, a large room, or parlor as it was then called. As it was known to the present generation, this room had been partitioned off into a narrow hall, with a long narrow room on either side; these were the living rooms of the family. At the rear of the hall were three-steps-down into a dining-room that ran length-wise of the width of the house; this, with the room above it, was the original log-cabin part of the building. The upstairs arrangement was very similar, with a long narrow bedroom on either side of the narrow hall, and the same three-steps-down into the large bedroom over the dining-room. This log-cabin part of the house had the most satisfying proportions of any of the rooms, and this is the part that Vernon Howell will reconstruct on his own land. This log-cabin part was undoubtedly the scene of the suicide, when a man hanged himself in the dining room, and Mr. Howell will have a special ''h'ant'' provided for the completed cabin.

The original cabin was said, by some, to have been built during the Revolutionary War. It is more probable that it was built at the time of the laying of the corner-stone of the first building of the University, when Chapel Hill was first divided into lots and these lots put on sale. This lot, listed as No. 17, was first sold to Commissioner Alfred Moore, later a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the sum of $64. He transferred it to William H. Hill, who in his turn transferred it to Tom Taylor, who built a house on it and ''after living therein for many years Taylor removed to Tennessee, selling it to the University.'' Tom Taylor came to Chapel Hill from Hillsboro. He was the brother of ''Buck'' Taylor, the first Steward of the University, and great-great-grandfather of Louis Graves.

In a talk in Chapel in 1911, Dr. Kemp Battle said that Tom Taylor sold, or swapped, his house to the University for 625 acres of Western Tennessee land.

about 1795, and, with his family, moved to Tennessee. Since his time a great many eminent people, most of them connected with the University, have lived there.

Among these was the Reverend William Mercer Green, of the class of 1818, for many years a professor in the University, and its first chaplain. He was organizer and builder of the Episcopal Church—The Chapel of The Cross—next door to it, and frequently held divine services in his parlor until the Chapel of the Cross was completed. Later the Rev. Mr. Green



THE WIDOW PUCKETT'S HOUSE FACING BATTLE LANE

was made Bishop of Mississippi, though when he moved to Mississippi he was living in the Caldwell house—one of the earliest of the Chapel Hill houses, which stood in the center of the lot where the present President's House now stands, and which was burned in 1886.

Though the Trustees had intended for President Swain to occupy the old President's House on Cameron Avenue, he disliked asking Professor Elisha Mitchell, then occupying the President's house, to move; and, since his wife thought the old Caldwell house inconvenient for young children, they decided on the Alexander house. They took it and used it as the Executive Mansion until 1848, when they moved to the Caldwell house, where President Swain died twenty years later.

During the occupancy of President Swain, Wilson Swain Caldwell, son of Rosa Burgess and November Caldwell, the former a slave of President Swain, and the latter an ex-slave of Dr. Caldwell, first president of the University, was born in slavery, in 1841, in a room over the old brick kitchen in the back yard. Until he was emancipated Wilson Caldwell was called Wilson Swain, after his master President Swain; then he took the name of his father. In his youth he was gardener for his master; later he worked, in a variety of capacities, for the University—mostly as janitor, though he was never called janitor—and in the reconstruction time just after the war "he resigned in disgust at the cutting down of his wages so low as not to be sufficient for a decent support in the style to which he had been accustomed."

When Governor Holden was inaugurated, Wilson Caldwell held the office of justice of the peace for a year. At the reopening of the University, in 1875, he was given his old job as janitor, which he resigned at the end of ten years, moving to Durham with his family. He did not stay in Durham long. On being asked, when he returned to Chapel Hill, why he had not staid in Durham, he replied, "Durham is not the place for a literary man." He was at this time given the job of head janitor at the University. After thirty or more years of service to the University, Wilson Swain Caldwell died on July 8, 1898. At the request of the pastor of his church, Dr. Kemp Battle delivered his funeral address. During the past year the class of 1891 raised a subscription for a monument and placed it at his grave, in the cemetery for colored people in Chapel Hill.

After President Swain, Reverend John Thomas Wheat, Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the University and father of the famous beauty of her day, Miss May Wheat, who was later Mrs. Francis E. Shober, lived in the old house, until Dr. Wheat's resignation in 1860 to become Rector of Christ Church in Little Rock, Arkansas.

During the War and just afterwards it was rented, probably to one of the families of refugees, who came to Chapel Hill at the beginning of the war and made their home here for the ensuing four years to escape living in their home town under Federal domination. When the War ended they went back to their homes.

The University kept its doors open through the dark days of the war, and for the two following years, by the most desperate efforts. In the fall of 1867, circumstances became so desperate that President Swain and the greatly reduced faculty sent in their resignations. These were accepted, not to take effect

until the Commencement of 1868. In that year the election of Trustees was taken out of the hands of the General Assembly, and given to the Board of Education, a political body controlled by Governor Holden, a Republican, and composed almost entirely of Republicans. This Board chose Solomon Pool, a Republican, born in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, as President of the University; and his faculty were all members of the same political party. Solomon Pool was actually President little more than a year. But he was President in name—and what was more important, drew his salary—until he was ejected by a decree of court in 1875.

Most of his faculty were men from out of the state. Among these was Fisk P. Brewer, a graduate of Yale, and son of Josiah Brewer, then missionary to Turkey. His mother was a sister to David Dudley Field, his brother a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. When elected to the professorship of Greek, in the faculty of Solomon Pool, Fish Brewer was principal of a colored school in Raleigh, which was founded by Northern charity. Dr. Battle says, "A contemporary letter to the newspaper says that he ruined his usefulness by boarding with a negro for a short while after reaching Chapel Hill. It was alleged, too, that he invited negroes to his house when teaching a colored school in Raleigh."

Professor Brewer lived at the Alexander house while he was connected with the University, until it closed its doors, again, in 1871.[1]

At its re-opening in 1875, Professor John Kimberley, of the school of Industrial Chemistry, who had resigned his chair in 1868, was re-elected to his old position, and moved into the old house during the short time he was again connected with the University.

He was followed by J. deBerniere Hooper, Professor of Greek and French, whose wife was Mary Elizabeth Hooper, his second cousin. Their daughter, Julia, was married in the parlor of the old house in 1877, to Professor Ralph H. Graves, Jr. When Ralph the eldest son of this couple, was born, "Reverend Charles Phillips," says Dr. Battle,[2] "published the following in a local newspaper, (The Ledger). It shows a remarkable association of one family with the University:

A New Professor At the University

He arrived Thursday morning. His ancestors to the fifth generation have been officers of the University. His father (Ralph H. Graves, Jr.) is now a Professor. His paternal grandfather (Ralph H. Graves, Sr.) was a Professor. His maternal grandfather (John DeBerniere Hooper, Professor of Greek and French) is now a Professor. His mother's maternal grandfather (Rev. Dr. Wm. Hooper, Professor of Ancient Language), his own great-grandfather, was a Professor. His father's maternal grandfather, (John Taylor, the first Steward) was Steward. His maternal grandmother's paternal grandfather (by marriage) (Reverend Dr. Joseph Caldwell, who married the mother of Dr. William Hooper) was the first President of the University. He has been represented in the Faculty by his father, his two grandfathers, two great-grandfathers, and one great-great-grandfather. His great-great-great-grandfather (William Hooper, grandfather of Professor William Hooper) signed the declaration of Independence in 1776, and his great-grandfather was present at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. At present he is in the department of Literature, his specialty being Elementary Sounds. Weight, ten pounds."

(It may be interesting to some to note, that in the margin of Mr. Graham's copy of the second volume of Dr. Battle's History of North Carolina, on page 186, in the hand-writing of the undersigned, is the following cryptic note: "Incorrect. This was written by Dr. George T. Winston. This on the authority of Mrs. Graves herself and of Dr. Winston himself. Lenoir Chambers. Dec. 14, 1919.")

Within a block of the old house which was the scene of her wedding, Mrs. Julia Hooper Graves is living with her only daughter, Mary DeBerniere Graves Rees; and next door, her son Louis Graves has built a home and is living with his wife, a sister of Susan Moses.

Professor Hooper lived in the Alexander house until the resignation of Dr. Charles Phillips, in 1880; then he moved into the house that Dr. Phillips left: the old Caldwell house, where he lived until the fall of 1885. He then moved into his own house on Rosemary Lane, next to the old Mangum home, and in this house he died during that winter—in January.

After Professor Hooper moved into the Caldwell house, the Alexander house was rented to Mr. and Mrs. Wills—parents of Mr. Harry Wills, who is living in Chapel Hill—and Mrs. Wills used it for a boarding house.

Professor Nelson B. Henry, first Professor of Pedagogy at the University, next lived in the old house, but for only a year or so, to be followed by Dr. Eben Alexander, Professor of Greek, in the University, and for four years American Ambassador to Greece.

Dr. and Mrs. Eben Alexander lived in the old house for twenty-five years, except for the four years (1893-1897) when he was Ambassador to Greece. During the four years he was away Dr. Henry Van Peters Wilson lived there, taking his wife there as a bride; and while they were living in the old house, their two daughters—Edith and Eleanor—were born.

After Dr. and Mrs. Alexander returned from Greece they lost a son in this house; and from this house their daughters, Eleanor and Margaret, were married in the Episcopal Church next door, holding their wedding receptions in the old home. It was an age-

[1] There was a rumor to the effect that the reason the University closed its doors in 1871 was because Solomon Pool gave a negro permission to enter college. This has not been verified, however.—J. W.

[2] Pp. 185-6, Vol. 2, Battle's *History of the University.*

old marriage eustom for the daughters of the house —and some who were not daughters, but near relatives—to be married in the Chapel of the Cross next door. A gap was made in the rock wall between the two lots and the bride would walk aeross the lawn in her wedding gown, through the opening in the wall, to the chureh, and baek again with the groom, after the eeremony. Then this gap would be closed up again. But weddings in the old house became so numerous that eventually the gap in the rock wall was left open for the sake of convenienee.

In th's manner was the wedding of Eleanor Alexander and Andrew H. Patterson solemnized; and later the wedding of Margaret Alexander and Paul Sehenck, with a reeeption in the case of the latter, held on the lawn of the old home.

Susan Moses, related to Mrs. Alexander, was married to Edward Kidder Graham from this house, in the Chapel of the Cross next door—a simple wedding, with no attendants, in a church decorated with Queen Anne's lace and feathery ferns; the bride in a girlish dress of white net, with the conventional veil of tulle —and they held an informal reception on the porch of the Alexander house after the ceremony. This simple wedding was followed in less than five years by a very mueh more formal, elaborate and widely attended eeremony—the inauguration of Mr. Graham as President of the University, and his formal installation in office. During his short life as President, he and his wife dwelt in the New President's House that had been erected only a few years before by Dr. Venable on the lot on which the old Caldwell house had stood until it burned in 1885. In less than five years after his inauguration, both Edward Kidder Graham and his wife, Susan Moses Graham, had passed on; and her funeral was held in the same setting as the simple wedding ceremony—save that this time the flowers were the most beautiful that floral culture could perfect, as was befitting the wife of a much loved University President. His funeral, two years later, was a great state occasion; with almost as many notables present as there had been on the occasion of his inauguration, all in contrast to the simple wedding reception held on the porch of the old Alexander house.

The death of Dr. Alexander in 1910 gave the old house, after a residence of twenty-five years by the Alexander family, into the hands of his successor as Professor of Greek, Professor Charles Wesley Bain. Mr. Bain had lived there a bare five years when he was claimed by death. His body was borne by loving friends through the gap in the rock wall to the Chapel of the Cross next door, and a simple funeral service was read.

After Mr. Bain's death, Dr. James Bullitt, of the Medieal department, and his family resided there for several years, to be followed by its last oeeupants, Professor Wallace Caldwell, of the department of History, and his wife.

After one short year spent there, the Caldwells had to move elsewhere because the Building Committee of the University had issued its ultimatum, that the old house had to come down to make a plaee for a more useful, more modern building—this old house that had seen so much of death and of suieide; of weddings and the romance that always preeedes weddings, an essential part of every wedding; of births and christenings, the lisp of baby voiees, and the patter of children's feet; of the pomp and splendor that is a necessary part of the life in a home used for offieial functions and soeial funetions befitting a Presidential mansion; of slaves and slavery times, when negro servants were both a luxury and a responsibility to their masters and mistresses; of divine serviees and candles lighted, perhaps ineense burned, by a small band of worshippers—who ean tell what ghosts of departed sinners, or saints of bygone years wandered through its rooms?

Mr. Caldwell, before leaving the old home gave it a farewell party. To this party he invited every living person in Chapel Hill who had ever lived in its rooms or who had been born in its rooms to receive with him and Mrs. Caldwell, and to the community he sent out an invitation to every one who wanted to say farewell to the old plaee that they were eordially invited to come. It was in the early summer and the lawn was lit with lanterns; the house itself was decorated with field daisies and old fashioned flowers, and lit by candles. A fitting farewell to The Old House—a farewell that showed an appreciation of the beauty of the old place and its setting; of its origin in Revolutionary times; and of its life during slavery and the Civil War; of the darkest days of the life of the University, during the days of the reconstruction, of its life after the University reopened, and of more modern times. But the spirit of the old house was not modern; it was ages old, and its atmosphere cannot be reproduced in the age we live in. It is gone to return no more; and in its passing the community has lost a home, alive with traditions; the University has lost one of its earliest bits of North Carolina colonial arehiteeture; and the State one of its historic landmarks.

(The small cut [left], drawn by Mrs. Wallaee Caldwell, the last oeeupant of the Alexander house, is from "Stories and Poems from the Old North State," and is used here by permission.)

The Lady In The Moon

By Eunice Ervin

Back of Main Street in Arlington there is a little brick building so tall and narrow that it resembles a book turned up on end. With its steep slanting roof, tall door, and two windows placed seemingly at random, it is at once different from the other nondescript buildings in the tumbledown street. The little red house draws itself up and away from its neighbors and stands in humble reserve, as though to say, "I am not of this world of brown plank and rough stone."

But over the door there is a sign that explains much. In almost obliterated letters are the words:

SAM TUGWELL'S SHOP OF FANCIES AND ODDITIES

It was a brave enough sign once, but countless rains have washed most of the gaiety away. The old door, still held firmly by the long arms of the hinges, has not answered to a key for thirty years or more, and the spiders and dust have placed a thick veil over the panes of the unshuttered windows.

* * *

Late in the afternoon of a spring day in the year 1884,—as accurate a date as I am able to obtain—a strange thing happened in Arlington. The end of a court week had come and the last farmer's wagon was headed homeward, leaving the town to the tradesfolk, who were leisurely closing their shops, and to the shrill-voiced little negroes, who disturbed the newly-restored calm of the town with their shrieks at the cows they were driving.

Down the street came a man who commanded not only a second glance but a continual stare from all who chanced to be in his path. He was a short, thick-set person—so short as to look deformed. The hair on his head was a faded yellow mop mixed with gray. His intensely blue eyes glanced restlessly over the faces of the townsfolk and as he moved down the street he seemed to be as interested as he was interesting. The red shirt which the little man wore so gaily had lost some of its brilliancy in long battle with the weather; he wore no hat and large half moon ear rings swung against his tanned neck as he rolled along.

Black Jake, who was driving Mrs. Nelson home, stopped the horses and stared, with his white teeth gleaming. Mrs. Nelson likewise stared, seemingly unconscious that her carriage had stopped. Preacher Higgins, as full of words as a new broom is of sweeps, said never a word, though his breath would have stirred the yellow hair of the man had he said "Ah" as he passed. Arlington, who made of her sons ministers, doctors, lawyers, and farmers, was gazing at a man without a category.

He passed on by. A dog barked excitedly. And men hurried home to tell their wives, over the toast and coffee at supper, of the strange man with the handkerchief bundle over his shoulder and the wide, free look on his face.

Judge Nelson himself, going home—after working into the early evening—past the old Tugwell place, and thus hoping to get home a little earlier and escape the severity of Mrs. Nelson's far-famed tongue, saw the strange man sitting on the gate post, his legs doubled up under him.

"Good evening, sir," he said, for the Judge always spoke to everybody.

He would have passed on had a paper not slipped from a roll under his arm. He stooped to pick up the white sheet and on rising smiled pleasantly at the little man. The whole sheaf of papers fell to the ground; the smile froze on his lips, then slowly melted into joy as the Judge started forward with outstretched hand, hesitatingly, as though to prevent the smiling man on the gate post from vanishing into the half-darkness.

"Sam—is it possible?" The Judge still slightly doubted his own senses.

"It is possible, Jackie Nelson." The little man jumped lightly to the ground and threw his arms around the tall black figure. They stood thus for a moment, the yellow head of the little man buried on the big man's breast, the hand of the Judge patting the other's shoulder and saying mutely, "Now, now" like a mother comforting a child. Without a word they turned and hand in hand walked slowly away from the gate. The white papers on the walk fluttered impatiently in protest at being forgotten.

When the little man spoke again, his voice was thick and uneven. "Yes, it's me again, Jackie, after fifteen years. You knew I'd come back, eh?" And he slapped "Jackie" on his long, thin back. "Fifteen years, and there isn't anywhere I haven't been—in every harbor and smelly port in two hemispheres. They can rot! I felt the call to go and I've felt it to come back. Davy Jones shan't gather me in with his other curios when the last trick's played."

The Judge blew his nose vigorously. The deep grunt which came from somewhere way down inside him as he cleared his throat was reminiscent of a crowded court room with anxious prisoner and eager-eyed, expectant jury.

"It's good to see you, Sam. I've missed you; we've all missed you. It takes me off my feet kind of to see you again. Fifteen years ago this spring is a long time to miss a friend."

They were both calm now, and silent for a time.

"Let's hear the tale, Sam." The Judge finally spoke.

The laugh from the little man's throat was good to hear—the laugh of Pan in the spring when the woods are green. The trees along the street leaned toward one another whispering and then ceased rustling to listen.

"Fifteen years ago tonight," said Sam. "I sat on that very gate post. Lord; what a short time ago it was—and yet how long. I was thinking about the sermon I would preach to you good people on the morrow, when I would don the frock coat for life. That night I was reborn a sailor. The moon had all to do with it—you've seen the Lady there with that still, calm face? That night she talked of the ocean and the tide that comes licking up the land with a host of greedy tongues, and the things that dance around on the bottom. I'd have asked you to come with me, but somehow I started down the road, thinking I'd turn back. But I couldn't. . . . I'm satisfied now. I've floated for days in the middle of the aisle of the ocean, with blue above and blue below and at night just points of light and sometimes nothing at all. Oh, the things I've heard and seen and smelled!

"And the end of it all! I'm home again, and with me I've brought some of those little things that outlive the death of many owners and gather wisdom and become more beautiful as they fade and yellow. Those things will go in a shop tomorrow and we'll have kettles of brass in Arlington and women'll wear beads and ribbons on their dresses, and the little girls can play with slant-eyed dolls and little boys fly kites from half way round the world . . ."

The days wandered unwillingly by and another spring came. The little shop of Sam Tugwell was beautiful by day and by night. In the morning the sun cast red beams through the windows and smiled in kindly pity upon the little gods sitting impassively on the broad shelves and the chimes waiting for the stick of some silent-footed Chinese youth and the rich silks gleaming warmly. In the evening, when the tall candles in the back of the shop were lighted and Sam and his dangling ear rings were silhouetted in the doorway, it became a magic place of dancing shadows—a place to enter almost guiltily and with stilled breath.

A year from the day of his return to Arlington Sam Tugwell sat in the door of his shop. The street was empty of echoing footsteps. The candles had long since burned out and only the moon lighted the front of the building and revealed the little man sitting on the step. His elbows rested on his knees and his hands were folded in front of him. Slowly his face turned from the moon to the street and his eyes caught the gleam of several small white objects scattered on the ground. He picked up one, and another. They were grains of corn, fallen from some farmer's wagon. He leaned forward and gathered up the remaining grains into the hollow of his hand. There were ten of them. They were all alike, to the touch and to the sight. He counted them twice and then, hurling them as far from him as he could, he stood up and stared at the houses up the street and down the street. They were all alike.

Sam gazed at the moon for a moment with his arms stretched high and his fists tightly closed and turned into his shop, where he saw a little god of yellow bone grinning at him in a shaft of moon light.

Long before the Lady in the Moon saw the other side of the street Sam had made up another handkerchief bundle and turned the key in the lock. And the door has not opened from that day to this. Through one half closed blind, if you look carefully, you can see a little yellow god.

He is still grinning.

Where Dreams Are Crystallized

Now all of you may not believe this tale, but that is neither here nor there, since the Lord, our Maker, saw fit to make men different; yet the fact remains that the country I am going to tell you about does exist.

Let any of you go, before the sun has set, a long, long way down the road that leads into the Kingdom of the Setting Sun. The land where the colored clouds are stored away when the Sun God has finished, in a radiant array of color, his daily journey. Go far down a crooked street, through the labyrinthian and unfriendly Cities of Man; go beyond the dust of the country roads until the hum and drum of the cities can no longer be heard; turn down the first lane; turn left and right, then back once more again until the foot of a hill is reached. Stopping not at the foot; going up and over and down the hill; traveling on and on across the sunbrowned plains and prairies, which are rapidly losing the heat of the day; finally crossing over the distant purple-blue hill, behind which the Sun does set, you will come at last to a wondrous land.

In this land, where the streets are paved with colored brick and the houses, each in a gay-flowered garden, are sparkling white, there are Fairy Castles with Fairy Princesses, each awaiting her fated love. Here romances, like the golden pots at the rainbows' ends, await one at every turn of the lane. Here dreams become real and one lives as his heart desires. 'Tis a land where ambitions are realized; not a thing is denied. For here in this land live Beggar Maids as princesses, fair and charming. The poor man becomes rich; the rich man becomes poor, finding surcease from the poverty of riches in the poverty of happiness. The old become young and struggle once more through the Battles of Life in the grand manner of their Dreams. The sick become well and take active part in the vigorous Games of Life. The puny become strong and strive with the best, each doing their share of the work of the day. Even the short men live as Giants, courageous and bold. Oh! the Folks who dwell in this Land are happy the live-long day. Never are they hungry, never do they want for aught, and from every earthly care they are free. The children romp, all through the blessed day, with laughter light and laughter merry. And grown-up folks smile and greet each other in a cheery and most cordial sort of manner. Why, just think on this: the Banker, the Butcher, and the Wagon-maker belong to a Club of Three.

Truly, life in this Land abounds with odd contradictions and is teeming with strange inconsistencies; yet Folks there are happy as happy could possibly be. Why, bless me! Even the rivers flow over the hills to enter the lakes in the valleys below. And not a drop of rain falls; the sun shines every day—yet the grass is always quite green, the trees flourish and fruit, and the plants blossom and blossom. Watered? Of course, by springs in the earth. All of this and more is true in this marvelous domain, where teardrops fall as resplendent gems, for there is really no need for salty tears in a commonwealth whose Rulers are Love and Contentment.

What is that, you say? All of this could not possibly be! Sure, all things are quite possible in the Land of Make-believe! And should you doubt the existence of this amazing realm, then climb you to the top of the highest hill and look straight to where the Sunsets glow and there far back of the mountainous clouds you will see the glorious sky of Make-believe Land.

—M.

Morose Thought

Now twilight fades; the gathering gloom descends
To shroud the chill earth in the robe of night.
Dark fleeting clouds obscure the moon's pale light,
And silence with the sighing wind contends.

So comes the night to end the useless day,
And bring old thoughts of life's futility.
This toil is vain—what is to be will be.
Man's feeble fingers cannot mould the day.

—G. W. O.

Representative Democracy

By Paul N. Olive

But I cannot see why the feelings and interests which arrange mankind according to localities should be the only ones thought worthy of being represented; or why people who have other feelings and interests, which they value more than they do their geographic ones, should be restricted to those as the sole principle of their political classification.—John Stuart Mill.

I

The evolution of our lawmaking bodies from a primitive assembly of warriors to the present complicated machinery with its ramifications and multiplicity of functions has been coincident with the gradual development of certain changes in society. The scope of human motives and interests has enlarged, and this has been attended by an increase in the intricacies of legislative machinery. Local units were early welded into larger groups with the object of nationalization. Representation and administration were organized on geographic bases because of the homogeneity of the people. But the fourteenth century saw the rise of class interests. Wealth, labor, religion, international policies, and various other motivating forces have since arisen.

We inherited our political institutions from England. Local autonomy and territorial representation have been our guiding principles. Common exigencies drew the colonies together into a national unity; provincial government gave way to the federal idea. But we preserved our ideal of local representation through divisions into states, districts, counties, townships, municipailties, and wards.

At the outset it was apparent that a nation so extended as this, with its sectional differences, and organized into semi-autonomous local governments, demanded the single member district form of representation. Constituencies were homogeneous; interests were sectional. This condition was most pronounced during the Civil War period, and in some degree it obtains today. The most characteristic outgrowth of American politics, the two party system, has been due largely to geography. But as a consequence of the rise of political parties and the lack of popular responsibility in our legislative bodies, there has grown up a chimerical theory of "party responsibility." Thus we have two opposing concepts of the basis of representation—partisan and territorial. We elect *by* party *from* a district. And in the meantime party affiliation has become less localized and more distributed. Thus violently distorted, neither party nor locality is represented.

Two indications of the precedence of party ties over territorial are the convention system of nominating, and the primary. The primary is now used in forty-seven states, and is mandatory in all but four. Another indication is the states' manipulation of the federal electoral college so as to crush out the minority party. A further indication of party precedence is the solidarity in certain sections—notably in the South. "Gerrymandering," or the districting of territory in favor of the dominant party to the detriment of the other, is still another indication of this fact.

II

There has been widespread discontent both in our own state and throughout the nation with our lawmaking bodies. We are fairly well satisfied with the executive and judicial branches. But the constant criticism of our legislatures from the press, from the rostrum, from the public at large; the numerous constitutional amendments limiting the legislative powers; the increased powers of executive officers and boards; the exalted position of courts, and of judges with powers, not only to set aside acts, but also to issue injunctions (things unheard of in European countries), reflect the distrust which we have in our legislative bodies. There must be something fundamentally wrong with our system; our law-making bodies evidently are not representative of the will of the people. What are the errors in our present organization?

First, a system of representation based on artificial units, the creation of geography and statistics, is not truly representative of the people. Similarity of feeling is not dependent on territorial or census classifications. John Doe cannot represent a district on all questions or on one question; but he can represent a constituency bound together by common feeling and opinion. In our complex social state, the strictly district representation is archaic.

A second fault is that the single member district system is not representative. In close districts where one party is dominant by a narrow margin, obviously one person cannot speak for the entire community. On this point defenders of the present system refer glibly to the principle of "majority rule." But the principle in its ideal sense does not deny the right of minorities to representation in proportion to their voting strength. In 1920 the ballot in North Carolina bore the following ratio: Democratic, 308; Re-

publican, 230. In that election the seats in the legislature were filled as follows: Senate, 39 Democrats and 11 Republicans; House, 93 Democrats and 27 Republicans. At the time of this writing, statistics of the polls in the recent election are not available, but there would probably be no great difference in ratio. There are at present 47 Democrats to 3 Republicans in the Senate and 110 Democrats to 10 Republicans in the House. It is entirely possible under the single member district system for one party to have a unanimous representation in the Legislature with only a slight majority in the electorate. Of course, our presidential electorate was unanimous.

Third, the system of party government as practiced in the United States does not express the will of the people. In European countries new parties spring up without limit to cope with new issues, and thus they serve as agencies to organize and strengthen similarly minded constituencies. In this country, in national, state, county, and even municipal elections, the practice is to organize the electorate into two groups, and to give to one the complete control of the legislative and executive departments, with no consideration for the minority party. In theory these parties are responsible to their constituents, but so general are their platforms that this responsibility is largely a myth. These parties are timeworn institutions, varying little from year to year in principles. The platforms are framed by party conventions. The parties make little provision for expression of opinion on the many new issues which arise; they do not recognize that men's interests are fluid; they assume that every one of the millions of the electorate is a Republican on all possible questions, or that he is entirely a Democrat.

A fourth defect in the present system is that the minorities are virtually disfranchised. As pointed out above, a party could secure an entire election with a narrow margin of votes; it is even possible for a minority electorate to secure a majority representation. These suppositions are of course hypothetical, but they are entirely possible, and in lesser degree are often the rule. We make a fetish of the principle of majority rule when we use it to condone the complete tyranny of one group of interests over another.

A fifth complaint against our present system of single member district territorial representation, old line parties, and general ticket ballots, is that it secures for us an inferior class of representatives. In national elections both parties cater to pivotal states. "Favorite sons" of important states receive undue preference. States of compact interests receive no consideration. As most voters are conservative and do not readily change their party, a very small proportion of the electorate holds the balance of power between the two parties. This margin often embraces the unconcerned classes, the volatile factions, and the venal voters. To such classes our parties appeal. This circumstance also induces bribery.

A poor class of lawmakers also is chosen because our present machinery lends itself easily to "boss rule" and to influence by private interests. Furthermore, the "party responsibility" theory makes for poor individual representation. A man is selected for party exigencies, and he rises or falls with his party. The voters vote the party ticket without inquiring into personalities. It is a paradox that our country, the pioneer in modern democracy, should be the most unrepresentative of existing democracies today.

One of the most commonly urged complaints against our elections in this state is the fact that there is no secrecy in voting. Most of the states have adopted the secret ballot and nineteen counties in this state now use it. There is no defense for the system in use in the other counties where an individual's ballot is open to the inspection of inquisitive bystanders, designing advisors, and bribers. This feature, however, is not an essential part of any theory of representation. It is a mechanical detail and could be remedied simply by legislative provision.

III

Several plans have been promulgated for effecting representative elections. The chief ones of interest are listed and briefly outlined below.

The *Single Member District* system has been referred to above. This system obtains generally in this state in the election of members of the legislature, county commissioners, and city councilmen or aldermen where the ward system is used. One candidate is put forward by each party in each district, township, or ward. The majority wins in each unit, the minority being unrepresented. The representation is not proportional here because in the total number of candidates elected the ratio of parties may vary from a unanimity of the majority party to a majority from the minority party, depending on the distribution of party ratios in the various electoral units.

The *General Ticket* lists several members on one ticket to be elected by one constituency. Each party puts forward as many candidates as there are members to be elected; each voter votes for as many as are to be elected; the majority party gets the entire list, and the minority is unrepresented. This system has two variations. In election of boards of commissioners and boards of education it has been applied by some cities and counties in this country and in France. In the second variation it is applied to districts. Single member districts are combined and several members are elected at large. It has no advantage over the single member district because minorities are unrepresented

The *Limited Vote* has been tried in New York and Boston. Each elector votes for only part of the number to be elected—for two out of three members, five out of seven, etc. This is an improvement over the general ticket because the minority gets some, though not necessarily proportional, representation.

The *Cumulative Vote* is a further step. It has been used in electing members to the Illinois legislature. Each voter has as many votes as there are representatives to be elected, but he may distribute them as he chooses. He may cast one vote for each candidate, or he may distribute them between two or more, or he may cast them all for one. Thus minorities may obtain representation by concentrating their votes on one or two candidates. But under this system votes are often wasted when a popular candidate runs high, and such a candidate is thus a danger to his party. Moreover, this system requires a well organized party. It lends itself also to "deals", and other pernicious practices. And it is not proportional.

The most ideal system yet devised is the preferential system of the single transferrable vote, or the *Hare System of Proportional Representation.*

IV

"As the words imply, proportional representation is representation of the several groups, classes or parties, each in proportion to its numbers. It has always been a principle at the foundation of all representative government, and it is universally accepted as just, that the parties should be represented on any board exercising governmental or legislative powers in proportion to the size of the parties. It may be said to be axiomatic."

The classical form of proportional representation is the plan brought forward in 1857 by Mr. Thomas Hare, an English parliamentarian, and devised independently also by the Danish statesman, M. Andrae. It is a combination of the general ticket and the single vote systems. According to this plan, representatives are elected at large from the entire nation, state, or city, or from districts large enough to be entitled to several representatives. All primary and secondary elections are unnecessary. Any person who wishes to be a candidate merely files a nomination paper signed by a designated number of nominators. For practical application the number of candidates can be limited by statute if necessary. The names of the candidates are printed in alphabetical order on the official ballot, with no further designation necessary. At the top of the ballot are the words: "Vote for as many as you wish in order of your preference, using 1, 2, 3, etc." The voter's ballot is counted for his first choice, and for him only, if he can be elected with it, and cannot be elected without it. If the voter's first choice cannot be elected, even with his ballot, or if he is elected without needing it, then the ballot is counted for the second choice. The ballot will probably be used for the first choice; if not, then for one of the others, in order of the preference indicated. But in no case can it actually be used for more than one candidate. The preferential ballot thus eliminates the possibility of wasted votes found in the cumulative system. With the transferrable vote, each elector will vote for his actual first choice, and for alternates in order of preference. Thus a person would not hesitate to vote for his real favorite simply because he felt that he had no chance of being elected and that his vote would consequently be thrown away.

Ballots are first sorted into piles according to first choices and counted. The quota is then determined by dividing the total number of ballots by one more than the number of seats to be filled, and adding one to the quotient. All candidates who receive a quota on the first count are declared elected. Any votes for one candidate above the quota form a "surplus". Next the surplus, if there is any, is taken from the elected candidate polling the largest vote, and distributed among the others according to the second choices indicated on the ballots. The second count is then made, and those receiving quotas are declared elected. In case no surplus appears in any count, the candidate polling the smallest number of votes is declared defeated, and his votes are distributed according to their second choices. (If thi should fall to an elected or a defeated candidate, the ballot is assigned to a third choice.) This transferrence continues until the required number of candidates are declared elected. In transferring surpluses, either of two methods may be employed. The number of ballots may be drawn by chance from the candidate's pile, depending on the law of average, or the entire vote for that candidate may be re-counted according to second choices, and the surplus distributed according to the ratio of the whole.

All the elected candidates will then have received a full quota, except, perhaps, one or two, whose quotas will be nearly filled. Each member will represent a unanimous constituency. About four-fifths of the voters will see their first choice elected; most of the others will see their second or third choice. Very few will be entirely disappointed.

Since any constituency comprising enough voters to form a quota can elect one member by this plan, every class is represented in proportion to its numerical strength.

If the Hare System were applied to national elections in this country, congressmen might be elected from the state at large. If applied to our legislature in this state senators might be elected at large, one-third each year. Or the state might be divided into a few large districts, each sending several members to

the legislature. In municipal elections, the councilmen or aldermen would be elected at large. In this way it could even be used in county elections of commissioners. It has been employed with great success in twelve American and Canadian cities, and in various European countries. In fact, a quarter of a billion people, or one-eighth of the population of the world, are living under Proteetional Representation in its different forms. The Hare System has been employed chiefly in local elections thus far, but the latest available figures give over thirteen million people voting under it.[1]

It is not possible within the limits of this article to inquire into the legal possibilities of the adoption of this plan in North Carolina. An amendment to the state constitution would be neeessary, for its installation as a basis of eletion of legislators, but there seems to be no obstaele to its adoption in city governments. However, it has been declared unconstitutional in two American cities.[2] Oregon made provision for it in 1908 by an amendment to its constitution, authorizing proportional representation within the discretion of the legislature.

V

The benefits to be derived from the adoption of this system are not visionary and theoretical. Its actual operation in various parts of the world has proved them to be real.

First of all, it is absolutely fair. It provides for equal representation of all classes and interests in proportion to their numerical strength. Thus it combines the good points of class and numerical representation. It is a curious fact that we, who stand so punctiliously for the word democracy and for equal suffrage, make of both a mockery by rendering the suffrage of vast numbers ineffectual. Under proportional representation, each legislator would be supported by a solid community—a community of individuals, not of square miles—a community of feelings and interests. It would not break down geographic divisions entirely, but it would render them subservient to larger and more vital issues. It would not violate the principle of majority rule, but it would give a square deal both to majorities and to minorities.

Proportional representation is not opposed to party government. Parties will continue to exist to organize groups with similar interests. But it would eventually displace our two party system with parties which stand for definite issues. Many charges of corruption can be urged against our old line parties, but in the scope of this writing we are only concerned with the fact that they are unrepresentative. No possible classification can divide all mankind into two groups according to common interests. Nor can any reason justify our theory that one such group shall be entirely right because it has a majority of numbers. The absurdity of our system is apparent from the fact that our two national parties dominate also state and municipal politics.

By displacing our present party system, proportional representation would remedy its evils; the solidarity of certain sections, oligarchies, and boss rule. The ignoring of large groups, the retarding of progress, and the subjection of vital issues to party ties, need be only mentioned as evils of solidarity. When electors really vote for individuals as in the Hare System, boss rule cannot survive. And when legislators represent a definite constituency on definite issues, oligarchies cannot exist.

This system would secure for us a better class of representatives. Men of the best caliber would not hesitate, as they often do now, to appear as candidates. There would be a greater choice for the individual voter. Candidates would not cater to a mere margin as at present, but to the vital interests of a real constituency. Thus the individual voter would be encouraged to vote and to vote intelligently. He would feel that his vote really counted, and that he had a real interest at stake. More nearly universal voting would soon develop.

[1] P. R. Review, Third Series, No. 67. Published by P. R. League, Philadelphia.

[2] Appellate Court, Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 30, 1920, and Kalamazoo, Mich., Wattles v. Upjohn, No. 100, 179 N. W. Supreme Court of Michigan.

Hither and Yon in Yurrup

PARIS—Café Rotunde. "Gareon, trois Benedictines." Students with big broad-brimmed hats—cowboy hats, we called them—mill in and out among the tables placed on the sidewalk. They smoke long thin eigars. We are told the hats denote the policitieal party to which the students belong, and that Café Rotunde is the favorite rendez-vous of the Latin Quarter inhabitants.

"Gareon, trois Benedictines, toute de suite." At the table opposite sits an old woman and a young girl. Obviously mother and daughter. The mother wears a red wig. She lights a eigarette. Her daughter bends over and gets a "light" from her. The boy from the New Mexieo raneh looks around and the older woman makes a broad wink. He bursts into an uproar of laughter and bangs on the table with his fists—the crowd stares at us—the woman curses in French.

IN DUTCH

"Mon Dieu, Garcon, trois Benedictines." A little black-headed Freneh boy comes by selling peanuts. His hair has been recently clipped short. We do not care for peanuts—but we must sample them—he puts a handful on the table. "Non, non," and we attempt to hand them back, but he skips out of reach laughing gleefully. A perfect Ameriean boy he would make. We motion for him to return, but he shakes his head and grins. A franc does not get him back, nor a crisp five franc note. Suddenly a call comes from the cafe across the street and he darts off—his little bare legs entangling themselves and threatening to overthrow him. Twice afterwards we visited Café Rotunde, solely with the hope of seeing the boy again—but Paris is such a large city.

One A. M. and we are hunting our hotel. Lost our bearings slightly. A little blond Freneh woman comes up and says coyly, "Where are you going?" She is as pretty as a picture—a street walker. Paris is so full of street walkers—but this one seems different. We ask directions and she gives them, laughing cheerfully, indifferently. We thank her and she sings out, "Good night, Amerieans."

MONTE CARLO—The Casino. People straggling in and out. Men and women. The season is not now at its height and the stakes are low. But here's one that looks broody and gloomy. The majority appear carefree. Last night a woman shot herself just a few paces from where we are standing. Luck had been against her.

Midday and hot. Here's a nice, cool cafe. We order glaeée. An enormously fat Freneh woman waddles up and takes a seat in the corner. Her skin is sickly yellow, and her eyes show signs of dissipation. She orders whiskey and soda. Presently she reads a letter. Counts her money—playing must have been profitable today. Her expression never changes. Wonder if there's any happiness in life for her.

Two Englishmen and a pretty English girl come up. Orders for lemonade. One of the men produces his eigarette case. The girl is pretty—hope she doesn't smoke. But she does. My Yankee friend laughs at me—and my "southern morals."

ROME—Disappointing, but historical, to be sure. The Italians in Ameriea are not representative of their race. We like the native Italians far better than the Freneh.

Little stands on the street corners, selling fruit drinks. Rage of the town. We must try one. "Blah, it's nothing but green grape-fruit juice in plain luke-

warm water." Horrible mixture. The people seem to like it, but not so with us. The girl smiles and gives us our change. She knows we will not return.

Two American girls join us here. Wealthy Pittsburgians. One is studying music under famous masters. The other had bobbed her hair. "No, it wasn't

ON THE RIVER TYNE

a success." Now she is travelling abroad while it grows out again. They have a good supply of American candy. Their company is most agreeable.

The Facisti. An Italian deputy recently murdered. Feeling of unrest. Soldiers everywhere. Americans tell of the horrors of the preceding winter—daily murders. Not safe to go out on the streets—until the Facisti came.

FLORENCE—Home of the famous de Medici family. Narrow, crooked streets. People walk in the street in preference to the sidewalks. Half naked little children playing in the boats tied along the river bank.

Last night at the cafe. A senorita of the movie type. Coarse, shiny hair. Long eye-lashes. Painted face. Enormous ear-rings. Smoked cigarettes in long holder. Must have seen an American film. But nobody seemed to notice her.

Tonight. The same cafe. The night is hot. One of the girls with us wears sleeveless gown. Everybody fixes eyes on us. We leave. The natives stop still in the streets and gaze. Sleeveless gowns must not be in vogue in Florence.

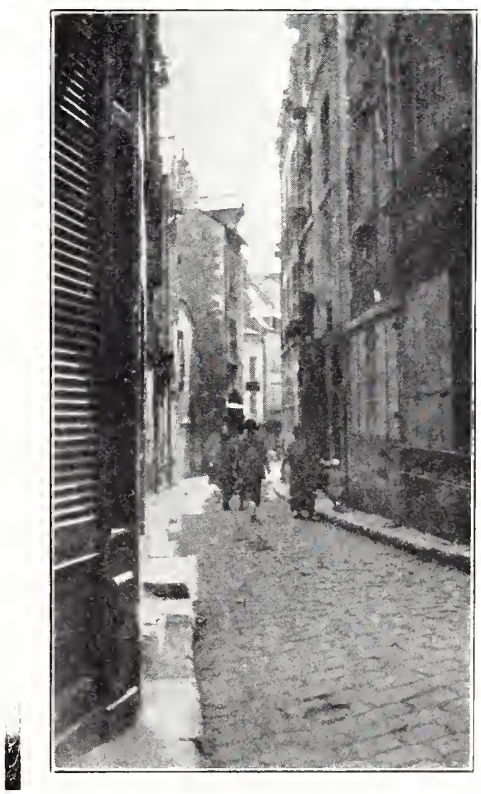
Monastery on top of the hill—five lire as a bribe and the keeper lets us in. A golden sunset. Lights twinkle on the mountain tops, miles away.

VENICE—Swish! swish! The street cleaner. But not as we know him. A gondola and a net make up his outfit. Skims the trash off the surface of the water and paddles on down the canal.

We order sphagetti. Another disappointment. Instead of the endless strings, we are served *á la American*—short, easily-handled pieces. Denied the pleasure of rolling the long tubes into huge balls and thrusting them into the mouth. Nevertheless it is good. All Italian sphagetti seems to be.

Full moon on the Grand Canal. A gondola of singers near the "Bridge of Sighs." Singing "Yes, we have no bananas." Everybody in Europe sings "Bananas." A gondola draws up beside us—more audience for the concert. Two Italian women and one man. The man looks bored and restless. The women recline against the cushions—carefree and happy. Their hair is ravenous black—Italian ladies of beauty. Yes, they smoke too, and the breezes quickly pounce upon the delicate rings and hurry them away.

BRUSSELS—Busy capital of the Belgians. Tomb of the unknown soldier. Two massive marble lions keep guard. The citizens, to a man, remove their hats as they pass. Belgium has not forgotten the war.



A STREET IN FLORENCE

Chocolate covered cherries. Thirty francs a kilo. Thought they were cordial cherries such as one gets in the States. Stung! They're natural cherries in brandy. Not sorry about the mistake, however. They are very good.

AMSTERDAM—Bicycles, flocks, herds, drove of bicycles. Amsterdam—called the New York of Europe. Big ships that have come down through the Zuider Zee. Excursion boat returns from visit to the island

"PARLYMENT"

of Marken. One-legged bugler stands on the side of the canal locks and plays national anthems of the leading nations. Ends with, "Yes, we have no bananas." A big hit. Receives great applause and liberal tips.

Morning. The porter knocks. He is a "perfect" porter. "Seven o'clock, sir, the plane leaves at eight, sir. Will you have breakfast, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. You must hurry, sir."

LONDON—Rain and bobbies. Unemployment. Men hungry and without work. "Price o' a breakfast, if you please, just sixpence." The military. Gorgeous costumes. Changing guard at the Price of Wales' palace. Forty-five minutes required. Hundreds of people gather to watch the ceremony. Mounted police to hold crowd back, so they can "do it."

Wimbley Exposition. Hotels crowded. No rooms. Raining. Go to the "Y." Filled up but will help. Sent to the Channel Island Home. "Six shillings for bed and breakfast, one bed left." Three drunk British soldiers—just from the Rhine—to bunk with. One has a "brither" in "Ark-lee-harmer." He cannot understand why I don't know him.

HEADING HOME

The Prince of Wales. The women twitter—"Ain't he darling,—oh! he's just lovely. God bless his 'eart." "Wonder who he will marry."

Newspaper. How much? "'Ape-ny' for a Standard, 'tuppence' for a Mail, 'threy-punce' for a Herald." I buy a Herald and the boy sings, "God Save the King."

CHAPEL HILL—Mud. More mud.

Introspect

Horsemen dashing down a glen—
I see buttons glitter through leafy openings.
Umbrageous foliage?
No, just leaves.
They would shoot if they saw me
Quivering, half-starved, here in the brush.

Body all a-tirl?
No, just quivering
And vexed by a spadix.
It's the duty of Confederates to shoot
Us Union spies.

But if I escape, I ought to get
A tingling
War poem
Out of this.

The Father-In-Law's Tragedy

To the Right Noble
The Duke of Plagiarism, Lord of
Chaucerville, Shakespearshire, and
Jonsonton; Baron of Marlowville,
Middleton, and Heywood; Right
Worshipful Lord of the Royal Order of
Hackworth, and Knight of the
Golden Fleece.

Your Grace:

Had I not composed this work in the most perfect manner which I conceive to be demanded by your Grace's most delicate discrimination, I had never dared to assume the presumption of so far intruding myself upon your Grace's notice as so boldly to dedicate to your Grace a work which, although it hath cost me no small travail to compose, is yet not so perfect as a work which is dedicated to your Grace must necessarily be. And yet your Grace's liberality toward others hath emboldened me to beg your Grace's patronage for this work which owes to your Grace, and to none other, all that it may contain worthy of notice or praise. That it hath been the custom of writers, your Grace, to praise their patrons beyond all other men, I am not ignorent, nor am I ignorent that his Grace, the Duke of Plagiarism, is a paragon of men; but I cannot be so much of a sycophant as to say that your Grace in beauty, wit, and intelligence is unsurpassed by any man, as to say that there is no wiser or more munificent patron of the arts than your Grace, as to say that your Grace is indespensable to society and politics as well as to letters. No, your Grace, although all these qualities are inherent in your Grace, I can not bring myself to mention them, for I am no flatterer; but I can make known unto your Grace that there is no man whom I more respect or admire, that there is no man whom I have served more faithfully in the past or shall serve more faithfully in the future, and that your Grace may always account me,

Your Grace,

Your Grace's most humble and obedient servant,

JEAN COMMORE DE SAINTSEBASTION.

A bare, battered room hath contained in it a ragged, stupid, young-old man, who sitteth at a worn, rickety table. Withal the room is a passing suitable setting for such a jewel as this out-at-the-elbows knave, this whoreson varlet, this perfidious, infamous, arrant, foul, base, vile, paltry, scurvy, scabby, scrubby, sneaking blackguard; in short, this dishonest, derogated, grovelling, villainous braggadocio. The chamber hath a rectangular shape, with a flimsy portal at one end and at the other a window to which soap and water hath been a stranger from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The chamber containeth a chest of drawers, though therein is to be found no clothing—nay, not even a pair of worsted stockings withal—a table and a chair also, and even a bed, though such a one as a Franciscan would scorn to lay himself in withal. On the table burneth brightly an oil lamp, which on occasion might serve as a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path; and this gallows-bird thief in his profession had great need of a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path. The knave is clothed in garments too large for him and withal of a tenth rate appearance. His clodish face is seamed with the ravages which over-indulgence in twopenny sack and fourpenny bawds hath been known to make appear in the countenances of many, both noblemen and knaves. Just as the room hath an air of mildewed old age, so hath the wight an air of bovine stupidity. This in any wight is unpardonable, but surpassing so in one rotted with vice, for when degeneracy be accompanied by stupidity, verily 'tis the evil of evils.

Hunched over the table, the man is sitting on the only chair which the room containeth. A sheet of yellow foolscap is spread before him, and as he studieth it, he doth mutter disjointedly to himself:

"This 'll be the window to the back passage. Thence methinks I will to the book-room, wherein lie the jewels withal. None 'll be at home to-night. Anna 'ath told me so. Saith she, 'All will be gone; thou 'lt come then, or thou 'rt a fool.' Anna 's a goodly wench, per'venture I 'll marry her. But Bess and her brat? 'Swounds! the Devil take her, and him too! Anna 'ath told me where the jewels lie, but perchance she hath lied to me? Nay; though Anna is a comely slut who 'll lie as well as another. Godsbodikens, I 'll marry Anna—but Bess?—may all the foul fiends rend the baggage! 'Snails, the huzzy! 'Odswounds, the fish-wife! Godsbodikens, 'sfoot, 'sdeath, I 'll marry who I will! Then I 'll get the jewels and be gone anon. The rich Lord St. Claire will never catch me; or, 'swounds! if he do catch me, he will catch his death withal! 'Sfoot, I can handle my stickler as well as another!"

Having thus concluded, this rascally knave riseth with a leer of satisfaction, and having crossed the chamber, he pulleth from a peg a sword, which he fasteneth about his body. His dagger he draweth from its sheath and polisheth it on the sleeve of his doublet, replacing it anon. Then having put his pistols in his belt, he taketh his hat and throweth his cloak about him and anon goeth out into the violent night.

* In giving this story to the public for the first time, I have made no change in the diction, the phraseology, or the style of the author. Jean Commore de Saintsebastion.—P. A. CLEMENT.

Here endeth, the first part of the story of the father-in-law's tragedy, and the second part followeth.

Without, a bitter cold rain was dashing itself furiously upon the city's streets; within, was an open fire which cast it fitful rays upon two gentlemen seated before it and upon the book-shelves that did seem to snuggle away in the dark corners of the high-vaulted chamber. Of the two gentlemen, the younger was the Lord St. Claire, of tall, slender figure and handsome face; the older man was his wife's father who did possess a great abundance of corpulence and a great lack of wit. Now this Lord St. Claire, as men of rank will oftimes do, had married far below his degree, sith he had been so amazed by the beauty of his wife that he cared naught for anything else. Thus, despite the fact that she was the daughter of a country squire, this Lord of St. Claire had married her a year ago; he had brought her home to London and they had lived in wondrous peace and concord ever since. Now, sooth to say, the Lady St. Claire's father had lived quietly in the country since the marriage of his daughter until a sevennight ago, when he had received some news from the city, which displeased him in no little wise; and after having made hasty preparations, he had swiftly come to London to learn from his son-in-law the truth on the matter. He had arrived at dusk just as the Lord St. Claire was leaving his house; for his Lordship was expecting his mistress that night, thus on the night before he had told his servants that on the morrow he would be away from his house all night, and he had commanded them on pain of dismissal not to stir one foot out of the house during the whole of the night withal; thus the Lord St. Claire was assured that he could return in an hour and await his mistress in the security of an empty house.

But now this stupid boor of a father-in-law was come to spoil all his plans and stratagems. He must perforce lead him into the book-room, sit him down before the fire, call for his best wine, and, God willing, get him as drunk as never was father-in-law before. After five drinks and five starts, each of which being interrupted by his Lordship who urged another goblet upon him, the old beast of a father-in-law did at last make his Lordship understand that he had something of the greatest importance to communicate unto him. The Lord St. Claire, believing that the old man had come to declare that he had made his will in his Lordship's favor, suffered him to proceed without trying to pour more of that passing excellent wine into his forever-thirsting throat. The old knave did cough and make beginning after this manner:

"My Lord, thy wife, mine daughter, hath behaved herself wantonly as I understand."

"How now, Sir, my wife wanton; and thy daughter, too? Think not on't! 'Tis impossible."

"Nay, but, My Lord, I am sure on't. I have heard from divers places that she and Lord Mohun are the talk of the town, that he hath openly boasted of having her for a mistress, and that she hath not denied it. Methinks, mine son-in-law, that if thou wouldst but look in a mirror, thou wouldst see strange growths protuding from thy forehead."

"'Swounds, Sir, no more on't! Didst come all the way to London on this night of all nights to call me cuckold? Godsbodikens, Sir, am I not to do with my wife as I please? and is my wife not to do as she pleaseth without thee bringing thy knavish country dirt up to London? How if my wife be the mistress of Lord Mohun?—why should that concern me, Sir? 'Sfoot, hath not my Lord Mohun a wife, and hath she not taken some other gentleman for a lover? Blood and daggers, thou 'lt make me mad!—thou, with thy talk of cuckoldry and thy odors of the stable. Why shouldn't my wife be the mistress of Lord Mohun? Let me try to reason with thee, old true-penny. Hath not my wife, thy daughter, beauty, wit, gentle disposition, and a pleasure-loving nature? What, hath she not? Never shake thy hoary locks at me! Canst deny it, old pate? 'Sblood, Sir, and hath not my Lord Mohun a comely figure, great wealth, great position, and some wit?—and hath he not the ear of the King? Dost not know? I 'll tell thee: he hath, yea, all. Then why should he not conceive a love for Rosette, and she for him? And why shouldst thou, old grey-beard, come babbling to me of cuckoldry? have I nothing to do but listen to thee?"

"Blows and bludgeons! my Lord, had I known what a scurvy, rascally knave I was marrying my daughter to, I had put a dagger through her heart first! Ambuscadoes and bastinadoes! thou whoreson dog, 'tis reported thou hast sold thy wife to Lord Mohun for the 'vancement he may obtain for thee at Court. Godswounds, sirrah, I'll put my dagger—"

Before the old fellow could say where he would put his dagger, the Lord St. Claire's footman did appear in the door-way and announce that a lady was awaiting his Lordship in the withdrawing-room. The Lord St. Claire arose, and having taken leave of his father-in-law with little ceremony, he hastened apace into the withdrawing-room, wherein he found his mistress who, for sooth, was angry enow; for truly no woman of rank, who hath come to her lover's house, is pleased to find many servants but no lover. You, mine readers both stupid and intelligent, if you will but remember some like experience of your own, will well understand the Lord St. Claire's anxiety when he entered the room.

"Ah, monster of deceit," for thus she greeted him, "so thou hast come at last. But perchance I disturb thee; return to her, thou—thou—oh, thou—"

"How now, my dearest chuck; prithee, be not angy; for, by my troth, I can explain everything to thy satisfaction."

"What, ungrateful wretch, a liar as well? Oh faith, I am deceived, cruelly deceived! Nay, lay not thy hands upon me!"

But the Lord St. Claire knew well what he must do at this point, so he putteth his arm about her waist and leadeth her to a couch whereon he sitteth with her. Stroking her knee gently, he beginneth his explanation and speaketh in this manner:

"My beloved mistress, I had taken precautions for the servants to be gone, as we planned, and I myself was about to go out for an hour that the knaves might seize their opportunity, when lo! a visitation of God cometh all the way from the end of England to plague me withal—my father-in-law it was, dearest Anne; and he causeth me all this trouble and inconvenience only to tell me that Rosette hath taken a lover unto herself."

"And thou couldst not rid thyself of him, thou wouldst say, dearest Philip? Nay, perchance thou art right—and, in sooth, I did come a bit earlier than I ought—so I do forgive thee, dear lad, for thou hast plagues enow for one night. Thy father-in-law come to worry thee about thy wife's virtue? O Hell and chastity! as your ranting bullies would say. Grieve and rage about his daughter's lost virtue? Oh, fie

> 'tis unmanly grief;
> It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
> A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
> An understanding simple and unschooled:
> For what we know must be and is as common
> As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
> Why should we in our peevish opposition
> Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven
> A fault against the world, a fault to nature,
> To reason most absurd, whose common theme
> Is loss of virtue, and who still hath cried,
> From the first time till she that went to-day,
> 'This must be so.'

Fie! virtue, a fig! Were all fathers-in-law such sticklers for virtue, there would be no more fathers-in-law anon. Women, my love, play the game of life with their virtue for stakes, and they needs must learn to lose a winning match."

"How now, my love turned into a philosopher and a quoter of poets? But come, let me conduct thee to our chamber, and when I've rid myself of this knavish father-in-law, I 'll return to thee anon on the wings of Mercury."

"Faith, no, dear Philip; I wish to see this sainted father-in-law who hath so much care for his daughter."

"An it please thee, so; but thou must promise neither to scream nor shriek nor shudder, for verily he doth smell of the stable."

"I promise, my dear Lord; but who shall I be?"

"Thou shalt be Lady Dianna of Beverly who hath come to exchange gossip with Rosetta, but finding her away from home, hath of necessity resorted to her husband; and he in courtesy bringeth her to be introduced to his dear father-in-law, and in courtesy can do no less than offer to conduct her safely home—oh, most happiest thought!—, and she in courtesy can do no less than accept his most gentle offer; and then farewell, father-in-law, for the gentle knight will take his timid lady safely up stairs and not out into the warring night."

"Surpassing well planned, my dear! Thou 'lt be His Majesty's chiefest minister yet. But how if he ask for Rosette? how then?"

"He hath asked already, and I told him that she is with my mother at the castle; but, in sooth, I know not where she is, unless she be with thy husband. God grant she stay with him 'till this father hath taken himself away! Come, my Lady Mohun, my Anne, my dearest chuck, let us in to the monster."

As the Lord St. Claire walketh with his mistress toward the book-room, she saith unto him:

"Why, sweet Philip, dost thou not wish thy wife to see her father?"

"Why, sweet, an he see her, he 'll learn the truth on th' matter; and I would not have the old fellow know it, for 'twill grieve him mightily, and clownish old fool that he is, I do bear him something of love—besides, he hath great wealth."

"Ay, my Lord, there lies the rub."

Having reached the book-room, they did find this rascally father-in-law toasting his feet by his Lordship's fire and his stomach by his Lordship's most ancient wine. The Lord St. Claire did make his lady known unto his father-in-law; but she was not received as befitted a woman of her rank and beauty, for the loutish fellow had little of grace or wit. Being of that faction called the Puritan, he accounted beauty of body in a female as a sin; and thus, by my troth, he had reason to believe Lady Anne the most sinful woman in the kingdom. Yet this Lady Anne was in no way discountenanced, but she chatted gayly to her lord, and in such wise as to outrage Saint Puritan, the father-in-law.

Saith the Lady Anne:

"My dear Lord, hast heard the affair of that poor Lady Charlotte, Lord Bertram's daughter?"

"Nay, dear Lady, what is 't?"

"Why the poor, simple thing is in great woe, sith she hath lost her virginity."

"The huzzy!" snorteth the old father-in-law, "she should be whipped through the streets—and all like her, too."

Saith the Lady Anne:

"Nay, Sir, she hath done no great wrong. 'Tis a loss that encreaseth. Fie, Sir, wouldst have all women die virgins? An they did, perchance the world would be a better place a hundred years from now, but—oh fie, Sir! rail not on that which hath so greatly benefited thee! Prithee, what wouldst thou and other men do, an all women were determined to die virgins? You all do damn what hath given you your existence and made that existence pleasurable."

"Nay, your Ladyship," saith the old man, "could make the Devil out an honest gentlemen."

"I know not, Sir, how he could be otherwise, else would he have left his job long ago for the little thanks he hath received in reward of all the worry and trouble he hath given himself for mankind. But come, my Lord St. Claire, I must hasten me home. Wilt see me safely thither? Give ye good night, Sir."

"I am sure, Sir," saith the Lord St. Claire to his father-in-law, "thou wilt grant me thy pardon, an I leave thee whilst I conduct this lady home. I leave thee to thy fire and thy wine; an thou wishest anything else, ring that bell on the table there and a lackey will come. I return anon, Sir."

Then his Lordship did depart with his lady (but not to take her home as he had said); and the old man was left alone with his thoughts. As he sat before the fire, sipping his son's-in-law ancient wine which was of quality so excellent that it did in no wise outrage his stern and upright puritan nature, he did meditate in his mind on what he should say unto his son-in-law when he had returned:

"Her conduct is disgraceful. 'Swounds, to think of a daughter of mine become a strumpet! But perchance it wasn't through fault of her own. My own daughter could not become that—my daughter? Oh, no, no, no! Why did I marry her to this dissolute lord? Peradventure he hath truly sacrificed her to his ambition, his lust for power. Old fool that I am, had I only not married her—had this fine lord only—- Oh, grief hath begun to turn my wits! How my hate doth rise! But, down! That way madness lies." And in his anguish he doth cry, "Oh my daughter! My honor and my daughter! My daughter! My honor! Oh, my daughter—honor—daughter, daughter!"

Now 'tis wonderous strange, but the lady St. Claire at that moment was passing outside the door with her lover, the Lord Mohun, whom she had brought home with her, although she had planned to spend the night with him elsewhere; 'tis well known that love is capricious. This lady was much amazed by the cry which she easily recognized for her father's, though she had not heard his voice for a year. She took the Lord Mohun by the hand and did walk into the room with him. 'Tis thus that she greeted her father:

"My dear father, God save thee! How is it that thou art in London, Sir?"

"Ah, thou strumpet! is this how thou visitest thy husband's mother, in sooth?"

"Strumpet? father, and visit my husband's mother? Nay, I understand thee not."

"What, art not with thy mother-in-law, then? Nay, that 's plain. Methinks there 's something rotten here. Art not a strumpet? Perchance this is thy husband and not the Lord Mohun?"

"How, now, Sir?" saith the Lord Mohun. "Can it be that I have the glorious honor of having been acquainted with one whose dazzling brightness, like unto Phoebus in all his glory, doth quite extinguish the sight of my eyes?"

"Nay, thou fop, thou tailor's sign, thou perfumed nothing! but thou knowest my daughter and thou shalt make the acquaintence of her father's sword of dazzling brightness like unto Phoebus in all his glory; unless, forsooth, her husband—"

"Nay, now, old man, dost speak of me?" Thus spake a voice from the doorway and into the room walked the Lord St. Claire who had roused himself to seek the cause of so great a cry of "daughter, daughter." Having seen the Lord Mohun, he did most courteously exchange greetings with him; then anon he spake unto his father-in-law: "Thou hast thy daughter here now, old man, and her lover too, forsooth; accuse her to thy heart's content. I 'll wager thee thou 'll not gain the victory in th' affair."

Saith the Lady Rosette:

"In sooth, my dear husband, he hath already called me strumpets and bawds enow; and I can well guess what thing hath brought him to London."

"Prithee, daughter, canst deny thou art the mistress of this lord?"

"No, father, nor would, an I could."

"A hit, a very palpable hit, old man," saith both the lords together; and the Lady Rosette continued:

"I love this lord, father, and he loveth me, so why shouldn't I be his mistress?"

"Godsbodikens, slut! and your husband?"

"Faith, Sir, we love and respect each other more than most husbands and wives, do we not, Philip?"

"By my troth, yes, dear Rosette."

"Why, dear father, I would do anything for Philip, save give up my lover; and he would do anything for me, save sacrifice his mistress. Why, we have lived together for a whole year in the greatest happiness.

without even a single quarrel. But thou needs must be angry at every tittle-tattle bit of rumor thou hearest. A strumpet?—oh, fie on 't, fie on 't!"

"Prithee, daughter—nay, not daughter; never call thyself daughter of mine! I do curse thee—speak no more on 't, I say! 'Zooks, thou art a very daughter of Satan! I did not beget thee; I deny thee; and I drink to thy eternal damnation! thine and thy husband's and thy lover's!"

And the stony-hearted, unnatural father did crown his cup with wine, and, whilst the others stood amazed, he raised it to his lips and did begin to drink. But at that moment withal there appeared in the doorway a knave clothed in garments too large for him and of a tenth rate appearance withal, a clodish, rascally knave who cried in a full terrible voice:

"'Swounds, an ye move, ye are all dead men! 'Sblood, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

The cruel old man gulpeth, choketh, wiggleth, waggleth, spluttereth, cougheth, gaspeth, and sinketh down suddenly in his chair, letting his goblet crash to the floor. The Lord St. Claire, disregarding his danger, bendeth over his father-in-law and feeleth his heart; anon he murmereth:

"Gods bodikens, the poor fellow hath choked himself to death, and with mine best wine too, forsooth."

Here endeth the second part of the story of the father-in-law's tragedy, and there followeth the story of the sad and disastrous results thereof."[1]

[1] How Jean Commore intended to end his story it is impossible to know, for that part which has been printed here is all that has been preserved for us.—P. A. C.

Dama De La Noche

The long flaming day-hours—
Your petals hang as dead;
A noisome odor haunts you—
Your perfume rare has fled.

In other and gaudier blossoms
Shall the sun-god find his bliss;
They raise to his seeking passion
Their harlot lips to kiss.

But when, in long reluctance,
He draws from their embrace,
And they close their petals slowly
To dream of his caress,—

Then, Dama de la Noche,
A Vestal maid art thou,
With the pale moonlight gleaming
Through the lattice on your brow.

Your waxen trembling petals
Like Vestal robes are white;
Your sweet perfume ascending
Is incense in the night.

Yet we wonder, timid night-flower,
If in your vigils lone
There may not creep an envy
Of your sisters' flaunted throne,

Where gaiety of wild wine,
And noise and dust and heat,
And endless wooing sun-god
Make their wanton pulses beat?

Or are you quite indifferent,
Oh Lady of the Night,
Like those who've reached Nirvana,
And on your lonely height

Are quite content to blossom,
Regardless if the world
Breathes deeper for your beauty
In the shadowed night unfurled?

—M. E. V.

Librarianship[*]

Nature of the Work

The librarian's business is with books and the men, women, and children who read books. He selects, acquires, and arranges printed matter of every sort, making it accessible and bringing it to the attention of all those who can use it. Whether or not librarianship may be called a profession is a matter of dispute, but it has become a genuine form of social service, and a very necessary function in the upbuilding of a democratic society. As an educational agency the library stands beside and supplements the school. Its potential field of activity is, however, wider than that of the school, since it is open to those of every age, and it looks toward the recreation and inspiration of its patrons as well as toward their instruction. More than a mere assemblage of books, it is a place where high adventure is always possible and sometimes found. The library as we know it is a new institution: it reaches back hardly more than half a century, and its goal of "the best books to all people" is still far from being reached. There has been an astonishing growth in the past fifty years, but the possibilities for further expansion, as new points of contact between the library and its community reveal themselves, seem almost unlimited.

In its larger aspects, librarianship remains one of the few vocations in which a man need not restrict the range of his knowledge or skill in order to do the most valuable work. There are plenty of chances for specialization if one prefers it, but the ideal librarian is a man of the broadest education and sympathies, interested in life and literature of every conceivable sort and eager to communicate his interests, who may make himself an authority in certain fields but is not willing to do so at the expense of his general culture. In this age of restlessness and diversification there is no better post than the library from which (in the classic phrase) to see life steadily and see it whole. The librarian may and should have positive convictions of his own, he can scarcely hope to be free from prejudices of temperament or surroundings, but in his dealings with the public there is required a catholic attitude of mind that is hospitable to every new idea and every point of view. Sincerity is the first criterion of a book: if it be honest and reasonably well written his business is to put it in the way of readers, whatever his personal judgment about it may be.

As books multiply and reading increases, special libraries have become more and more useful. Tax-supported institutions, however, which serve the people as a whole and aim to maintain a well-rounded collection of books, are still by far the most numerous. These range from the few shelves in the town hall of a little Massachusetts village to the New York Public Library, with its two million volumes and 39 branch buildings, and the still greater Library of Congress at Washington, a truly national institution at the service of the entire country. But high school, college, and most university libraries can provide only the more valuable works along certain definite lines, while professional libraries of law, engineering, medicine, and theology do the same within narrower limits. Recently there has been a large increase in the number of libraries attached to banks, factories, scientific laboratories, and business corporations, which collect and make available material needed for quick reference or research in their respective fields. A few society libraries, open only to subscribing members, are to be found; and a number of wealthy men maintain private collections of rare or beautifully bound books, which are usually made accessible to students.

In a small library the work may be done by the librarian alone, or with one or two assistants. In the larger institutions it is divided among a number of departments, whose duties will appeal to persons with a variety of tastes. The general administration of the plant demands executive ability, the appraisal and selection of books, a critical faculty, the purchasing and accessioning of material business aptitude. Cataloging and classifying should attract persons with a sense of order, a liking for detail, and a passion for exactness; the circulation desk furnishes immediate social contacts with all sorts of people and an opportunity to guide the direction of their reading; work with children requires a fondness for boys and girls, with an understanding of their tastes and a knowledge of the best juvenile literature. Reference and bibliographic work, with its preparation of reading lists and readiness to answer questions of every description, is a field for the scholar.

The hours of service are fairly short, ranging generally from 38 to 44 hours a week, with an annual vacation of a month. Librarians can thus command a good deal of leisure time, which may be profitably spent in one of the avocations to which their work naturally leads. In schools and colleges they are

[*] This is the fourth of a series of articles dealing with the opportunities offered by various professions, written by the several Deans for the Bureau of Vocational Information.

usually given academic rank and engage in teaching library economy or other subjects. The public librarian is expected to be a leader in his community, especially along such lines of social work as adult education and the Americanization of foreigners. His institution becomes, in fact, sometimes more a center of neighborhood activity than the local school or church. The business librarian finds himself a responsible department head whose advice, based on fuller information than his colleagues may possess, is often valuable to his firm. Almost always librarians have unusual facilities for independent research and for writing on their own account.

Personal Qualifications

Good health, tactfulness, a logical mind, a retentive memory, and a background of wide reading are necessary for efficient service. It is important that one should have a genuine interest in people as well as in literature, for the work is primarily social and the mere bookworm will find his opportunities very limited. The ability to present one's ideas in attractive form, by speaking in public or writing clearly, is no less an asset here than in other professions. The librarian who learns to manage men and women, commanding their obedience without losing their respect and affection, will of course find the higher positions opening more readily before him.

Income and Rewards

The demand for trained librarians exceeds the supply. It is a field in which women predominate, but men are sought for administrators and department chiefs in the larger libraries and their opportunities for advancement are good. For those who find the work congenial, tenure is reasonably secure; many librarians have spent their entire working life in the same institution.

No one should enter library work in order to make money. Salaries are in general equal to or slightly below those of school teachers with equal training. They are, however, increasing at a fairly rapid rate. In 24 of the more important colleges and university libraries the remuneration of the chief librarian ranged recently between $2500 and $5000, that of the department heads between $1500 and $3000, and that of other trained workers between $1200 and $2200. In 33 large public libraries department heads received from $1400 to $3600, and other professional workers from $1200 to $2700. Probably the largest salary paid to a head librarian is $10,000, though most are well below this figure. In 30 medium-sized public libraries department heads received from $1100 to $2200, and other trained workers from $1000 to $1800. A greater variation will be found among special libraries, depending on the character of the work and the policy of the employer; in 1921 salaries in 172 institutions ranged from $1000 to $4500.

The real rewards of library work lie rather in the association with books and people than in money. There is a durable satisfaction in serving the cultural needs of one's community—helping to develop its taste for more and better reading, showing it how to use the resources one has to offer, and so in a very real sense educating it. Besides, the librarian finds himself by the nature of his work compelled to know something of every movement of the time, to follow the tendencies of literature, and to have at least a cursory acquaintance with the greatest books, old and new. In relating by every possible means what has been written to what is being done in the world he can hardly help building a richer and deeper life of his own.

Training

Those who plan to do clerical or sub-professional work in libraries will need a high school education. This should be followed by a course of instruction, to be had in summer schools, or library institutes, designed to give a good understanding of the mechanics and routine operations of a library.

For professional work leading to the higher positions an academic college course on the broadest lines will give the best preparation. A good knowledge of the social sciences and English literature and the ability to read French and German are perhaps of the first importance; but there is no information whatever that cannot be utilized in a library. The prospective school or college librarian will be helped by courses in education, and the special librarian ought of course to be thoroughly grounded in his chosen field.

One or two years' study in a library school furnishes the necessary professional training. These schools assume the general culture of their students and teach largely technical, bibliographic, and administrative subjects. Of the more important schools in the country, three offer a two-year course, others complete the work in one year, and a few combine an academic and library course of four years. In three of the schools a bachelor's degree is required for entrance, in others two years of college work, while several accept high school graduates on examination. They are all open to men and women alike, but men have been entered in only five or six of the larger ones. Tuition varies from nothing (in one southern school) to $200 a year, the average being about $95. Ordinary living expenses and the cost of textbooks are to be added. Graduates seldom have difficulty in securing positions, since the schools serve as employment agencies both at the time of graduation and later.

How the Pickwick Got Its' Peanuts

(Apologies to Kiplings' Just So Stories)

ATTEND and listen and hear; for this befell and occurred and behappened and was, O My Best Beloved, when the tame animal was wild. The Horse was wild, and the Cow was wild, and the Goat was wild, and the Cat was wild, and the Pig was wild as wild could be—and they all walked in the Far-off Fearsome Forests by their wild, wild selves. But the wildest of all the wild, wild animals was the Monkey.

Now, O Best Beloved, in these High and Far-off times in the Wild Wet Woods, the Monkeys were a most reprehensible family. All the wild Forest-folk knew that the Monkeys were very rude animals with very great lengths of tail, very hairy bodies, very empty heads, and absolutely no breeding you know. The Forest folk didn't have much to do with the Monkey family, and tried as much as they could to get rid of them and to keep out of their way—which wasn't much, because the Monkeys were always butting into everyone's affairs, and hanging by their tails in the tall, tall trees babbling their senseless chatter everywhere, just like some People you know. O Best Beloved. This continued for so long a time in those High and far-off times, that finally the People of the Woods grew so very, very tired of the way the Monkeys were acting that they decided to put a stop to it by ignoring the Monkeys. Ella, the Elephant, who was queen of all the Forests, called a great conclave of all the Animals of the Jungles and ordered that from theneeforth from Then till Yet, the Monkeys were to be ostracized by all the respectable families. And they were, they most absolutely were.

I have told you, O Best Beloved, that the Monkeys didn't have any brains in their heads. They didn't have any sensibilities—that's a scrumtious word, O Best Beloved, which means feeling—any more than they had brains. But at that, the Monkeys noticed that the Forest-folk seemed to have less use for them than ever and they got mad about it. When they found out that nobody was paying any attention any more to their foolishnesses they got madder and madder, because the one thing that the Monkeys couldn't stand was to be unnoticed.

As the Monkeys got madder and madder, O Best Beloved, they got meaner and meaner, and soon the Wild Wet Woods were full of their meannesses. They tried every way which their little brains could think of to torment the Forest-folk, and they thought of some strange, strange things, O Best Beloved. There was one way especially that the Monkeys made miserable the lives of the Woods-people, and this is how it was. They would climb up in the topmost branches of the tallest, tallest trees and hang by their coilsome tails and pelt the Forest-folk on the noggins with Kubbers. Kubbers, O Best Beloved, were great big nuts that were very hard and very plentiful.

Matters continued thus for quite some time. The Monkeys had all the Forest-folk afraid of them, and it looked as if they were going to rule all the Remote and Rare Regions. One day a queer thing happened, and the High and far-off times came a little lower and a little nearer. Everything began to Evolute—that's another scrumtious word, O Best Beloved, and I don't know what it means any more than does, oh, say, that funny little shiny-topped Mr. Bryan. Anyway, that's what happened.

The Camel evoluted humps, the Leopard evoluted spots, the Elephant evoluted a trunk, and everybody evoluted something different. It would take too long a time, O Best Beloved, to tell you all the things that all the Animals evoluted; but I will tell you about the Monkeys. The Monkeys evoluted and evoluted, and little by little their longsome, coilsome tails got less longsome and less coilsome; and little by little they grew less hairy and less hairy, till at last when the High and Far-off times had become the Low-down Near-here times, what do you think they had become? They had become us! Yes sir bob tail, they had evoluted plum smack into you and me.

Another thing that I wanted to tell you about was the Kubbers. They evoluted too. While everything else was evoluting into something bigger and making the air thicker, the poor Kubbers were tied to their trees and couldn't get around to take any exercise, so they grew smaller and smaller, and the Kubber trees grew smaller and smaller till they were nothing but vines. Now what do you think we call them today? We call them peanut vines, and the Kubbers have changed to peanuts, common ordinary peanuts.

Now all this is very strange, O Best Beloved, and most of it happened in the High and Far-off times; but I just wanted to tell you about it so that you could understand the next time you go to the Pickwick, why the College boys throw peanuts at each other. It's just because, O Best Beloved, they are Monkeys whose minds stayed like Monkey minds, while the rest of them evoluted so that on the outside, they look just like ordinary humans.

—S. M.

Science And Religion

(In Which One Student of Science Presents *His* Views.)

By Richard Seiwell

Upon the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man*, there arose a fierce controversy between the more militant scientists and the theologians which lasted many years. By the beginning of the twentieth century this controversy had subsided to a considerable extent. In recent years it has been asserted in scientific circles that the battle was ended. In the most important institutions of learning the theory of evolution has been accepted in all departments, and little attempt is made to evaluate the evidence on which the doctrine rests.

More recently, however, in certain colleges under the control of various religious denominations, and on the part of some well known public speakers, the fire of opposition to the doctrine of evolution has flamed anew. The attacks are directed at evolution by a group of religious leaders, who term themselves Fundamentalists. They are the residue of the religious leaders who by their ignorance and narrow mindedness, are making a final, but losing stand, against the doctrine of evolution. These men, of which William Jennings Bryan is a classical example, may be sincere and they may imagine that they see danger of the Christian church passing out of existence, or they may be merely looking for publicity.

There is a popular fallacious belief among the ignorant and uneducated mass of the people that the doctrine of evolution asserts that man is a direct descendant from a monkey or one of the anthropoid apes. It is upon this belief that the publications of the fundamentalist are written to influence the mass. Much has been written about evolution, which shows just such a mistaken idea on the part of the authors, many of whom do not have a college education but a mind equal in intelligence to that of a high school sophomore.

The word "evolution" taken in its popular signification means progressive development, that is, gradual change from a condition of relative uniformity to one of relative complexity. As a natural process of the same character as the development of a tree from its seed, or a fowl from its egg, evolution excludes creation and all kinds of supernatural force. It is an expression of fixed order; every stage is the effect of causes operating according to definite rules. We should remember that evolution is not an explanation of the cosmic process, but merely a generalization of the method and results of the process.

We often hear people speak of the conflict between science and religion. It is commonly believed and sometimes taught that in this conflict science has discredited all religion and is seeking to destroy it. This is not the case. Science is not seeking to destroy religion; what it is seeking to do is to modify it in order to enlighten the world as to the foolish superstitions and mistaken ideas of the ancient Hebrews. Are we, the people of today, with our present intellectual development, with our present knowledge, and with the vast number of scientific discoveries at hand, to read and believe in a book which was written some two thousand years ago by some persons of whom we know little or nothing? Are we to try and correlate the science of the early Hebrews with the development of science of the present day? This is an outrage and insult to our scientists of today. Science and the true religion go hand in hand, but between science and Hebrew mythology there is no comparison. Every nation has its cosmogany. Why is the Hebrew account any truer than any of the others? The books of the Old Testament which prophesy the birth of Christ have been found to have been written some years after his birth, also several books of the New Testament, commonly credited to such men as Matthew, Mark and Luke, have been found never to have been written by these men.

Again, let us look at the type of men—in the church pulpits of today—who are still preaching the fire and brimstone sermons and raving about science. They are not preaching religion. What they are preaching is Hebrew mythology, with their own personal interpretations thrown in. But there is a reason for all this. These men have never had the proper training to make them preachers; seventy-five per cent of the preachers of this type have never had a college education. This is a disgrace to the ministry—that men of this type are allowed to make fools of themselves from the pulpit.

But we might say to ourselves that we know of men who have had a broad cultural education before entering the ministry and that they also are preaching the fundamentalist type of sermon. The answer

to this is simple. These men are intellectually dishonest. They are not sincere in their sermons, and they are afraid to tell the truth from the pulpit. These men are as dishonest as a man who enters another's house for the purpose of robbery, for they are cheating the people out of the right to know the truth.

Is the church no longer taking an active part in the life of the educated man as it once did? This question can be answered if we will but look around and note the type of people who are active members in the church. The reason for this lies with the ministers. A student of science is not content to go to church and listen to the man in the pulpit preach a hell and brimstone sermon. He is not content to listen to a man discourse on science when he knows that that man's education is far inferior to his. An insight into the cosmic process can only be had by a liberal education in the natural sciences, and this is something which the average minister does not possess.

One of the arguments used by the fundamentalist, in his writings on evolution, is that scientists disagree in matters of opinion in regard to evolution. This is true, but it should not be misleading, for as far as I know, there is no living naturalist who differs as to the immutable truth of evolution in the sense of the continuous fitness of plants and animals to their environment, and the ascent of all the existing and extinct forms of life, including man, from an original and single cellular state. If these fundamentalists would drop all their books and with open heart and mind study first-hand the simple archives of Nature, all their doubts would disappear. They would not lose their religion, but they would find the true religion and would become evolutionists.

Recently a certain book, known as *The Other Side of Evolution,* by Rev. Alexander Patterson, has come under my attention. To pick out the fallacious statements and the mistaken ideas of science in this book would take a paper many times the length of this. Rev. Patterson is a fundamentalist of the worst kind. He knows no science, and his book is a collection of myths of various theologians of his type. He misquotes Darwin, Haechel, and other authorities by picking out phrases of two or three words, from their works, and attempting to explain them. A man of this type is detrimental to religion, for he is doing more to tear down religion than to build it up. He may be sincere in his writing, but he is sadly in need of an education.

Since the dawn of civilization, science has been retarded by religion. Men far in advance of their time have been martyrs to the cause of science, because they refused to contradict statements they had made as to what they believed was the truth. The Bible writers were not students of nature, just as there is no natural curiosity among the Orientals of today. The Fundamentalist is absolutely right when he maintains that evolution finds no support in the Bible; just as he is absolutely wrong when he maintains that evolution ends in atheism.

Evolution takes its place with the gravitation law of Newton. It should be taught in our schools simply as Nature speaks to us about it, and entirely separated from the opinions, materialistic or theistic, which have clustered about it. This simple direct teaching of Nature is full of moral and has been summed up by a great naturalist thus: "the moral principle inherent in evolution is that nothing can be gained in this world without an effort; the ethical principle inherent in evolution is that the best only has a right to survive; the spiritual principle in evolution is the evidence of beauty, of order, and of design in the daily myriad of miracles to which we owe our existence."

The Fundamentalists' call for evidence reminds us of the ignorance of man of the processes of nature. The discovery of the Foxhall man, the Piltdown man, the Heidelberg man, the Neanderthal man, and lastly the discovery of the Cro-Magnon man, who lived 30,000 years ago, is a chain of human ancestors which indicates man's place in the animal kingdom. This is not guess work, it is fact. This chain of human ancestors was totally unknown to Darwin. He could never have dreamed of such a flood of proof and truth. All this evidence is today within reach of every school boy. It is at the service of the Fundamentalist, if he will but use it. It will, we are convinced, answer in the negative his question: "Is it not more rational to believe in the creation of man by separate act of God than to believe in evolution without a particle of evidence?"

The Fundamentalist is here today, tomorrow he will be gone. Such has been the current of events all through history between science and religion. The question of the shape of the earth, the heliocentric theory of the solar system, the law of universal gravitation, and several other great discoveries of science, which we now accept as truths, have each in their turn been opposed by religious leaders of the time, with the same fierce opposition as they now oppose evolution. The doctrine of evolution is merely the latest of these events, and it has come to stay. Truth is truth and must prevail.

Desecration

I

Our president is the friend of all the boys
And girls who in this village make their home;
So it's to him—let everyone rejoice—
They've tempted me to dedicate this poem,
This epic in which I intend to voice
Some things which may be scorned by those who know'em,
But which to certain ones may be of use
Although by many they are named abuse.

II

For many years I tried my hand at rhyme
Which dealt with "whispering winds and gentle zephyrs"
And how the lovers "lay on beds of thyme."
But now I turn to light Byronic verse
Which drops its meaning as a tinkling chime
Because I fear to go from bad to worse,
And being measured by Jim Hawkins' rule
Discover that I'm in *Hell's Vestibule.*

III

There's no such thing as making mock of mockery
However nonsensical the mocking be;
So I shall mock this village's tick-tockery:
I'll name its faults and throw away the key,
I'll be the bull that breaks up all the crockery,
I'll lay the old professors on my knee,
I'll do a thing was never done before,
I'll take a ONE and make of him a FOUR.

IV

The plowing done will be where it is needed—
'Twould hurt the co-eds if they lacked attention—
And though advice is very seldom heeded,
I'll give the actors their fair share of mention.
Now all these will be rhythmically treated
And not in your free verse's wild demensions.
Although I cannot vouch for rhyme's virginity,
I'll swear I'm its first friend in *this* vicinity.

V

Of course I don't mean I'm the first to try it
But only that the others did it scornfully.
They thought that rhyme was light and they could buy it;
They left their chip-chopped lines right mournfully,
Made rhyme a concubine, nor dare deny it,
To ease their true wife who received them dully.
Now if my figure shocks your staid sententiousness,
Remember I can claim a bard's licentiousness.

VI

When writing's done it should be very stark,
Especially when women are around,
Unless your pen can make it thick or dark
And give to it a subtley naughty sound,
But co-eds take fundamentals as a lark;
As after some maneuvering I have found,
And that's a thing in them I can respect—
Some plainness does not cut one's social neck.

VII

But in this case 'twere well I called to mind
An overdoing of the point in view,
Concerns a fire and a tub—I find
If I go further she'll have grounds to sue
Me on; so though you strike me blind
I'll not tell how the lady was *en nue*—
Now what the devil do I care for fire;
Why should I twang a bathtub on my lyre?

VIII

Nay, I might higher aim and stand by Harry
To aid him in his fight against de Puyster,
Who writes about the mud and will not carry
In noble silence our traditional pester,
But seems resentful when a brunette fairy
Throws on him with the wide smile of a jester
A vivifying bath of A-1 muck,
For which a beauty shop wants twice one buck.

IX

Now, by the by, our manners are atrocious,
Why yesterday I saw a young man take
A gal across some mud which was ferocious
In that, a lake, it was more than a lake,
It held like a quicksand, like a precocious
Or maddened pot of glue with life at stake;
And yet the students popped their eyes like pumpkins
And marked themselves with leers as country bumpkins.

X

Alas, there is no eminent disparity
Between the socially chosen and the mass:
I here confess, and do it with all charity,

The only difference in the upper class
And those below them is a certain clarity
Of manner which their foes call *brass*,
And which I'd tell you, if I were a snitcher,
Is just in knowing, "what's wrong with this pitcher."

XI

The upper clawses sing: "We love our frat,
We love our sisters and we love our brothers—"
They love their pins and houses and the claret
Colored ichor which comes, not from their mothers,
But from Hellenic letters which be-get
Each year ten-thousand gentlemen (and others),
Who prattle on of their fraternal love
And whom I'd tell,—but my best rhyme is "dove".

XII

Above the heavens there is yet a heaven—
Or so think I and so has thought a sage
Whom myth and story claim was sure death on
Both metaphysics and the "living wage,"
Which question he decided with a seven
That followed figures strewn for half a page
To prove that Patagonian greyhounds are a breed
Which even Russians cannot beat for speed.

XIII

The logic here is rather hard to see,
But that's the thing some people like to follow.
Just firmly tell them that a pig roosts in a tree,
Or give them Mencken and his stuff to swallow—
That Jazz is soothing—strange anomaly—
And watch professors duck and bow and wallow,
And say with him they're lowest in the nation
And should be removed in our next defecation.

XIV

Oh Time! Oh Space! Clepsydrae and Collations!
The play's the thing that we are famed for—
For that and our concomitant variations;
So why not do well that which we are named for?
Give us Bill Cox's outlaws and their gyrations
And drop the shoddy stuff that we are blamed for:
"Now, Scipio, don't mix this julep here with water,
And you give us a tune, my darling da'ter."

XV

Ye Gods! my promises to you have failed!
I cannot give this work its just proportion
For fear I'll break my contract and be jailed
By that most miscreantly Justice, Hawkins,
Who has attacked me, bullied, and now haled,
To bring to end this poem by abortion;
And since the cursing printers hold the presses,
I'll stop my guns and fit my hawks their jesses.

—G. F.

Lines To A Sweetie

I have a sweetie and
Like all sweeties, she has a line.
But I like it.

Like the thin red line at Balaklava,
Though stormed at with shot and shell, it is invincible.

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring,
It is cumulative and perennial.

Like the line of least resistance,
It is easy to follow.

Like the deadline, it is sometimes a hard master
And must be heeded whether or no.

Like the telephone line,
It is generally in use.

Like the life line,
It is the bearer of glad tidings.

Like Sweet Adaline,
It haunts my dreams.

Like the bread line,
It is endless, insatiable.

Like the Old Dominion Line,
It is to be depended upon.

Like the Mason and Dixon line,
It is famous.

Like the clothes line, it is always stringing something
And there is no telling what may be dangling from it.

Like the fish line,
It may catch a croaker or it may catch a whale.

Like the linotype, you never can tell
What you put in will be when it comes out.

Like the front line,
It is always first.

Like the dotted line,
It is always last and the ultimate attainment of all things.

But I like it!
For it is the shortest distance between two points:
Her heart and mine.

Theatrical Notes

Conducted by J. E. H.

Frederick H. Koch

(An Intimate Study.)

By Charles David North

The name of Frederick H. Koch has at one time or another appeared in nearly every publication interested in the Little Theatre movement, or what is sometimes disparagingly called the "rural drama." It is a name not averse to publicity, and proves its claim to it by the violent discussion it causes whenever mentioned among people who know its bearer.

He is a dried up little man, all eyes and fidgets, and, by the present writer at least, has never been seen in any costume other than a tight waisted, lemony-grey Norfolk suit. Members of his fraternity inform me that at banquets given for visiting celebrities he appears in regulation evening clothes and presents a stiff and shining front not to be criticised by Vanity Fair itself, and a New York visitor once discovered him in his home wearing a smoking jacket. The smoking jacket would suit well his pose of studied informality, which makes him carry a pipe onto the stage before one of the performances for which he is somewhat responsible and therefore feels privileged to introduce to the world.

Mr. Koch is professor of dramatic literature at the University of North Carolina, but is better known throughout the state, as he was in North Dakota, as the organizer and presiding genius of its dramatic association. I do not know whether the feelings of the Dakota Playmakers are as deeply wounded when they are referred to as a mere college organization as are those of their Carolina brethren in interest; if they are, I can neither blame nor apologize, for Mr. Koch has a way of making the people associated with him believe, as he honestly and sincerely seems to, that it is only devotion to a Cause with a capital C which keeps them from Broadway.

In action at a rehearsal, Mr. Koch is an interesting study. Those accustomed to other directing than his leave the theatre gnashing their teeth in despair, for he apparently believes that technique is at best a necessary evil and should be dispensed with wherever possible. He says to his students, "Just act—don't think about how you are doing it"; he says to his assistant director, "Just let the business work itself out." And yet, even when at dress rehearsal the hero still is not quite sure which door he is to come in through in the first act, somehow, on the night of the performance, there is a play. Generally it has marked weaknesses in structure, for in the teaching of writing as well as of production Mr. Koch follows the policy of *laissez faire,* and of course the acting, even of the principals—home-town papers to the contrary notwithstanding—is not what one might see at the Garrick. Still, as plays written, produced and acted entirely by amateurs, they rank well. The mistake Mr. Koch cannot resist making is treating his company as though it were a professional one, and thereby inviting odious comparisons.

Inefficient in method, incoherent in conversation, still this expounder of one idea has about him that which brings results. Exactly what it is is hard to define, but it is largely composed of an enthusiasm too great to allow its possessor to recognize defeat when he meets it. Someone has said about him, rather cruelly, that he has a big idea, so big a one that there is room for no other in his head. In this very fact lies his power. He can go to a state university where drama in any form has been unknown as a part of student life, and by absolute failure to understand how anyone can survive in such an atmosphere make college presidents and freshmen believe that further existence without a community theatre is an impossibility. He is the inspirer par excellence, and where inspiration is furnished, organization follows.

Second only to his ability to start things, is Mr. Koch's power of making boys and girls from drab and dull surroundings see the drama in their own lives and homes. A play written by a country girl about the happenings on her father's farm, while it may not be presented even on the college stage, means more in the life of her state than most people realize. Not the least valuable result of education is in making people able to live commonplace lives and find them interesting. If Mr. Koch has succeeded in scattering about the communities in which he has worked—widespread communities of the West and South—men and

women who see something in their everyday activities besides mere bread earning and housekeeping he has done his part in helping to create a citizenry of vision and imagination.

His chief successes are plays written about country people, in the vernacular they use. In North Carolina the mountaineer, the coast fisherman and the tenant farmer have about been run to the ground, yet it is a fact that they continue to be the subject matter of the best plays produced at the University. This is true for two principal reasons, the greater being that the actors are dealing with a type of character they know, and whose accent and manner of speech is at least that of the people around them, if not actually their own. I saw *Hell Bent Fer Heaven* in New York, and would cheerfully have sacrificed a little technique for the naturalness of voice and manner which the Playmakers could have given the production. Of course the Carolina students would fail miserably if they attempted, with their total lack of voice training, to put on a drama of cosmopolitan society, but on their own ground they have something professionals rarely attain.

The second reason for the success of the tenant farmer play and its like, is the average audience faced by the Playmakers on their three annual tours of the state. In towns like Charlotte, Raleigh and Asheville, they play before people of wide interests who would like any entertaining piece that was presented, but on each tour are included villages so small that most of the inhabitants grow up and die without ever leaving them, and in selecting the plays to be taken on the road, their people must be considered, for it is to them more than to those who are able to take frequent or even occasional trips to New York, and whose homes good professional companies sometimes visit, that the Playmakers come as a boon undreamed of before the days of Mr. Koch.

This year the Playmakers at last take possession of the "old law building," one of the most beautiful on the campus, which has been remodeled as a completely modern little theatre, and, given the facilities of an adequate stage, they must surely improve their productions. So far their lighting has been of the most amateurish, old-fashioned kind, but what could one ask in a school auditorium with a stage upon which it was impossible to train any light except that from the foots? Now, with no excuse to fall back on should their effects not be good, the Playmakers are put on their mettle. And they must advance in standards of acting, as well as of production, for so great has been their success in creating an interest in the stage that their audiences are becoming critical instead of humbly grateful. They want more play and less speech from Mr. Koch about the great idea.

The idea has been preached and accepted; the play is now the thing. If the play does not improve under Mr. Koch, should it not be given a chance under some one else?

Da-Da

(A Historieal Tragedy in Eight Scenes.)

Dramatic Persons

Mike Hall.....*a plumber*
Mary Williaims.....*her father*
Merton Gilliam.....*the heroine*
Harold Hargreaves.....*the villain*

Epilogue

The curtain discloses a hair tonic advertisement which disappears behind the grand drape as it rises. The scene is laid very gently on a small island in the South Seas. A greyish-pink snow and the dusk are dreamily falling together over part of the landscape. The dusk makes a pleasing purring noise as it falls.

A man named Wertheimer *appears in the doorway with a portrait of Calvin Coolidge under one arm and a sign language alphabet in the other. It is quite obvious that his great uncle on his mother's side was a baker in Washington's army. He begins slowly to water the petunias. Suddenly a bugle sounds off key and stage.*

Wertheimer

(*Convulsively.*)

Migod, the poliee.

The orchestra plays the Song of Love *by W. I. Berlin as he is surrounded and cut to pieces. Swift curtain to prevent the blood running into the footlights.*

ACT I

The scene is the poop deck of a trans-Atlantic liner. A dense fog provides a murky atmosphere in keeping with the tenor of the play as well as a job for the supporting cast, which is leaning up against it here and there to keep it from splashing in the face of the leading lady. She is dressed in a white serge suit and batik smock and seems to be enjoying the sunset with three gold teeth and broeaded galoshes.

A trimmer from the stoke-hole, dressed in a cream and lavender yachting cap and grimy dungarees with seattered spangles, appears at the bulkhead and drops langnidly into a deck ehair. He forgets to remove the sewing basket whieh the third officer has left there the night before but he is too mueh of a stoic

to say so. They grow that way in the stoke-hole, you know—big blonde giants with broken speech and a taste for the finer things of life.

HANS

(For it is he, languidly)

Beautiful morning, isn't it, Mrs. Stravinsky?

MRS. S.

(Languidly)

Shure, and it is, Mr. Stone. It reminds one for all the world of me ould father's cotton plantation in New Hampshire. *(She languidly wipes a tear from the corner of her eye. Her other eye is glass, but Hans does not know that.)*

HANS

Then your father was a farmer?

MRS. S.

No, he was an inshurance salesman. But allow me to present my daughter, Gwendolyn.

GWEN

(Dressed in mourning for her brother-in-law's nephew, who has recently died.)

En avant, Mr. Stone. *(Gwendolyn had been studying German in Madrid.)*

HANS

How do you do? I've often seen your picture in the lingerie advts.

(At this moment faint strains of Wagner's La Tosca *are heard off-stage North by West and a plumber is seen wrapping the steam pipe in asbestos.)*

HANS

Strange, isn't it?

MRS. S.

Yes, indeed! I've often been told that I should have gone on the stage.

A sinister glow suffuses the sky as the curtain is lowered to denote the end of the First Act.

ACT III

The scene is—I beg pardon? Oh, yes, I'm sorry. I met an old friend in the smoking room and we missed the Second Act. Well, as I was saying, the scene is cast in a Fifth Ave. drawing room. Where else would it be? A large portrait of Theodore Roosevelt by Hans Holbein hangs over the mantel and the furniture is upholstered in red plush. An enlarged photograph of the founder of the family sits on an easel in the corner Left. The remainder of the room is characterized by an intriguing spaciousness and that beautiful simpticity so characteristic of families with Elevated taste.

Mrs. G. Pennington Bangs, whom we missed in Act Two, is sobbing convulsively in the corner Right. Old G. P. Bangs, the Wall Street baron and fourth husband, the man who invented the slogan "The ocean is so near the shore because Bang's Bread is made from the very best flour," oh, his name is a household word, the children cry for him, is nervously pacing the floor, Right Front to Left Rear and periodically emitting bellows of ill-concealed rage.

BANGS

(Quietly bellowing)

You are bankrupting me, Mrs. B, slowly, surely, rapidly, gradually bankrupting me. I'm a self-made man, Mrs. B, and I expect an application from Who's Who most any day now, besides an insurance assessment from Pittsburgh. I cannot stand the pressure, Mrs. B.

MRS. B

(Unassumingly)

Pennington, you are unduly excited. She is our only daughter and she must have the best advantages which Jersey City can offer her. And our son—you know his brain is being slowly eaten away by a tumor in his stomach. It took him nearly three hours to solve today's crossword puzzle. We must consider the feelings of page 418 in the Social Register, Pennington. And yet you—

BANGS

Enough, Mrs. B, I tell you I can't stand it. Another bill from that dairy and I shall—

(His words are interrupted by the tinkle of sleigh bells without and a golden haired little girl of 28 or 30 bursts in, waving aloft a roll of papyrus tied with tweed ribbon and crying "The papers, Uncle, the papers!")

BANGS

(Uttering an expansive sigh)

Saved—at last. All, all is well, Mrs. B, and now you *can* have your teeth filled. It is our little Hilda from Siberia, come half way round the world to wish her old uncle a Happy New Year. I'd know her anywhere by that mole on her nose.

A fanfare of trumpets wakes the audience, and the curtain springs instead of falls in view of the fact that Leap Year has went.

J. E. H.

FORUM

WE RECEIVE MORE PRAISE

EDITOR, THE MAGAZINE:

I have long desired to write, but incapability, coupled with my lazyness, has been the cause of my inactivity. Therefore I have been content to rock along with the rest of the "Average Intelligent Carolina Men". But to-day while I was looking over our tardy "Maggy," I took the editorials to heart, and although conscious-stricken, I desired to put off my efforts along literary lines until I had more experience. My ideas changed tho, when I began to read the "Literary Expressions", if this issue may be called that, I feel fully capable of seeing my name in print; if not this time, I will in the near future.

I'p until now I have had nothing to write about; I have no odd notions about religion, I have never been around the world, none of my room-mates ever walked in his sleep, and my poetry is of the "Vestibule variety", but after this the Editors will get copy, unless it goes to swell the draw provided for the "Lost Brain Children". I feel sure that the writer of "And Such is the Stuff that Dreams are Made of" could get a job on the "Buccaneer" staff. I will speak to Bob Felton about it. Alas! we poor uncompopes, we cannot compete with our iron-jawed editor and are compelled to take his ideas, on every topic under the sun, because of our lack of ability to think things out for ourselves.

—T. G. R.

* * *

Editor Carolina Magazine

A wonderful thing happened Sunday evening.I heardaslight noise outside my lowly door.After opening the door I was astonished.I looked and wondered. It seemed too good to be true.Allthat my lowly brain was able to do for a few seconds was to look and marvel.I looked again—yes there it was.No longer did I doubt my eyes.There upon the lowly floor in all its splendor lay the January number of our beloved publication.My sensations reminded me of a time when once I witnessed a Century Plant burst in bloom.To be sure the issue was only three weeks late,but better late than never,although I had a terrible time convincing my room mate that this was so.

How eagerly I devoured its intelleetual pages!How my craven heart throbbed and thrilled while reading Mr. Bailey's soul stirring article.I have no doubt that at least twenty-one members of the mob read it.

I was dragged down to the blackest depth s of despair and darkness by the terrible and exeiitng narrati ve of the life of the Testimonial Fiend. He seems to have forgotten that Shakespear has assured us that"when we shuffle off this mortal coil,we will all be placed in the common soil".

Imagine my unbounded delight when I discovered that we hadafuture Elynor Glynn among the gentle floek of this higher institution of learning.I must confess that I furtively wiped more than one tear from my yokel cheek after reading that soul inspiring and head splitting piece of literary effort, which through some typesetting error was entitled "Violets".

I fear that my mental dumbness was sadly impaired by reading that true and intensely interestig artiele , " Red Blooded Fiction Dissected". It was so absorbing that I read at least three lines of it.No doubt the dumbest of the dumb enjoy ed it. There were probably thirteen whoread the artiele.

Without reluctance and shame,I confess that after reading that masterpiece entitled,"Folk Songs of the American Negro",and how his little black ears eagerly listened eagerly,I cried myself to sleep!Oh,yes Mr. Editor, we of the *hoi polloi* are mushy at times as well as un-intellectual. To my mind,Mr. Editor,it would put to shame any thing that Homer wroteor ever thought about writing.My room mate stated that it wasn't worth a whoop,but don't mind him,he isn't as dumb as I.

After crying myself to sleep,I had aterrible experience.Fog.Cold,clammy,congealed began to play around my little pink toes,and as a result I undrewent a night-mare that would defy even our future Edgar Allan Poe to describe.God!Godin Heaven,it's horrible! Would that the author had stayed at the bottom of the river rather than have compelled me to have undergone that terrible experienee.

It means so much to have a magazine printed exclusively for dumb peaple,as we perceive our dearly beloved magazine is.No doubt Mr.Editor,you have been dumb in your time and appreciate our feelings.

We mutely and dumbly agree with you that a magazine's purpose is to reflect undergraduate lif,but Heaven forbid that last month's issue should get to the hands of my well meaning parents,they would undoubtedly believe that their unintelligent son is an insane asylum.

You,Mr.Editor,ought to be proud of yourself, at least your fellow yokels are,and no doubt the remainder of the *proletariat* are.We perceive with great glee that last month's issue of our magazine entitles you to a plaee in the Dumb Dora Literary Society.It will reeeive you with open arms nodoubt.At least fifty-three wil lread last month's issue.An in crese of seventeen readers.Again we eongratulate you.

We look forward with uneoneealed joy to April, when the February issue will come from press.No doubt it will contain sueh interesting artiles as, "Sensations of An Ieeberg While Melting",or"The Influence of Religion on the Fleas in Russia",or other artieles equally as interesting.

DUmbly yours,

SIMPLE SIMON.

[We are inelined to agree, Simon, with the last seven words of your antepenultimate (third-from-last, you know) paragraph.—Ed.]

* * *

Editor, The Magazine

Sir:

Since my poem that you or one of your editors ealled "Cognoseenee" was published as a rebuff to the writer of "Experience" on aceount of his knowing so darned mueh, my admirers have been beseeching me to give them the details of some of my experienees. All the boys want to know especially about the time I was with the three gals from the Folies Bergere.

Well, it was about a week later that I got over the stiffness in my upper neck and then my ease of housewife's knee went off. Those were really risqué women. I remember one of them said "Oo, la, la!" and another one looked at me and said, "Mon chere gareon—"

The three days and nights I mentioned as having been spent in Charlottesville eame along toward the middle of the week or maybe toward the last of it. Of eourse I attended devotional exereises on Sunday as usual. It was the disappointment whieh elosed the ineident for me whieh induces me to relate fully the tale of those times. I would warn you boys of a trap. (Burn this letter.)

It all happened when my friend Charlie Straphanger and myself walked into this boy's room that my friend Charlie knows about up there, and what do we see but a bottle on the table with something in it and a bunch of boys sitting around. One of the boys says, "Come right on in, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home. We are all Cavaliers together here and we always like anyone who eomes in to take something with us. We are all Cavaliers together."

Of course Charlie and me weren't anxious to bite a prohibition officer in the pants or anything like that, but I had always had a sneaking ambition to be a Cavalier and sinee it was all so cordial, why of course Charlie and me couldn't help but be friendly. We were pretty friendly for a while and then the boys deeided that we all ought to go out and pay a eall on an Irish gentlemen named Sullivan who lived out in the eountry a little way.

Paying ealls was no novelty to Charlie and me so we put on our gloves and went along with the rest of the Cavaliers. Mr. Sullivan was living, you understand, in his eountry residenee maybe six or twelve miles out from town. His house wasn't exaetly Italian Renaissanee style and then again I wouldn't eall it Elizabethan. It was more of an Early Colonial, now that I eome to thiuk about it.

Anyway, Mr. Sulliyan aeted the part of the charming host and was glad to see us and we were glad to see him; so we were glad to see eaeh other. He sent his oldest boy, a fine stalwart type of Ameriean youth, after what we wanted most, and then of eourse he gave us a little something he kept in the house to polish the andirons with to warm us up. Mine had too mueh lye in it; so I gave most of it to the little two years old Sullivan who was standing around, and what with the little that his father gave him, the young ehap was in high glee when we left.

It was when I was getting ready to leave Charlottesville a little later than one of the Cavaliers eame up to me and said, "Well, old boy, we figured it all out and your share is nine dollars."

It doesn't make any difference to me, personally, beeause ever since that I've been through, absolutely, but I would just like to tell you to keep your eye on these generous Cavaliers. And, not that it makes any difference to me, if any of you boys hear of anyone who knows where there is a little real Seotch, why just let me know so I can keep out of the way of the old devil's advocate.

Yours,

I. M. DRUNKE.

Carolina Expects Every Man to Do His Duty, Gentlemen; So Watch For the Lady With the Umbrella

This is a he-man institution. Almost every one and every thing around here is a boy, is for the boys, or is partial to them. So far, I have found only one element that is for the she-man, the co-eds, or the girls—whatever you want to call them—that howls for them, that protects them, and follows them. This is the honorable institution of "Ye Canine Pups." Some one has remarked that Chapel Hill is a dog heaven. If this is the case, the gates to the Co-ed House are the "Pearly Gates," and the walk, lawn, and porch are gleaming with precious stones and shining with gold and silver. The chairs of the porch must be the thrones of heaven because dogs are certainly always enthroned in them. This would be funny if it were not only too true. The Co-ed House is already crowded enough without having every dog in town making the front lawn and porch his camping ground.

There is one co-ed who has a liking for dogs and who rather encourages their presence. She lets them follow her about, and pats and pets them, using endearing terms. I do not mind this very much. If she wants to have one of those dirty, nameless, raceless dogs following her about, it is all right with me. I believe in every man, or woman for that matter, following his own bent. However, I do not intend to "put up" with these dogs any longer. Is there not a pound in Chapel Hill where one disposes of dog meat, alive or dead? I am entirely tolerant if a dog follows another co-ed, even though he comes into the dining room and gives forth a horrible yelp when the maid steps on him (alas! this was in the good old days of Russell Inn), but when he begins to follow me I draw a prohibitory line.

I do not intend to be made the laughing-stock of the campus because of having forever trailing behind me a dirty, ungainly, supperless, black and tan dog, even though he keeps a respectful distance behind me, stops when I stop, and very gentleman-like never crosses the path in front of me. A dog brought bad luck upon Cedric's cavalcade in "Ivanhoe" by crossing in front of it, and my unwelcome follower fearing like consequences for me keeps behind me, I think, for this reason. It would not be so impossible if it were a distinguished looking grey hound or an expensive looking Belgian police dog, but this nameless black and tan dog that streaks behind me like a lost soul is unpardonable. Someone, in an effort to make it look stylish, attempted to cut off its tail. Either the tail-barber's hand was unsteady or the tail waggled, but whichever it was the knife successfully severed the tail of its better half. The result is that it serves only as a reminder of "what might have been."

This dog, I tell you, this canine, this beast, this reptile on four legs, this animal fit for a laboratory specimen, follows me around. It is of the type that is known as a one-man dog, and it seems to me that there are enough men around here for this animal to have used one in fulfilling his purpose in life instead of sniffing out me, a mere woman, and a co-ed at that. In an effort to drive him away I close my umbrella —I usually carry one in this besodden village—and, preferring the rain to the dog, dash threateningly at him with it, to no effect. Every ten paces or so I stamp my foot and say, "Go on you dog, go on," to no avail. Would that I could "cuss"! He is "hail fellow, well met," or a political vote-getter with every "tige" whose presence he is aware of. Just to keep things "whooped up" and to show his companionable nature he lets out a h—h'l—howl of a bark every time he feels the impulse. I refuse to be dogged like this. If there is any thing that I detest, it is noise. I despise barking. You would think that I could shake him off, but no, the "doggone" thing follows me to class, to town, and wherever else I might wish to go, no matter how surreptitiously I leave. He seems to know the meaning of the bells, as he follows me to and from classes. The other day I got out of Spanish class early and I thought surely I would be able to escape him. Halfway across the campus I discovered his skulking presence behind me.

My roommate told me that she went across the campus not very long ago with a procession of three of them following in her train. The leader of the cortege was one that was meant to be a bull dog but was not; his youthful dreams were not realized. The black and tan dog of my nightmares came second, and lastly was one about whose identity there could be no question. He was a plain old honest-to-goodness hound dog. No doubt about it! The roommate said that she was willing to act as a signal corps for the first two, but when it came to the hound dog it was too much like dogs of the same breed flocking together.

A breathless woman, frail in stature, came running into the library the other day, almost knocking over a little boy removing his golden slicker in the vestibule, but finally thrusting herself through one of the

swinging doors to land trembling but safe inside. When interrogated concerning her haste she gasped out with a look of fear, "There were six dogs out there after me."

I am glad that other people besides me have their dog troubles.

I am not ready to head a Society for the Extermination of All Annoying Four-legged Beasts, Such as Dogs, as I do think that there is a time and place even for dogs. When one goes walking in secluded, unfrequented, and pleasant places, it is rather nice to have the companionship of a dog, of an understanding dog. This does not mean the kind of dog that stares at you with glassy eyes and an uncomprehending countenance when you say, "go way, go way," and makes no pretension of going away.

I am told that dogs are useful in herding sheep, and I know that they are good in apprehending stray chickens, but as for being the boon companion and follower of a co-ed crossing the campus of a he-man institution, they are taboo.

I am through with dogs; I really am. I am willing to act as sponsor for a pound in Chapel Hill. I have almost reached the point where I would maintain that the founding of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was unwarranted. If hankering after a cat, a parrot, or a dog makes one an old maid, I shall certainly never be done. —N. A.

Developing Good Citizenship

By Henrietta R. Smedes

When we talk of citizenship at Carolina those of us who are in touch with a past dating back some year are apt to think instinctively of Edward Kidder Graham, to whose fine vision citizenship was such a beautiful, such a living ideal. He it was who, through the extension service, first stretched forth the hand of the State's University to assist the State's citizens outside the bounds of the University proper, who made the University the servant of all North Carolina's citizens whether they are able to present themselves at her gates for instruction or not.

One of the important steps which Dr. Graham promoted, in the effort to link the University more closely with every portion of the State, was the establishment of County Clubs among the students—that is, uniting the students from the several counties in little groups for the purpose of studying their home counties, familiarizing themselves with the facts, the needs, and the possibilities of the counties, and then bringing these facts, needs, and possibilities forcefully to the attention of the home-folks. It is some twelve years since this work was inaugurated, and its results have been most fruitful.

In pursuance of the same idea—home study—the Clubs joined in sending an invitation to address them to Professor E. C. Branson, who was at that time president of the Georgia State Normal School and was doing significant work in that state with the Georgia Club. He was given an enthusiastic reception and made a deep impression with his vigorous talk. The result was that in the fall of 1914 Mr. Branson came to the University in the chair of Applied Economics and Rural Sociology, newly established, which has grown into the Department of Rural-Social Economics of the present day. Under this expert steersman the County Clubs were headed up into a super-club known as The North Carolina Club, and the University *News Letter* was established as a medium through which these bodies might be brought into contact with a wide audience, and as a means of discussion of the State's problems and puzzles in the effort to solve them. These purposes of the University *News Letter* have been continuously kept in mind throughout its existence, and today it is reaching directly more than 16,000 homes scattered throughout the State while also being copied extensively in the press of the State and elsewhere. Its audience is representative of all sections of the State's citizenship, and its readers show a lively interest in the matters that are presented for consideration in its single sheet, issued weekly. Thus the County Clubs were given an excellent vantage point for operation.

Dr. Graham's conception of the importance of this movement is indicated by his words at the opening meeting of the North Carolina Club, when he said: "I believe this is the most significant meeting of students ever held in North Carolina. I hope that every University student will have North Carolina burned into his consciousness, as a result of this club."

And, of truth, this branding of North Carolina on the souls of her children has been, both directly and indirectly, the purpose and the result of the work of the North Carolina Club and of the County Clubs ever since that day, and the University *News Letter* has been resolutely assisting them in carrying forward the ideals that were projected in the vision of

the founders of the movement. In these clubs was revived the spirit of the older Watauga Club, formerly established in Raleigh, which had as members Walter Hines Page, Chief Justice Walter Clark, E. C. Branson, Clarence Poe, and other fine leaders, whose mantle now fell upon the shoulders of the on-coming generation to be passed on by them from year to year in regular line of succession.

Perhaps enough has now been said of the origin and purposes of the North Carolina Club and its related home-study County Clubs. How they set about carrying out their purpose is interestingly and amusingly told by W. O. Saunders in his article in *Collier's* (May 26, 1923) on "How to Make a State Be One." He says:

"Branson's bunch not only dug out the facts, but flaunted them in our faces until we were as pestered as a dog with its fleas or a Georgia heifer with ticks by the facts as to our illiteracy, our inefficiency, our laziness, our impassable roads, our nonproductive acres, our bad health conditions, and a thousand and one other slow and evil things.

"Once a week for nearly ten years every doctor, lawyer, banker, preacher, teacher, editor, officeholder, and every known forward-looking citizen in the commonwealth has been getting a little five-column, one-page sheet called 'The University of North Carolina News Letter.' This tells us with embarrassing frankness exactly what we are and what we ain't. We are never permitted to forget what ails us or to overlook information on how to improve our lot. . . . We are held up in pitiless comparison with the best that anybody else anywhere else in the world is doing, and presented with every formula for doing the same thing, together with a budget of costs and ways and means. And that's why we North Carolinians are kept stepping. We are being forcefully educated to know what we need and how to get it—what we've got and how to make the most of it."

Anyone who keeps a file of the *News Letter* is pretty well primed to make a speech off-hand on North Carolina's good points and her bad points, county by county. And, in addition, the clubs issue these facts in detail for the several counties, just as soon as they have aroused the home-folks to a point where they are ready to finance the publication of these surveys in county bulletins. Eleven such county economic and social surveys have been published, and a number of others are practically ready for publication as soon as funds are provided. The students run down their facts with the assistance of the Department of Rural Social-Economics and through personal investigation in their home counties. The bulletins are worked out under the guidance of Dr. Branson, Mr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., and Mr. E. T. Thompson, and this work is given college credit when it reaches the level of college standards. And in doing the work the students become so greatly interested in their everyday home surroundings, that had not seemed worth considering before, as to produce a veritable transformation in their attitude towards life and work. No student who has identified himself with study of this kind can go back home and be indifferent to his home economic and social conditions or his local government. From henceforth he regards these matters with a scrutiny that becomes daily more and more clear-sighted, and he is thus equipped to grow into a larger statesmanship as he makes wider contacts with life and livelihood.

The work that is thus being carried on conjointly by the North Carolina Club, the County Clubs, and the University *News Letter,* has met with pronounced recognition from leaders in politics in the State. Governors Bickett, Morrison, and McLean have all called on leaders of the North Carolina Clubs for assistance in obtaining facts of social and economic significance needed in carrying out their legislative programs; and Mr. J. W. Bailey, recently candidate for Governor, is giving yearly a fifty-dollar award for the best club paper on State problems and their solution. These club papers, by the way, are another effective means of reaching the outside public, as they are not only summarized in the *News Letter* immediately after delivery at the fortnightly club meetings but are published in full in the annual Year-Book of the North Carolina Club. Eight of these Year-Books have been issued, and their subjects have been (1) North Carolina: Resources, Advantages, and Opportunities, (2) Wealth and Welfare in North Carolina, (3) County Government and County Affairs in North Carolina, (4) State Reconstruction Studies, (5) North Carolina: Industrial and Urban, (6) Home and Farm Ownership in North Carolina, and (7 and 8) What Next in North Carolina?

Gratifying expressions of interest and approval of this work have been received by its leaders from economists and thinkers outside the State—from such distances as Texas, California, New England, and even from across the waters. But perhaps the most gratifying endorsement it has received has been that given by President Chase in his report to the trustees of the University in 1923. Such a tribute as he gives makes a fitting close for this brief survey of an important phase of the University's work. Dr. Chase says:

"I wonder what it has meant to the State of North Carolina that for ten years Professor Branson and his associates have been steadily at work gathering, interpreting, and publishing, facts about the State? What the facts were, nobody knew, and yet sound

economic and social progress must rest on a basis of fact. Such work as this has not only greatly advanced the knowledge of the people of North Carolina about themselves, but it has unquestionably contributed largely to the creation of the forward-looking attitude which so characterizes the State today. I know of no more practically important work in any institution of learning."

Among the Hills

By Naomi Alexander

The dark, cool well-house is pervaded with the peace of the surrounding hills. A large iron pump, no longer in use, stands in the middle of the floor and in front of it against the side of the wall is a sunken well-box of concrete. The pans of milk, which according to the customs of spring-houses and well-houses should have been sitting in water running through the sunken well-box, are in rows on shelves along the side of the wall. There are shallow, white enamel pans brimming with fresh milk, and tall brown crocks holding unskimmed milk with thick yellow cream. Golden pats of butter, criss-crossed in lines on top, are piled up on big white plates. In one corner stands a modern ice box, and in a corner of the ceiling a phoebe bird's nest is plastered against the wall. From the two windows in opposite walls can be glimpsed high mountain ranges. The nearer hills are revealed in light and dark shades of green, while those far distant are deep blue, which darkens into purple in the shadows cast on one peak from the shoulder of another.

The stillness is broken only by the splish, splash of milk as it strikes the sides of a churn, revolving. A woman, her face as calm and peaceful as her surroundings, is sitting at one of the windows, churning. She is turning the handle of the churn with her right hand, and with her left holds a magazine supported on her right knee crossed over her left. The steadfast, embracing hills shut out all the friction and disturbance of the world and center harmony and concord within the four walls of this house of the well. This has its effect on the woman. Her brow is untroubled. Peace shines from her eyes. She is comfortably fat and her aspect is motherly. A child would have liked to nestle in her lap and pillow its head against her breast. A turned-back collar shows the soft, firm skin of a full neck and throat—a neck for baby arms to circle. As her right arm goes up and down in turning the handle of the churn, dimples appear in the creases of fat at her elbow.

At intervals she puts down the magazine, stops the churn, and pulls out the cork to let the air escape

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from the churn. She then continues as before. Occasionally she raises her eyes from the magazine and looks off into the distance, then looks down again to go on with her reading. There is a leisurely period between the turning of the pages—her reading is unhurried. The milk goes swish-swash as the churn steadily revolves. The splashing sound lessens as the butter begins to "come." Beyond the hills the world rushes madly on, while the woman gets up and takes the top off the churn. The butter has come.

Luxuries

It is broken.
How quickly they fail me,
Like false friends, when I need them.
I must take care,
Or my last will be shattered,
And I shall be left in poverty,
And not one will rest between me
And the glittering cruelty
That we call Truth.
How bare would life be without them!
I have broken another illusion today.

—H. R. F.

Eonic Ode

(With Appropriate Apologies to the Original.)

When Chaos reigned, and there was no world,
And flames in white-hot horror whirled
Through eternal time and endless space,
You were a flame in that fiery race,
And I another, your glowing mate.

When the great rains came, and the flames went out,
And mighty waters put the coals to rout,
And swamps grew up from that blackened hell,
You chose for your home a trilobite shell;
And I was your crawling, ooze-caked mate.

When the swamps crept back, and the land grew firm,
And seas were formed, and things that squirm,
And great ferns waved without a sound,
As an ichthyosaur you swam around;
And I was your slimy, twisting mate.

When trees evolved, and strange things called,
And pterodactyls creaked and squalled,
And dinosaurs through the forest ripped,
You, as a she-ape, through the dark glades slipped;
And I was your hairy, roaring mate.

As time went on, and the big beasts died,
And smaller ones through the shadows hied,
And a strange, new thing slunk about the land,
You, as a cave-wife roamed o'er the sand;
And I was your husky, brutal mate.

As man grew wise, through the eons long,
And castles came, and wine and song,
And knights and damsels plighted faith,
Your's was the beauty of a woodland wraith;
And I was your iron clad, war-like mate.

Tonight, while quick music whirls through the air
And makes a man crave to do and dare,
And that golden moon sails there above,
Don't you think that you should be my love,
And that I should be your modern mate?

—M. C.

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Impression

"A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay."

She was dressed all in white. The spotlight played over her beautiful form. Her dancing was like the movement of a sprite or fairy; she seemed hardly to touch the floor. While she danced I was in a dream which had no beginning or end; time had stopped, the world was non-existent. The music was soft and low, and my mind was asleep. Dancing in my heart were youth and beauty, the ultimate and absolute beauty of a perfect idea, and a feeling which might be perpetuated forever, without loss of value. The good, the true and the beautiful; the most perfect which the mind can imagine, the fleeting, intangible something which the heart most desires were there. I felt them, and was beyond thought in my delight in them.

With a blare of horns, a rattling of drums, and a conglomeration of other unearthly noises, the scene ended; the show was over. But this noise hardly pierced my consciousness; I still treasured this idea, this feeling, this something seemingly worth an eternity to experience. Gradually it became more vague, it was leaving me; I could not hold it. The sounds of coarse, discordant voices, and rasping laughter were displacing this separate existence of myself. A feeling of absolute impotence, of utter helplessness filled me. Someone trod on my foot. I looked around involuntarily, expecting an apology and prepared to be gracious in its acceptance. I saw a dandified, slim, slick young fellow, talking in a subdued but excited tone to another of his kind. I caught a few words: "Boy, ain't she a pippin, and I've heard . . . last night . . ." I felt it; I knew they were talking of the girl who had just danced. A feeling of disgust and hatred took possession of me; elbowing my way sharply and none too carefully through the crowd, I reached the street. Without reflection, only with the desire to get away from human beings, and as far as possible from sight of their handiwork, I walked until I came into the clear, free air of the open country.

I had lost something; or possibly I had never had anything. A feeling of resentment toward the power of fate, or whatever it was which so tantalized me with such swiftly passing illusions, surged through my being. I could have cursed all creation; I felt that life had a negative value to the human being and that it was less than worth living, but that it was made inescapeable by a malignant power which deluded man with hope, with blind, unreasoning expectation of something better in the future.

Somewhere on the banks of a nearby pond a frog croaked. The voices of the night, the intermittent chirping of insects and birds, the rustling of the leaves in response to the breeze—these voices spoke to me. What they said, I do not know. But a feeling of pulsating vigorousness, a feeling of power, and a will to live gradually took possession of me. I returned to town looking forward to the new day.

There is Confusion—No Doubt

Seven years after day before yesterday
I shall have forgotten
That I planned to quit smoking
Tomorrow.

And the prurient world will yet know
That Tuesday follows Friday.

Slowly and Surely the clock tick. . . .

The rent on many rooms is due
After the last of the month.

And Hegel says that being and nothing
Are synonymous.

Hence, why is a white cat? —A. S.

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Foiled

One of my best friends is a great and enthusiastic supporter of the Pickwiek. He goes every day; if there were two different shows there the same day, he would probably go twiee the same day. His father is surely saving money on him by sending him here and paying the greater part of his expenses, for there are several shows in the town from whieh he eomes and they ehange their programs often. I am sure they feel his absence when they weigh their gold; I am equally as sure they know when he comes back to town. If the tieket box girls do not know him by name, they eertainly know him by sight and consider him a person of theatrieal importance, for he and sueh as he are their support and their assurance of a job today, tomorrow and as long as the reels are reeled.

I had known this young, hopeful, romantically inclined soul for only a eomparatively short time. I was not aware of the faet of his having a bad ease of ehronie moving pietureitis. One day I mentioned the fact to him that I had not been to the Piekwiek for at least six months—and further that unless something very unusual were being shown, I should continue being absent.

It was this same day; I had just settled down at my studying in the reading room in the Library when in walked my friend and whispered to me that he wanted to see me outside for a moment. It was already about eight o'clock and I had about five hours of studying before me. I walked outside with him; he whispered to me that there was a fine show on at Piekwiek, that he would be glad to take me, if I would grant him my eompany. Of course, I replied, I felt mueh flattered over his proposal; a good show in his eompany would be more than a good show, but he really would have to exeuse me this time; I had mueh work to do and eould not afford the time. It was no use. After about five minutes of exeuses and almost everything short of taking a club to him, I was foreed to eapitulate. It had beeome a question of wasting about an hour talking about going, or of going, with the remote possibility of having some enjoyment out of it. I enjoyed it so mueh that it was very late at night before I could get my mind baek on my studies. Of course, my friend and I had to talk over those scenes which appealed to us. Neither of us liked a mushy show with a lot of sentimental stuff in it; but didn't that girl look pretty when she smiled! and when she thought he was going to die didn't she look —and so on and so on. I did not finish my studies that night.

If the affair had ended there, I should not have considered myself any the worse off for it; the loss of one night was no great matter. But thereafter I was subjeet to temptation nearly every day. I refused to go any more; refused to talk to him about it. He didn't get peeved at me but began taking my study as a sort of joke—whieh it may be; lots of good souls tell me I will get over the few ideas whieh my studying brings to me as I grow older and more mature; I am led to suspect that it *is* a joke, or that I am a joke.

He would get playful at times; turning off the lights was his favorite way of amusing himself and I believe he was under the impression that I was getting some amusement out of it. Then he would begin to relate the story of the show of the day; how the hero was an author, who had written a book about airplanes and flying, but who had never been in an airplane; how he has told his girl all about his wonderful adventures in the air, and then how someone eame along with an airplane and for some reason he was called on to fly; how he evaded going up for a long time but finally had to go up or admit he had been telling tales—that he had been using the authors lieense. And so it was eontinued with reels of elaboration, until he extricated his hero and married him off, which ended him. When he began telling his story I would pay no attention to him, and would simply look up at him onee in a while as if I were listening, but when the hero would get in the air with a wild plane, or something equally as exeiting, (it would take about two hours for him to tell it) how was I to study? It was useless to try.

But I have found a way to eireumvent him. He no longer wastes my time. He, as I would put it, has been foiled! I now attend the Pickwiek regularly. I go as often as he does, and save a half an hour a day.

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If finite things can hold me,
Then forever am I thine.
Need thou then disown me
When I quaff Falernian wine?

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More Prize Announcements

It strikes us as a bit of a joke to publish the following but we are doing it with the faint hope that it may strike a response somewhere.

Inter-Racial Prize

The Commission on Inter-racial Co-operation is offering three prizes, of One Hundred Dollars, Fifty Dollars, and Twenty-Five Dollars, for the three best orations or essays on some phase of race relations, submitted by students of Southern Colleges on or before June 15, 1925.

The only condition of entrance of any oration or essay is that it shall have been delivered on some public college occasion or printed in a college periodical during the present school year.

The contest is limited to the white colleges of the thirteen Southern states. Contestants are free to choose any phase of race relations and to treat it as they see fit. Papers must reach the office of the Commission not later than June 15 and prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible.

For further information, including suggestive topics and reading list, write R. B. Eleazer, Educational Director, Commission on Inter-racial Co-operation, 409 Palmer Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Poetry Society of America—The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize

The judges of the Poetry Society's Undergraduate Contest for 1924, Leonora Speyer, Ridgely Torrence and Witter Bynner, announce that the prize of $100 is awarded to:

Martha E. Keller, of Vassar College, for her contributions, "Old Ellen Witherspoon" and "Daphne."

In order of preference the following poets receive Honorable Mention:

Countee P. Cullen, (New York University).

C. T. Lanham, (United States Military Academy).

Norman F. Maclean, (Dartmouth).

Roberta Teale Swartz, (Mt. Holyoke).

Mary Robertson Evans, (Smith).

Tom Freeman, (Ohio Northern University).

Miss Keller's "Old Ellen Witherspoon" has received honorable mention high in the list twice before. Last year, Countee P. Cullen held second place, and Roberta Teale Swartz and Norman Maclean were both mentioned. This year's contest brought nearly a thousand entries from all parts of the country.

For 1924-25, Mr. Bynner is increasing the prize to $150. Undergraduates in any American college or university may compete, and verse is not disqualified by publication; but not more than two hundred lines will be considered from any one person. Manuscripts should be typewritten, should bear on every sheet the writer's name and address, as well as his college, and must be sent before May 15th, 1925, to Witter Bynner, Box 1061, Santa Fe, New Mexico. The envelope should be marked: P. S. A. U. C. No manuscripts will be returned.

The judges will be Sara Teasdale, George Sterling and Witter Bynner.

THE
COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY
FOR 1925

Students who wish to submit poems for possible inclusion in this year's College Anthology (THE POETS OF THE FUTURE, Volume VIII) are requested to send their contributions not later than May 15th to

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When It Rains

Oft-times when the weather's rainy,
I think of days passed by,
When the flowers flashed in sunlight,
And larks soared close the sky.
I sit and dream of sunshine,
Of skies both bright and clear,
Of mocking-birds and violets,
And days without a care.
I think of sun-baths on the beach,
Where oft I've romped and played,
Of little winding streamlets
And dams I've in them made.
And near the beach I see a wood,
At morning wet with dew,
Wherein I searched for flowers
And grapes and hickories too.
There, too, I caught the butterfles
With gold spots on their wings,
Or perhaps some tiny little moths—
The dainty little things.
So here's the thing that happens
As I dream of yesterdays:
The rain is changed to sunshine;
I see things other ways.
And Lo! my room is sunny;
Sunbeams come through the pane.
It's easy to have sunshine
If you just don't think of rain.

Awake, Dreamer, Awake

Arise, you sleeper, daylight beams.
Get you out; forget your dreams.
The rising sun now casts its glow
Upon the eastern sky,
The mourning dove begins to coo,
So get you out, for day is nigh.
The waking song-birds gayly sing
Until the vernal forests ring
With melodies that bring a thrill
Over balmy vale and hill
To you, sluggard, as you dream,
But arise, for Lo, 'tis spring.
'Tis very easy in the spring
Just to sit and dream
In the morning hours
'Neath the leafy bowers,
Or in some quiet secluded nook
Of some sparkling stream
With bait in book
With hook and string.
Awake, you dreamer, duty calls.
Do your bit whate'er befalls.
Joy follows work that's done;
They win no race who do not run.
Fly away at the pistol crack;
With flying feet touch cinder track.
Onward, onward, now you race,
The sure-to-win keep steady pace.

The Dreamer

At evening when the shadows fall
And all is calm and still;
When the nightingale is calling
To its mate across the hill;
When the lily and the buttercup
Bow their heads in sweet repose,
And the bluebell sings a lullaby
To the shy and blushing rose,
I lay me down and calmly rest
Beside some babbling brook;
I dream the weary hours away
Within my shady nook;
I dream of the isle of Utopia
Where only true lovers trod,
Where gold cannot buy happiness
Where money is not a God;
Where man and maid together live
Sweet lives in chastity,
Where unseared conscience is the guide
To truth and purity;
Where God is enshrined in every heart
And brotherly love is found;
Where souls are as pure as driven snow,
Where compassion and virtue abound.

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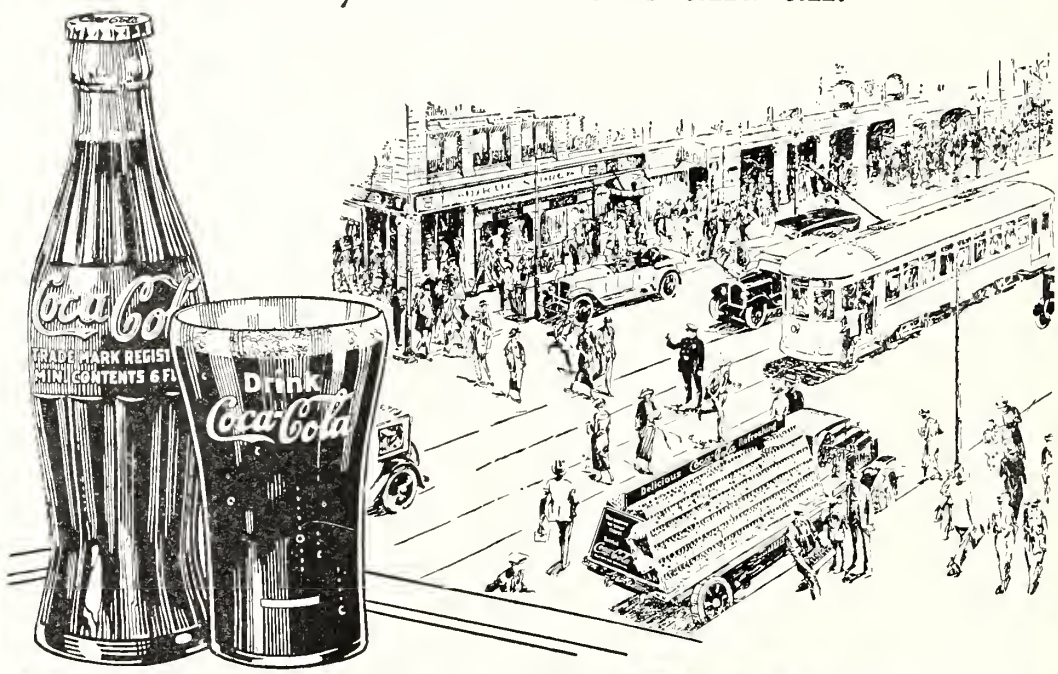

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

April-May, 1925

If In This Human Complex

THE GREAT mystery of death is like a curtain let silently and swiftly down upon the drama of life—impenetrable, awe-inspiring. Why is it, what follows it? This and other like conjectures boiled in my mind as I stood, just a few short hours ago, looking upon the calm, still features of my dearest friend, Robert Alfred.

Robert, who but yesterday was so active, bubbling over with the ambition of youth and an exuberance of spirit, now lay cold and inert—dead. He was an athletic boy—lithe, strong, graceful, with a superabundance of glowing health. It startled me to look at him, lying there with an unnatural stillness, and to realize that his body was the same healthy body. The machinery was intact; it had merely stopped running, and there was no way to start it again.

How different this visit from the last that I spent at Roxton Beach! Then I came, at the urgent request of Robert, to spend a month at his parents' summer home—and what a month it was, a continuous round of pleasure. Now I am here in response to a telegram sent by his mother. Robert is dead. He was drowned in the surf two days ago while taking his morning plunge.

He was buried this afternoon in a slow, cold drizzle which added immeasurably to the sadness of the sweet and beautiful service. We stood around the grave, the men with bared heads, the faces of the women invisible behind heavy veils, while the minister spoke the final words. Dull clouds hung close above and darkness fell slowly.

The shock, felt acutely by Mrs. Alfred, must be even more depressing to Mary Austin, Robert's fiancée, though she bears the ordeal bravely. In her sweet, considerate way she has done everything in her power to comfort the older woman, and Robert's father, too, whose fortitude is beautiful to behold.

The immediate family circle is completed by Mrs. Alfred's brother, Dr. Ralston, who has always been repugnant to me. He is lost in his science and continually wears a preoccupied expression, that pinched and furtive look so common to those who spend most of their time peering into microscopes. Throughout the entire burial service he stared at me, and the peculiar and disconcerting glint in his eyes set my nerves on edge. It has haunted me ever since our return to the house.

The rain has continued and increased slightly and it drips from the roof with a measured beat which is about to drive me mad. I have tried to write, but the paper is sticky, the pen is sticky, the whole room is permeated with a persistent dampness; my very soul is limp and sticky like everything else. I wonder if the water from the cold mud thrown into the grave has penetrated the coffin, making it colder, more awful than before?

I cannot sleep. I can only walk my room and let gruesome thoughts haunt me like damp and silent ghouls.

* * * *

I had but a short time stopped my writing and was attempting to go to sleep when I was roused by a knock at my door. It so startled me that it seemed minutes before my heart beat normally again. At first I thought it was my imagination run wild, and after lying motionless for several minutes, I prepared to attempt another nap. But as I did so, the knock was repeated, louder.

"Come in," I said, with a ridiculous premonition that the Raven would flutter in.

My late caller was Dr. Ralston. He entered without apology, seated himself at the desk, and beckoned to me. He regarded me with the same fixed stare, and there was such a perverted glint in his eyes that I imagined he had gone mad. After staring at me for some moments, he began: "Mr. Condor, I am about to entrust you with a great secret. I trust you with this secret, the product of a life of study, because I feel that I can trust you better than anyone here (it turned out that he meant the servants). Robert Alfred seemed to have confidence in you; so will I. I need your help, or I would not have burdened you with this. Mary Austin accidentally discovered it, but I

must make the best of that. However, she is quite interested and seems to be a most admirable girl. She pleads that I enlist your help that the experiment might be tried at once. Will you swear yourself to secrecy, and to do as I direct for the duration of this experiment?"

"Why, Dr. Ralston, I must know to what I bind myself before I swear to anything. In fact, I think I had better use my own judgment as to when to keep silent, and what to do. What is the nature of this experiment, and for what object?"

He glared at me for several minutes, and then spoke: "Mary Austin asked that you do it. She was your friend's betrothed, and I do not see how you can refuse with any grace."

"I am sorry, Dr. Ralston, but I cannot commit myself to something of which I know nothing. I offer my services freely where they will be of help to any member of this family. Insofar as your experiment is for good, you may trust me, and I will keep silent where there is need for it."

He meditated for a few moments, and then with an impatient gesture said: "Well, Mr. Condor, if you insist upon being so pigheaded, I must make the most of it. My scheme—as you call it—would give every member of this house infinite joy, but what makes that inconsiderable is the service to humanity. That, however, is irrelevant to the immediate object.

"As you know, Robert was in perfect health when he died, and his physique has in no way been impaired. Because of the stoppage of air, his heart stopped. That is the extent of his injuries. I propose to start his heart!"

At first I was amazed, then a desire to laugh seized me.

"Why, Doctor," I said, "you know that every possible means was used to resuscitate Robert."

"They tried to make his lungs work, but—and this is the vital part—they made no attempt to start his heart."

I sat stunned by the train of thoughts this statement provoked. Suppose Robert could be brought to life! I am much interested in metaphysics, and my mind, I am ashamed to say, immediately considered this phase of the experiment. Robert had been dead something like thirty hours. If there is such a thing, where had his spirit been all this time What an awful perspective this opened up. To know for certain where the spirit goes after death, to prove the existence and the nature of the after-life, and to gain this knowledge from the lips of one who had been dead! Then, shamefully late, the thought of seeing Robert alive! How absurd an idea. A scientist's mad dream.

"This is absurd," I said.

"You regard the matter purely from a layman's viewpoint. I know the soundness of the medical side, but you would not be interested in that. If your own desire to see Robert Alfred alive does not force you to grasp at any chance, then I beg you to think of his fiancée."

Again, I muttered something to the effect that it was absurd.

He pierced me with an intense glance. He was a man in the grip of science—science which warps a man all out of himself, which displaces the aspirations of self-culture, curtailing the development of a heart overflowing with human love and kindness, displacing the desire to live with the desire to know. And he glared at me as an imbecile obstacle to the fulfillment of his passion.

"It is an experiment and must be tried. If it fails, no harm is done. If I win, a foremost place in science is mine. I beg you to consider all sides. Of you I merely ask a little help. You are valuable to me only on account of your trustworthiness and the lack of other help. But you are indispensible and you cannot fail!"

He was working himself into a nervous passion.

"The idea is disagreeable to me," I answered, "but I will assist you as far as my intelligence and conscience will allow."

The eager, peculiar, glint, of which I have spoken, lighted his eye at my answer, and he hastily pushed me into the ghastly work before us.

I need not burden the reader with the sordid details relating to the recovery of the body. Suffice it to say that at the expiration of three hours of hard labor the body was brought into the room where the doctor was to try his experiment.

Dawn was just breaking, and the sickly light depicted too well our pale faces. Robert was the most natural looking of the three. Indeed, I felt very unreal, as though living in a nightmare.

The doctor placed the body in water at a temperature of ninety-five degrees, and kept this temperature constant by the addition of more hot water. The ghastly silence while we waited for the body to assimulate the heat, can hardly be imagined. We sat staring, staring. I could feel every beat of my heart in my ears. A sort of mental apathy, thanks to the protective working of Nature, prevented a complete realization of the horrible circumstances, for which I was indeed grateful. After what seemed an eternity, the required time elapsed, and the gruesome work began.

Doctor Ralston set about his task with a diabolical precision and exactness. At last his chance had come to offer an object of perfection to the only God he knew: Science. He placed a breathing apparatus with a pump arrangement over Robert's nose and mouth; then he injected some nerve irritant with a hypo-

dermic needle, and the operation was begun. He cut to the aorta; then carefully severed the big artery, while I prevented the flow of blood, and fused a piece of rubber tubing to both ends.

This tubing had a clever, yet simple, attachment by which the blood could be forced through by pressure on the sides in quick strokes, like the beating of the heart. These were the doctor's devices—the fruits of perverted thought and energy.

At this moment, when all was in readiness, there came a muffled knock on the door. My nerves were keyed high, and this unexpected disturbance was enough to turn my heart into a hard lump and to freeze my every emotion. The doctor was also thrown off his guard, but he soon recovered, and going to the door asked in a whisper who was there. It proved to be Mary. Having some knowledge of the doctor's plans, and seeing the patch of light on the ground emitted through our window, she could no longer control her gnawing hopes and fruitless speculations. Indeed, she appeared so white and unnatural that she looked scarcely human. She took in the situation at a glance, and as the doctor began the working of his contrivance, watched with bated breath.

I cannot recall just what I expected—I remember a premonition of something horrible and depressing beyond words. That Robert Alfred would come to life—his former self—I did not once believe. Whether we could recall a spirit from heaven or hell, I did not know, but the appearance of a demon would not have surprised me. The undertaking, ending in absolute failure, would only terminate an awful nightmare, and leave me weak and depressed. Through the minutes Doctor Ralston worked the circulator back and forth, back and forth, with an attention and interest for his unearthly patient that must have rivaled in intensity the fires of hell. Was there color mounting to the cheeks? Did that eyelid flutter? God! did the body move—that body which had been dead for more than thirty hours? Mary fainted, but neither the doctor nor myself noticed her.

The heart was functioning now, every once in so often. I was ordered to pour a glass of brandy down the Thing's throat, and I left the air pump long enough to do so. The doctor never ceased to work the circulator, down with the sides pressed in and up with the sides released.

From this point nervivication was rapid, though what creature we were bringing to life I did not know. The heart soon began to beat somewhat regularly though sluggishly, and the breath was beginning to be controlled laboriously by the lungs. The doctor stopped his work, and watched with the most alert interest. Soon he signaled me to desist, and the nose and mouthpiece were removed. Together we watched the organs resuming their functions, though I dare say with widely different emotions. We watched, I say, Robert Alfred return to life.

My senses failed me, and I stood in a daze for a period of time, of what duration I have no idea. I only know that when once again I took note of my surroundings, the doctor's expert fingers had finished the operation; Mary had recovered; and Robert lay without motion except for the rise and falling of his chest. I blinked.

The doctor motioned for Mary and me to come closer. When we were sufficiently near, he said in a low tone, "He may be awakened now."

The strain had told on Mary and she looked haggard. Her nervous tension, as she prepared to call to one who had been dead, was of such degree as to border on mania. "Bob," she cried, in a voice tremulous with love and passion, "Oh, Bob, my love, answer."

His eyes fluttered open. He looked at the girl but there was no indication that he recognized her, and in the vacant stare there was less force of reality than in the morning mists, which vanish before the rising sun. His only answer to her pleading cry was a hollow chuckle.

"Bob, dearest, say that you know me," she cried, again and again. Her piteous exhortation beat against the walls of the room the sole echo was an occasionaly chuckle from the body, living yet dead.

"Bob, old man, don't you know me?" I fairly shouted. The spiritless glance of the man that had been my dearest friend shifted to my face, but there was no answer.

Dr. Ralston added his voice and for an hour we tried feverishly to awaken some sign of understanding in him—without success. The total reward of our efforts was the same inane and unvaried chuckle.

Realization slowly dawned upon me, and there occurred to my mind a scene from my college life. In the zoology laboratory I had pithed a frog, with unwilling fingers, to study his reflexes. As I irritated the muscles with acid, I watched the mechanical reactions. I turned to Mary and took her gently in my arms. "Dear," I said, "we have succeeded in bringing the body back to life but the soul is in God's keeping."

I led her away and took her to her own room, where I left her in charge of her maid. Then I returned to the doctor's chamber. He stood fixedly regarding the body of Robert Alfred.

With a blank expression he turned to me, completely at a loss. So stunned and disconcerted was he at the apparent success and yet apparent failure of his plan that he was like a child. His voice faltered as he asked: "What—what is to be done?"

"There is nothing to be done," I replied, feeling master of the situation. "Your science has failed,

Doctor. You have succeeded in restoring the body, but your failure to consider the soul renders your work valueless. Most of you scientists ignore the soul, even the psychologists. To me this proves that the soul really exists separate from the brain and that, whatever their relation, intelligence, mood and emotion are functions of the soul.

"There is nothing to be done, except to stop the functioning of that organism, to kill the body, which, though it may be able to live through a multitude of complex and intricate reflexes, is dead—for the personality which dominated it is gone. It is no longer a person, but a clever mass of living cells—a worthy habitat of the soul, perhaps, but without it, a dead inanity. The physical man only is there, and if man were only physical you, Dr. Ralston, would have restored Robert Alfred to life."

With a pathetic gesture he silently aquiesced.

What remained to be done was quickly and simply accomplished, and it was with great relief that I left the room and strode outdoors, where a bright, clean Sunday morning in October was already far advanced, indeed, was nearing its end. I took the walk leading to my favorite haunt of solitude. It lay through the lawn, beautiful with shrubbery in autumnal colors, and past the village church, where the beloved, silver-haired minister was closing his sermon. His sincere words of sweet faith were borne clearly to me through the open stained-glass windows: "It is not for us to inquire into or speculate about the life to come. We may rest assured that it will be just with a merciful justness and wonderful beyond our conception, and in all ways perfect."

As I passed on down the path, his last words floated out in a benign cadence and mingled with the ecstatic notes of a robin's song: "The peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God."

I entered the softened light under the pines and made my way to a tall, straight, and very old tree. There I lay down on the fragrant needles and fell into peaceful slumber.

Puppets All

The marionettes who stiffly bow
With wooden posturing
Before the painted curtains know
Who pulls each hidden string;
The spectators before them sit.
They hear the laughter in the pit,
They know by whom each jest was writ,
And why they dance and sing.

But we—our footlights are the dawn,
Our backdrop is the sky;
Obediently we shuffle on,
Obedient still, we die.
And human eye shall never see
How run the threads of destiny,
Nor learn what audience may be
Amused by you and I.

Henderson: Really—Shaw: Quite So

By H. B. Gray

For months every magazine I have read has been full of Archibald's conversations with the heretical Ulsterman. Being very susceptible, and having wits like those of Quince the Cobbler—easily curdled—I resolved forthwith to be somebody's biographer.

I am, of course, perfectly qualified for this position; isn't Dr. Henderson a fellow North Carolinian, and have not I a third cousin whose name begins with "A"?

"Professor Toy, besides being a scholar of parts, is a gentleman—and not one of the kind synonymous with 'gent'—which is a quality so rare in this age of 'grab'," I thought, "that it alone constitutes greatness. I will write his biography."

I cruised over to the Tower of Babel, marched into his office and said, "Hello, Prof. Toy. I am now your biographer. What is your opinion of Zulu psychology?"

He answered, "Excuse me a minute, I must go out to make a 'phone call." He was back presently, chatting away.

Well, I would have got a good start on that biography if Dr. Abernathy had not come in just then, and hauled me to the infirmary in a laundry truck half-full of dirty clothes. I wish Dr. Abernathy would attend to his own business, but if he must cart people around in laundry wagons I wish he would select one in which the clothes are clean.

Somehow or other I didn't have any more luck with the other professors. One would say, "But I don't *need* a biographer." Another, "I am modest, unassuming. The honor of having *you* write my biography is too great." I asked a third, a *bon vivant,* whether he could bear to let posterity remain in the densest ignorance of his temperament, thoughts, and acts. He replied with emphasis, "I can." But I didn't give up. No doubt my confrère Henderson had as much trouble finding somebody to biog. Probably he is in Europe because he had to go that far to find his man.

By this time the news of my search for a subject for my literary ambition had spread among the faculty. I had only to knock at a professor's front door and say to him, "I am now your bi—" when he would interrupt, with an assumed groan, "Oh yes, Mr. Gray, come right in and take this seat." Each one invariably added some such pleasantry as "I feared this would happen; I *told* my wife to nail the door shut."

The chair would always be of the one-armed variety, like those in quick-lunch rooms. He would then stand behind a small table placed in front of my seat, and open a little cross-lined book and say "Gray," to which I would answer by habit, "Here." He would then begin, "The lesson today goes to page 345. Of course we have covered this ground twice before; but for the benefit of those who were absent, and those who are always absent above the neck we shall repeat it. Reflex motor control, due to the subjunctive of the verb *donner,* influenced the reformation movement . . ." and on, and on, until I would fall asleep, also by habit. On my awaking, the professor would be gone. The suggestion made by a soulless student that these professors hatched up the above anaesthetizing process merely as a ruse to enable them to escape being talked to death by me is, of course, absurd. The reason that they were always gone when I awoke is simply that being animated by a worthy zeal to battle against ignorance, and believing the flattering fallacy that a Carolina student can learn more awake than asleep (in both cases the amount he learns is the same), seeing me asleep they had gone out to find a student who *was* awake.

Pretty soon a letter came telling me to report to the president's office. I did so. Dr. Chase sat, a harrassed look upon his face, at his desk upon which was a bulging sack labeled "$5,000."

"Mr. Gray," he began, "at an emergency faculty meeting it was unanimously decided that, on account of your being such a deserving student (if you are), we would each donate something towards your further education; the further the better. Therefore we suggest that you matriculate as soon as possible at either the University of Australia, or that of Siberia—a bus leaves in seven minutes. Please close the door after you." He handed me the bag which I pocketed.

"This tribute touches me, Dr. Chase," I said, "but to tell you the truth I'd just as soon stay here, where although I have been unfortunate so far in getting material for my life work of writing a biography, by persistence I'll eventually succeed. There are plenty of professors left: I will use this money to live here on for twenty years until I have written *all* their biographies, as a token of appreciation of their kindness. Why, I haven't even tried you yet?"

So profound and uncontrollable were his emotions of joy and gratitude at this last that he wept, tore his hair, cursed, and threw out of the window the records of the late tax-evolution squabble.

When he had calmed down sufficiently he said, "Gray, we are sick and tired of seeing you around. There is no existing regulation by which we could get rid of you—ha, an idea!" (as though talking to himself, his face lighting up.) "We might pass a rule excluding all semi-idiots. —But no," (resuming his gloomy look) "that won't answer, because then there would be no student here except 'Chinaman' Couch, and we must keep the other 2,000 to dilute Bill with. Anyway, keep that money and buy a ticket sixteen feet long. LEAVE."

"Dr. Chase," I replied in a hurt tone, putting the money in my shoes and other safe places on my person, "you can't fool me, you and the faculty *want me to leave.* But my sacred honor is involved: for the good of the University and of posterity I must and will stay at Carolina and write those biographies."

And I am going to do it, too. Unfortunately, my efforts so far in this direction must have taken too much time from my studies; because on the winter quarter examinations, and on every quiz and paper during the present quarter my professors have given me a grade of zero minus.

Education

(Being a stirring appeal by one of Chapel Hill College's illuminati)

I

Tell me not in moonful numbers
  Education is the bunk,
That we need more clerks and plumbers,
  Carpenters instead of punk
And silly, simple founts of knowledge,
Such as flourish in our college.

II

Education is the berries,
  Any one will have to say,
Who sees the student as he hurries
  On his muddy, sloshy way.
Much knowledge thus accrues to him;
Is't not worth while to learn to swim?

III

Education is a flower
  That sweetly blooms 'neath summer skies.
See how, ensconced in fragrant bower,
  The twain seem lost in paradise.
She learns of life and love and sorrow;
He learns to spend and also borrow.

IV

Education is a hill
  That we must bravely climb,
For after years of weary toil
  We'll reach the heights sublime.
Then we'll receive our virtue's due
And be a great professor too!

—G. W. O.

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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APRIL-MAY, 1925

President Chase

College editors are hard put sometimes to find something to pan—we are a small-minded lot as a rule—but evils do become scarce, occasionally. We were casting about just now for a victim to criticize when it suddenly occurred to us that it might be a worth-while idea to applaud something. Once having conceived this noble notion a subject for our bouquet at once presented itself. The recent Yellow Journal almost took the words out of our mouth in penning a paean of praise to "the man who gets all the blame for the shortcomings—real or imaginary—of this institution for the feeble-minded you of the state," to-wit, President Harry Chase.

Dr. Chase has never sought publicity but during the past year it has come to him unsought. And not all of it has been sweet with the milk of human kindness; indeed most of it was buttermilk. But where he was formerly something of an unknown quantity, a sort of human sphinx, he now stands out as a man among men and morons. Through all the pestilential muck and mire of recent months he has passed unbesmirched, at all times a commanding figure of simple dignity and consistency.

We admire the dispatch with which he refused the presidency of an institution much richer than this one and the alacrity with which he chose the only conceivable solution open to a man of his intellectual power. We admire above all the *finesse* with which he has handled himself throughout. It is particularly charming in comparison with the probably naive poor taste of our other Great Refusal in the Grand Manner.

His intellectual stability, his practical idealism for the University, his comprehension of the academic situation, and his ability to sow fine seed and reap a great harvest are beautifully shown in his report to the trustees. In the section called "Toward the Future" may be found refreshing inspiration to the mind fatigued with the multifold inanities of our academic system. Tucked away in it are these lines:

"There is no substitute for a healthy and free intellectual life within an educational institution. No plea should be accepted in extenuation for its absence. A strong faculty, means of rewarding unusual intellectual ability and of stimulating it to sustained endeavor, an environment that permits and encourages free play of the intellect; such things are the essentials of the life of an educational institution."

That this is not mere table-talk recent events have proved. There are faults here but they are admitted by the mighty and in comparison with other institutions which we know they are not so many after all. With such leadership we cannot in sincerity doubt a brilliant future for the University of North Carolina and perhaps an ultimate attainment of something faintly approaching the good, the true, and the beautiful.

* * * * *

Freedom

Continuing in the vein initiated above we have actually found something fundamental to praise in North Carolina. With all its backwardness, with all its provincialism, we believe, after a recent perusal of a number of papers of various sorts and with a memory of some things long past, that freedom of some kinds is almost a reality in this state. Freedom of the press, for instance. That is to say, as long as one is hands off the clergy, for knocking the especially chosen of God is still very, very taboo. But even there we are improving, what with the legislature surprising everybody and putting the lid on the anti-evolutionists.

At the moment we hear of no Count Karolyi being gagged in this state; we hear of no Mr. Baldwin being sentenced to six months in the pen for threatening to read a part of the Constitution of the United States in public. These things happened elsewhere and it is elwhere that the Boston *Bean Pot*, the Harvard *Lampoon*, and the Harvard *Advocate* were summarily suppressed for no really valid reason by the Defenders of the Public Weal. It is in other universities that permission from the president is required before more than a hundred students may congregate, or where administrative censorship is exercised over faculty or student articles for publication.

And yet North Carolina's superiority in this respect is only a theory and many a "beautiful theory"

has been "murdered by a gang of brutal facts." We have much reason to inflate our chest and point with pride but the usual fly in the ointment is not far in seeking. The quotation from Dr. Chase's report in our first editorial does not sit at all well with the refusal of the University administration to allow a negro debating team from Shaw University listen to the U. N. C.-Washington and Lee debate recently held in Gerrard Hall. That hall has a perfectly good gallery and negroes have sat in it before, negroes with and without education. How does this attitude hook up with our professed "intellectual freedom"? We have seen the import of a letter which Benjamin Brawley, of Shaw, wrote in regard to the incident and it sends a quivering dart into one's sensibilities.

Dr. Chase did not refuse the permission; we do not believe he would have done so. It was refused in his absence, probably in an attempt to save him from further unmerited criticism, but to our mind it was a sadly perverted attempt.

* * * * *

More About The Playmakers and Something About a Dramatic Club

In the preceding issue of the MAGAZINE we published a short article called "Frederick H. Koch—An Intimate Study." In the serene academic atmosphere alleged to be hereabouts the near holocaust which followed the appearance of this article in some circles was not a little surprising, though possibly not unexpected. It seemed generally accepted that the name signed to it was a *nom de guerre*, and so, perhaps, it was. To date we have heard sixteen people (including ourself) mentioned as possible authors of the article, but the real author is still batting a thousand. The piece happens to have been written by one in no wise connected with this university and was originally intended for publication in a national theatrical magazine.

Just why this bit of sincere and well-meant criticism cannot be accepted in the spirit in which it was made we fail to see. Perhaps it is because a surfeit of praise renders the skin inordinately tender. We have, as the author of the article certainly has, a high respect for Prof. Koch and for the Playmakers as an organization. Yet we are not so blind as not to see that the Playmakers have their quota of faults and above all that there is a certain elastic limit to their capacities.

We have the best interests of the Playmakers at heart, but we also have the best interests of the theatre in the large at heart. We believe that the Playmakers are doing a great work, but we think that they should not go out of their way to prohibit or inhibit the theatre as theatre and art as art. If they seem on the verge of ceasing to do great things, if they seem tottering at the portals of commercialism, then continued lavish and blanket praise will not assist them a great deal to attain legitimate glory.

We admire the great spirit with which Professor Koch himself has accepted Mr. North's remarks; men of calibre usually do such things gracefully. We do not admire the spirit with which the organization which he heads has accepted them, nor its inability to accept any criticism of itself not heavily sugar-coated.

This, if we may, egocentricity of the Playmakers is in the long run the greatest factor in their too-slow development, the explanation of their present hand-to-mouth existence, the reason why, perhaps, they are producing one or two or three good plays a year instead of seven or eight or nine. An institution which depends for its existence on more or less occasional golden eggs cannot throttle the goose that lays them and thrive.

Specifically, the Playmakers are a highly-centralized, highly-concentrated organization. With their structure what it is, they cannot hope at the same time to dabble in Shakespeare, produce standard plays, and a heavy schedule of folk plays and do adequate justice to any of them. That is beyond the capacity of any two men.

The Playmakers have consistently killed off a steady stream of variegated talent of high potentiality with the aid of which they might have done far greater things for the campus. And yet they have as consistently prevented, whether directly or indirectly, this talent being used elsewhere. This is an unconscionable waste and we see no reason for it whatever. If the Playmakers are not gracious enough to use it themselves, they should be gracious enough, indeed they should be happy, to have it used outside their limits. If not, we fail to see why it should not be used anyway.

The remedy is a simple one and one which we have talked about and heard talked about for two years. It is the formation in Chapel Hill of one or more dramatic clubs in which co-operation shall be given a look-in. It has been done in other places—why not here? A club which would produce standard plays in the standard manner is needed here; a Shakespeare club is more than needed. One club would probably be the better proposition but we mention two for the sake of expediency. This should be either a faculty dramatic club or a faculty and student club.

We have no idea whatever that it should supplant the Playmakers, even less that it should be antagonistic to them. Rather it should work in complete harmony with them, if that is possible, complement the work they are doing, and supply some of the distressing dramatic needs of Chapel Hill by making use of some of the splendid material that is now going to seed. If this be heresy, make the most of it.

THE PASTURE

J. E. H. AND W. T. C.

On one of my classes my attention was called to a phenomenon which has interested me greatly. About the second day of classes the man next to me gave me a nudge with his elbow, "watch that co-ed," he said, and I watched.

I noticed that very frequently she would nod her head or shake it; I wondered whether she was suffering from some sort of physical ailment or was taking calisthenics on class, or possibly, I thought, she may be lightheaded and just letting her head go the way the wind blows.

For several days I watched her and every day she was affected in the same way. I began to become uneasy about her—for some reason I have always hated to see people suffer—and I asked the man who sits next to me what he thought might be hurting her. "She looks to be perfectly all right otherwise," I said.

"Gosh," replied the man who sits next to me in a condescending tone, "haven't you found out yet what she does that for? Why, whenever the prof makes a point about anything, she nods her head or shakes it to assure him that he is right about it."

But I still wonder.

* * *

The Atlanta *Journal* wants to know what has become of the old-fashioned man who used to spend the first few weeks of January collecting calendars to beautify his home. I don't know where the old men are now but, after watching the calendar parade on Franklin Street during the opening days of last quarter, I am convinced that most of them have sons at the University of North Carolina.

* * *

I was walking across the campus the other day when a dreamy eyed student accosted me, and began talking. I saw immediately that he was in a sort of dazed state, as if he had been struck a heavy blow, or had been undergoing a slow and extreme torture which had been suddenly removed. "Somebody," he said, "has told the professors that repetition is necessary in teaching, and they believe it If Professor Stroller, some call him Professor Runner, (about whom was he talking?), were a history teacher he would deal like this with the statement *the advantage of the English ships lay not in bulk, but in construction* . . .

"The English were overwhelming, not by the size of the ships, but their power lay in the construction of the ships. In construction, not in bulk, lay the advantage of the English ships. The English ships were superior to the Spanish not in bulk but in construction. The advantage of the English fleet (squadron) consisted not in bulk, but in construction. The advantage of the English was the light construction of their ships. The English had not large ships, but they were better constructed. The power of the vessels of the English was not caused by the extent, but by the construction of the ships. The English men-of-war could do very much against the enemy, because they were well constructed, and not too large. The English vessels were not large but well constructed. The advantage of the English men-of-war did not consist in size but in construction. The advantage of the English men-of-war was to be found in their construction."

Abruptly he stopped, looked at me suspiciously, gave a loud shriek, clapped his hands to his ears, and before I could catch him, had bounded off at a wild pace so that it was useless to attempt to do so. How-However, it did not take any sherlocking to find out what was wrong with him. Indeed, I was pretty sure I knew what was wrong long before he had finished, for I had just come off a "lecture," in which, in his usual clear and lucid fashion the professor had dilated upon a certain subject.

That night I saw this same student again. He had recovered almost completely. The student's power to suffer and recover is indeed miraculous.

* * *

"New light on ancient Greece!" exclaimed Prof. Folio,
And struck a match to find the rancid oleo.

—*Grayson, Jr.*

* * *

The Pessimist—Man fallen from the angels.
The Optomist—Man risen from the monkeys.

—Texas *Longhorn*,

The principals in this story are Paul John Weaver, the efficient head of the University's music department, and an elderly lady whom we shall call Mrs. X—. We do not vouch for its truth: in fact, it came to us second-hand. One of the boys in the glee club who is alleged to have witnessed it told the story to a friend of his, who in turn told it to us. We did not investigate it for fear it would turn out to be a fabrication.

The Carolina Glee Club on its way back from its sensational debut at Kansas City the first part of April, stopped at Asheville to give several concerts. After one of the performances which were sweeping Asheville off its feet, a very distinguished looking old lady in the company of a rather attractive young woman approached Director Weaver and asked permission to speak to him a few moments. This was readily granted.

The venerable woman whose hair was white and carriage stately explained that she was Mrs. X—, who was deeply interested in all things musical.

"I feel," she said, "that music ought to be made a part of everyone's education. Fritz Kreisler tells me that if this is done it will mean the end of all wars and unhappiness. Its soothing effects will lessen the struggles and strife of today and make the world a better place to live in."

Mrs. X— then explained that she was particularly interested in glee club work, and was acquainted with the work of all the leading glee clubs in the country. In her opinion, the University of North Carolina Glee Club was the best she had ever heard. It was simply wonderful and she was fascinated by it.

"I am sure," she continued, "that your glee club will be able to win the national inter-collegiate contest next year. Instead of this contest being held at New York as in the past, it ought to be held at Asheville and I shall personally use all my influence to see that it is moved to Asheville."

Here was a proposition that definitely interested Mr. Weaver. Further, he was charmed by her cultured manner and gratified that the glee club should have won such unqualified approval from one so distinguished. He so expressed himself.

"I was talking to Thomas Edison the other day," said Mrs. X—, "He told me that there are but two worth-while spots in America. One of them is Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and the other is Asheville, North Carolina. I replied that I didn't know about Muscle Shoals, but I was sure about Asheville."

Mr. Weaver agreed that Asheville was certainly a fine place. If the national glee club contest could be held there it would undoubtedly be a success. It might be a difficult matter to arrange this, though. Mrs. X—, however, didn't think it would be so hard. She would get Margaret Woodrow Wilson, who was a close personal friend of hers, to help her. Together, she believed they could put it across.

Then followed a very interesting colloquy about things in general, and one that Mr. Weaver was slow to terminate, for it was proving extremely edifying to him. Mrs. X— was personally acquainted with most of the country's celebrities and the little glimpses into their lives and works which she provided were not the sort gained in newspapers or biographies. All good things must have an end, however, and Mr. Weaver sighed when the interview drew to a close, but not until an engagement had been made for the next morning, when they were to discuss further plans for bringing the national concert to Asheville. Mrs. X—, though, still had one more trump up her sleeve.

"By the way," she said, "did I tell you that joke the Prince of Wales got off on me the other day? No? He said, 'Oh! Mrs. X—, can you tell me what a golf ball does when it stops rolling?'

" 'My dear Edward, I'm sure I don't know,' I replied. 'Just what does it do?'

" 'My dear Mrs. X—,' he said, 'It looks round.' "

This was too much even for Mr. Weaver. He almost choked as the dear old lady puttered out of the lobby of the hotel where the conversation had taken place. It was at this juncture that the young woman who had entered with Mrs. X but had up to this time remained respectfully in the background, explained to Mr. Weaver that Mrs. X's mind was not quite all it should be and that she was engaged as the old lady's keeper.

The next morning, it is said, Mrs. X— was back again looking for Mr. Weaver. She sueeeeded in locating him only after a diligent search in the company of obliging members of the glee club. Mr. Weaver was compelled to listen to her illuminating discourse for another hour, but this time it had lost all its flavor. In the meantime, all the boys had become quite fond of Mrs. X— and she was a common topic of conversation, especially at meal times. It may be only a coincidence after all, but it seemed that Mr. Weaver very adroitly changed the subject on these occasions.

—E. S.

A Double Dilemma

By Telfair Peet

Professor Henry Shaw was of an envious nature, but never before had he felt envious of his best friend.

Barton Hadley had been his schoolmate, and for the last twenty years they had lived, worked, and played together. A ripe middle age found them both on the faculty of the same university. Professor Shawn was an authority on algebra, while his friend, Hadley, was a member of the department of astronomy.

The beginning, the germ of the whole trouble, was simply this: one evening at the breaking up of a meeting of the faculty of the department of sciences, Professor Shawn had overheard a conversation between two of the younger assistants.

"At least Shawn 'll never get that kind of promotion," said the one.

"Nor deserve it," added the other.

"Why Hadley is sure of being the head up at the observatory," put in the first.

The speakers were walking along a darkened path, when at this point in the conversation Professor Shawn turned abruptly, and disregarding rules, stalked across the campus lawn to another walk.

Once at home, he began to think. At first he hardly realized why he was disturbed, but by slow degrees it came to him that Barton, Barton Hadley, the man he called his best friend, was in reality an undeserving and hypocritical fool who would now look down upon him from the chair of astronomy and deign still to call him his friend.

He found in the thought a rancorous sting; he could imagine Barton in his new position; he could imagine his manner and his condescension.

For some weeks these thoughts corroded within the mind of the Professor; and as the love he had for his old friend melted away, a dull but increasingly savage hatred permeated his being. Then one Sunday afternoon Barton walked into his study with a cheery, "Congratulate me, old man. Smithfield has resigned and that gives me the chair of astronomy."

From that moment Henry Shawn hated his best friend and admitted the hate to himself. Even as he arose and smilingly took the hand that was held out to him that he might offer his most cordial congratulations, he inwardly cursed the man before him. In Barton's face he discovered the sardonic smile of an unworthy fool who has succeeded; in his voice he discovered the sneering of a sleek hypocrite; then he thought to himself, "I'd kill him if I could."

The thought burned itself into his mind.

The two men talked for some time, and though Professor Shawn was as placid in appearance as a sleeping child, he was forced to exercise some self-control when his friend was leaving, to keep from striking down the "head of the department of astronomy" with a chair.

"I'd kill him if I could!" seemed to shout itself to him from some chasm of his mind. For almost a week Henry Shawn was in mental ferment. There on the printed page of his book, on the wall of his lecture room, even upon the ceiling of his bedroom at night, he saws the words, "*I'd kill him if I could!*"

Then one day in the middle of a class the thought came to him, "Why not? Yes, why not?" Abruptly he stopped his work and began to make plans, but at the end of several minutes he saw the hopelessness of trying to solve such a complex and difficult problem in so short a time; so he called the class to order, and proceeded with an explanation of the solution of equations in seven unknowns.

It was Barton's custom to stop in every Sunday and chat with his friend. The more Henry saw him, the more the desire to kill Barton seared itself into his mind. But always the question "HOW?" would come leaping up like some ghastly mental jack-in-the-box.

Professor Shawn began to read accounts of murders and to look up facts concerning that form of crime. The murder itself would have been easy enough, but the possible, or rather the probable, after-results,—might they not be more than he dared to cope with? Henry Shawn was not a coward, but he was afraid of death; he had little, if any religion, and perhaps because of this he loved life and existence all the more; he loved to exercise his mind; he loved himself.

Barton Hadley could be poisoned, but a post-mortem examination would surely follow; he might be drowned, but Hadley was an expert swimmer and an investigation would here, too, be inevitable. No, the usual means of murder would not do in this case; and yet the man that was to be killed was too healthy, too strong, to die by any means but a violent death, and if he died by violence, then who killed him?

One Sunday afternoon as the two were talking and Henry Shawn was seriously considering the advisability of calling upon his friend some evening and striking him down with a knife, Barton drew from his pocket a little book and laid it on the table.

"Old man," said the astronomer, "you seem to have forgotten your birthday came day before yesterday. I slipped this little present for you into my pocket as I came along.

"It's nothing so very wonderful," Barton continued half apologetically, "but it is an interesting psychologieal study, and by the Russian, Andreiyeff; it concerns a doctor who wants to commit a murder, and who, to insure his own safety, pretends to go crazy. It's a very clever bit of writing—however, I won't spoil it for you by telling any more of it."

Barton was somewhat surprised by the excessive warmth of the thanks he received.

When Professor Shawn was left alone he picked up the book and stared at it. "'A Dilemma' by L. Andreiyeff," was printed upon the cover. "It's the solution to one," he thought, and drawing up a chair, he sat down. On the point of opening the little volume he checked himself, thinking, "No, I must not copy the method of the murder exactly for my source and plan would then be too obvious. I have a suggestion and a good one; now I must evolve from it a praetical plan of action. I must not read the book." So he put it on a shelf in his study, and sat down to think.

By and by he went again to the bookcase, took out a volume of an encyclopedia, and returned to his seat. He looked up insanity, read the entire article through with great deliberation and care, and then turned back to the following passages:

"There is no rigid line of demarcation between sanity and insanity. The conditions of each bear a close resemblance."

Under the sub-head, "Medico-Legal Aspects of Insanity," he re-read this passage, "In authentic cases a well-marked history of insanity before and after the act ean be traced, and insanity continues thereafter. 'Temporary aberration' in an otherwise sane person does not oecur."

"I suppose if I try this method I will have to spend a year in going crazy and another year, possibly two, in recovering," thought the professor. "I don't know," he said to himself, "but I can't say I like that last part—'Temporary aberration' in an otherwise sane person does not oecur."

"Why it would take years of study to go crazy well enough to fool the doctors, and then what cause could I choose?" he thought. In the book before him he looked at the list of causes. After reading each item he frowned.

"Injury to head, acute illnesses, senility, aleohol—no, none of these would do." Then the professor glanced at the percentage list. "Aleohol . . . 22.6," he read. He noticed that it was one of the largest numbers in the column. Instinctively the professor felt the impossibility of getting drunk and throwing his friend under a street ear. True, that would perform the murder, but it would not save his own skin. At last the professor went to bed very much puzzled. By this time it no longer entered his head that he might not murder his friend; he had lived with the idea so long that he did not question it.

Just at the close of one of his classes the next day, Professor Shawn overhead two medical students talking. It was just a casual snatch of conversation. One of them was saying, "Oh well, you know, they are always as stewed as that when they come out of ether."

By chance those few words instantly connected themselves with—"Alcohol . . . 22.6," in the mind of the listener. When he had time to think about it, Henry Shawn remembered that there were other things beside alcohol that eaused drunkeness. He remembered that if a sufficient quantity of water were taken, it would intoxicate some people. If an entire box of bouillon cubes was dissolved in a single cup of water, a beverage nearly as intoxicating as absinthe could be produced.

The idea stuck in his mind. An intangible something in it fascinated him. That night in going to bed he happened to notice on his tube of tooth paste the statement "20% alcohol." "A dollar's worth of tooth paste would probably turn a man's head," he thought.

In the middle of the night Professor Shawn bounded out of bed. It was a sudden inspiration that had come to him, yet he felt it to be a good one. He repeated one word to himself. "Altitude, altitude If I can only become drunk on air—at a high altitude some people faint, some bleed at the ears and nose, and some become *drunk;* yes they become drunk on air. They are light headed, they stagger and reel, they are out of their senses." All these thoughts went racing through the professor's mind like the thoughts of a drowning man.

The professor spent several days in reading about various mountain ranges and peaks and at last decided on the Rockies. That much settled, he devoted his attention to the next task, that of persuading Barton to go west. He was greatly delighted when the latter warmed to a suggestion of a trip to Colorado for the coming vacation. Before the middle of May it was decided that the two friends should spend the summer at Estes Park. Long's Peak was the objective that Henry had in view.

Everything went with perfect smoothness; Henry could not see a thing to mar his plan. He was well prepared for the task he had set himself. The only factor of which he was at all uncertain was his own strength; he was afraid that his heart might not endure the strain through which he must pass.

Estes Park is formed by the valley of the "Big Thompson" river, which finds its source in northern Colorado. The two friends greatly enjoyed the beauty of the place. However, there was something in the overwhelming size of the granite peaks towering above them that depressed Henry Shawn; yet in spite of it he had one consolation that gave him a genial enough exterior—that was the thought of the business in hand.

For two weeks the friends stayed in Estes Park spending much of their time in short walks, and even attempting some of the smaller nearby mountains. By degrees, as they grew more accustomed to this strenuous form of exercise, they lengthened the expeditions.

At the beginning of the third week the pair moved into Rock Mountain National Park, where they stayed at Long's Peak Inn, a tourist hotel which lies some miles beyond Bald Pate, now famous for its seven keys. Every day they made it their habit to go out on foot upon some trip in the mountains.

At last, when neither of them could be classed as a "tender-foot," plans were begun for an expedition up Long's Peak. As parties went up almost every day during the warm season, the two professors had little difficulty in joining a group that was planning to make the ascent. Under the supervision of a professional guide they expected to make the climb in two days.

The last human habitation on the way to the peak is Timberline Cabin, and toward this they started one mid-afternoon up the precipitous mountain trail which leads from Long's Peak Inn. Much of the way followed a tiny mountain stream, which gurgled and clattered down a stony bed, through a cavern of trees and bushes. Shortly before sunset the climbers found the pines twisting and writhing away on either hand, and crouching close to the rock, like things in pain. They were nearing timberline after an ascent of two thousand feet. All of them were in good spirits, though no one, perhaps, was quite as jubilant over the prospect of the morrow, as Professor Shawn.

The nine mountaineers slept that night on the rough cots of the cabin. About four the next morning the guide aroused them for a slim breakfast and as they were eating, he told them to leave behind all their possessions that they did not think essential for the actual climb.

Professor Hadley took raisins, cakes of chocolate, and field glasses; Professor Shawn took raisins, a lemon to suck when he might begin to feel dizzy, and then, very carefully, and with a whimsical smile, he slung to his shoulder a small but very heavy camera, the body of which was pressed steel. He carried it by a strong leather strap of considerable length.

As the men filed in single line up into the boggy, rock strewn meadows above timberline, the rising sun sent their shadows out across the waste like the silhouettes of grotesque giants. They skirted a marsh, still half-frozen from the chill of the night before, and stopped to rest beside a snow bank.

Slowly the file of men wound upward, twisting back and forth over a shoulder in the hill-side, and doubling, snake-like, among jagged piles of stone. Even the green plants of the bog-land began to shrivel and become stunted, till at last they disappeared altogether, and there was nothing left but rock.

As the men stopped on the crest of a ridge they had just scaled, the guide broke silence. "This is Boulder Field. Over there to the right," and as he spoke, he pointed out across a vast irregular valley, the shape of which roughly suggested a saucer, "is the Key Hole."

On the far side of the expanse was a palisade of cliffs in which one break occurred. "We've got to pass through that to get to the top," he continued. "You see, Long's Peak is shaped like a pyramid. We're now facing the north side of the mountain and we've got to get through the Key Hole and then travel along a ledge and up a gully, across the whole western side of the mountain; then comes a stretch called the Narrows which crosses to the south eastern corner; we finish the climb on the eastern face of the mountain."

"You mean that we make a complete spiral up the peak?" put in some one.

The guide nodded, and went on, "After you've once started across the Boulder Field, you'll have to run and jump until you reach a safe footing, because some of the rocks are balanced so the weight of a man on one end might send it down in the crevasses below. If you happened to be standing on one when it fell—" the guide paused and smiled—"well, there'd simply be one less in the party."

Some of the travellers were duly shocked, but Professor Shawn looked up at the peak and smiled too. He gazed across an expanse of rock that might have been some scene on the moon. Before them lay a bowl about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, filled with bare masses of brawn-gray granite that varied in size, from stones a few inches across, to boulders forty feet in any or all three of their dimensions. Color and irregularity were the only qualities they had in common. Down below were pits and chasms, at the bottom of which was either ice or water. At the head of this lunar crater, and

nearly opposite the party, was a clear-cut triangle of living rock, rising a sheer half mile into the air. That was the peak.

Henry Shawn was dreaming, dreaming of drunkenness, when he was recalled to his surroundings by his companions who were getting to their feet. The clawing of their hobnails on the granite set his nerves on edge, but he conquered his feelings and leaped out onto the Boulder Field. It was every bit as hard going as the guide had intimated, and for some moments the old fear that his own strength would fail, quite over powered him.

Suddenly the rock on which he was standing began to give. Henry looked about for some surer footing to which he might step. He was on the point of jumping to safety when the rock he was on, stopped moving and he saw that Barton had caught the other end. Henry was so infuriated that had he been able to strike his friend down then and there, he would have done so.

As it was, he scrambled out of his position and proceeded to thank his would-be savior with the most cordial warmth.

By the time the two friends had reached the Key Hole, others in the party had straggled far behind, so there was a forced wait of some minutes for them, and when the line began to move out across a shelf in the sheer face of the rock, two members of the party refused to continue and were left there to wait for the return.

It was now somewhat past nine o'clock and for a full hour the guide led the way along a ledge on the cliff. At times the shelf disappeared altogether, and it was neeessary to step out over obstructing rocks and cling to the mountain while groping for a footing. For fifteen hundred feet below there was nothing; neither crack nor crevasse; not a blade of grass to stop the unfortunate who slipped.

"That's not so bad," said the guide, looking down once while they were resting. "Up on the Narrows we go a quarter of a mile, along a ledge that goes down three thousand feet before it touches anything. We'll be at the Trough pretty soon now," he added.

Across the rest of the Shelf and up that cascade of rocks called the Trough, they labored. Every few feet they stopped to rest and were glad of the opportunity; strong men lay back and panted from the exertion of dragging themselves on their hands and knees for a few feet.

By the time the opening of the Narrows had been reached, Professor Shawn had made several complaints of slight dizzy spells. And possibly his boiling mental fever combined with his tremendous physical exertion to make him look a little pale. At all events, several of the party took special note of the fact that he did not look at all well.

Barton was solicitous and stayed with Henry after the others had started across the Narrows, so it came about that the two friends were the last in the party. Barton was in the lead. As they began to move out along the ledge, Henry loosened the strap of his camera.

There were a number of places in this part of the ascent where it was necessary to step out and around obstructing rocks, while below, for well over a half mile there was nothing but rarefied mountain air.

Between two such places Professor Henry Shawn laughed. It was a horrible laugh, the laugh of one who is feeble-minded; it was a laugh that he had practiced for months in the privacy of his own study.

Barton and two others in the party heard it, and all three instantly looked back. There, on a very uneven space of rock not eighteen inches wide and about seven feet long, was Professor Shawn. He was dancing a half crazy, reeling jig, and was singing in a small, childish voice, a senseless, wordless little song; he was blear-eyed, and in his right hand he was swinging his camera on its strap.

As they looked, he staggered and fell to his knees. He was up again in an instant, however, and again dancing his little dance, and singing his little song, and swinging the camera. Barton stepped back over the rock that separated him from the shelf.

"Look out. Can't you see he's sick?" some one called out from behind Barton. "It's gone to his head!" put in another. He felt that his friend needed help, but he hesitated. Then there flashed through his mind the episode of the slipping rock, that had occurred a few hours before. That decided him; he felt that he must save his friend even at the risk of his own life. It is a strange thing, but exactly the same memory was in the mind of the reeling man.

Henry snarled like an animal whose lair has been intruded upon when Barton swung back to the shelf on which he stood; then he tightened his hold on the strap in his right hand, and swinging the camera like a sling, he gritted his teeth and sent the steel case down with all his force on the skull of the man facing him. It was a perfect aim; he had practiced it for a long time.

Professor Barton Hadley fell. . . .

A camera was hurled through the air after him, while on the shelf there resounded a faint and silly little laugh.

The strain upon his nerves was greater than Henry Shawn had anticipated, and before the body of the man he had killed stopped falling, he had fainted. It was not at all an inconvenient thing to do just at the moment, for to have remained drunk long, might have been very difficult.

When the professor recovered, the rest of the party had succeeded in dragging his limp form back to the Trough. He made sure of this before he dared speak. At this lower altitude he should be sober, so sober he was. For some time he lay half dazed, but at last he pulled himself together and showed the greatest horror and distress at what had happened. It did not enter the head of any one there that a murder had been committed before his very eyes; instead, all felt that a tragic accident had killed a man and driven another nearly frantic with despair.

By slow and painful degrees the party helped the professor down the Trough and along the Shelf As they reached the Key Hole, a hail storm came upon them, raged for a few minutes, and soon passed off. When it began to clear again, the party continued the descent.

A half mile away from Timberline Cabin the professor collapsed completely. A mule was sent for and upon this the sick man continued his journey. He was promptly put to bed in one of the cabin bunks and there he was kept for the rest of the day.

The following morning he continued his descent to Long's Peak Inn on a horse that had been sent up for him. Here at last he met people who looked at him questioningly, and after he had gone to his room, one of the head rangers knocked, half apologetically, on his door.

The professor had a plausible and consistent testimony to offer. He had had dizzy spells on the way up the Trough, and had thought seriously of turning back; however, he had attempted to go on. Things had blurred before him, he remembered something of the accident, but it was all a confused nightmare in his mind. He had known nothing definite till he had come to himself some time after the calamity.

The ranger jotted down these statements carefully in a note book, apologized for disturbing the professor's rest, and, in taking his leave, said that the body of the dead man would be sent east when it was recovered, but that this might not be possible, since parts of the valley into which he had fallen could not be reached. The professor expressed horror and incredulity, but the ranger assured him that the remains of his friend might never be found. He went away shaking his head and feeling very sorry for the unfortunate friend.

As a matter of fact the body of the professor never was found. The formality of an investigation was carried out, but within two weeks Professor Shawn was legally a free man, and very much pitied in the eyes of the world. As soon as he deemed it advisable he started for the east. He felt that it was best for him to avoid any additional publicity so he tried to be as inconspicuous as possible.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that he reached his home. As he expected and hoped, everything was deserted. He opened and aired only two rooms—his bed room and his study. After a poor supper in a small local restaurant, he hurried back to his deserted house.

Of late he had begun to notice that when he was tired, his conscience annoyed and irritated him. He had never before been seriously bothered with the existence of a conscience and he was puzzled. He felt the need of reasoning several thoughts through to a full conclusion; he felt the need of a positive mental reassurance. For a long time he sat in his study chair and thought over the entire episode—the entire life he had led with the man he had killed.

One thing pleased and flattered the professor; that was the perfect ease with which his plan for the crime had succeeded. There had not been a suspicion aroused as to any guilt in the matter. He thought of the Sunday afternoon months before when he had received a plan for the murder from his very victim. As he saw it, there was a crude poetic justice in the thing. But then he believed that he had been much more clever than to bother with going insane, as had been originally suggested to him. Yes, he had succeeded in carrying out a finished crime.

The professor's eyes wandered over to the book case. He would get the book now and read it; it would be amusing to see how the other man, the fictitious character, had solved the problem he had succeeded in. A faint shadow of amusement passed across the professor's face as he noticed the name: "A Dilemma."

He read the book from cover to cover, then turned back to the beginning of the story, and went through it a second time; then he closed the book. His thoughts wandered, and he began to talk to himself in a rambling, halting way. "So that is the dilemma? —that is the question?" he asked himself. Then he went on as though he were trying to make his mind fully grasp what he had read. "The man pretends to go insane, in a pretended fit of insanity he commits a murder, and after he has succeeded, the question comes to him—'Am I sane? Am I not crazy after all'?"

There was a dead silence in the house and for some seconds the man in the study held his breath; he seemed to be expecting something to happen. At last it came,—and from his own throat

"Am *I* sane? Am *I* not crazy after all?"

At first the words had no effect on the man uttering them. His heart was pounding so that he heard the blood roaring through his head while his pulse seemed to force through his being so much boiling lava He felt thirsty. From the kitchen he got water, but instead of feeling the relief he expected, he was conscious of a taste in his mouth like that of stale, rancid

glue, and when he set down the glass his tongue was still puckered with a feverish thirst.

When again in his study, he fell to pacing up and down. As he walked his pulse and his step seemed to combine in an overwhelming rhythm, a throbbing, a hammering, a crashing within his brain, that stunned him. The very words that he thought came in a mocking beat.

"I *understand* it *now*. I *am insane*. *Insane! Insane!!*"

The word came to him with ever increasing waves of intensity; it crushed him; it blasted away all other thought in its overwhelming rush.

Insane. Insane! INSANE!

It was not so much the word as the thought that seemed hurled at him with a force beyond conception. It came from all about, above, below, and on all sides; it came from the uttermost bounds of thought and it echoed through his mind, as through the spans that separate the universes.

The man staggered and sank down—the thought was too much and he had fallen before it.

Recovery was slow but Professor Shawn at least felt that he had begun to get some control over his nerves. Again he drank some water and this time he found the taste more natural; in going back to the study he felt even more braced. He sat down and tried to think collectively about his case—to think as he would about a knotty problem in algebra.

Whenever he felt himself slipping toward the brink of the panic he had been in, he promptly checked his thoughts and went back to the beginning of his reasoning.

But the only conclusion he reached was that he was over-tired, and that he needed thorough and comfortable rest. This much settled, the professor promptly went to bed. Once there, however, he exerted all his will, without success, in trying to force himself to sleep.

He was almost dozing when, with the suddenness of lightning, he found himself wide awake and in a cold perspiration. Now, instead of an overpowering rhythm, pounding from him his very soul, there was a horror—such horror as that which makes a man's hair stand on end, that hardens his muscles, and then lets him fall over dead with an expression on his face that can never be forgotten. It was the horror that a condemned man feels after he had heard the blade of the guillotine start in its descent, and before it has time to reach him.

The professor lay stiff and clammy. Then there boomed out to him through the crashing of his intellect, the single word "INSANE."

Some of the neighbors heard a series of wild shrieks issuing from the professor's bed room and summoned the police. The unfortunate man was crying out and beating the air. The next day he was removed to an asylum.

When an old maiden aunt of the professor came to see him, the doctor commented, "It is a very unique case. The most distressing part of his malady is that he knows himself to be unbalanced. Yes, it is quite a unique case. I am inclined to think that his mind gave way from horror at the death of Professor Hadley. You see, he has the hallucination that the death was not an accident but a cold-blooded murder."

As the physician stopped, Professor Shawn shrieked out at the top of his voice, "I know I am insane. It is the most horrible sensation that the human mind can conceive of. I know it. I am *INSANE!*"

Seven Books and Some Questions

Back in December of last year I read seven of the latest negro novels with the idea of writing an article about them for The Magazine. But once started on the subject, I became fascinated by the race problem, by the controversy between the proponents of basic racial equality, and the advocates of the idea of Nordic superiority. I found agreement only in one particular between these two camps, namely, that there are differences between individual people. But both sides handled the question of superiority with entirely too much ease and cock-suredness to suit me. If I accepted the assumed standards of either camp, I would find no difficulty in agreeing with its conclusions. When consideration was restricted to mere physical and mental force, preëminence being granted to those who had the greatest active force at a particular time, I could not help agreeing to some extent with the worshippers of the Teutons and their descendants, although I could not follow them in their skull prejudices.

But I did not see how a study of the question of superiority, while considering forces, could leave out another force, emotion, which seemed to me to be the prime mover of the whole works, the most important of all the human forces. Then I began to get into deep water. I knew of no emotional standards. Who can say whether the negro, who seemingly can utterly lose consciousness of himself in the rhythmn of his music, is emotionally inferior or superior to the white man, who apparently may lose consciousness of himself in an intense mental or physical struggle? If the end in emotional experience is in losing self-consciousness, which is the superior? And does it matter how it is done?

When one begins digging down about the roots of the idea in a manner similar to this it soon fades, withers, and dies. Whether due to unfertile soil, poor seed or whatnot, in my own mind I have been unable to grow any strong idea as to what superiority consists of, or, to be more accurate, I should say that the more I have dug, the less bottom I have found; until, indeed, bottom has seemed to disappear.

The negro situation in the United States offers a fertile field for the development of a real, permanent literature. This, as I realize, has been said probably twelve thousand times; it is so true it is worth saying again. All the elements for real, tragic drama exist in the negro problem; negro life is full of pathos and humor; and many negroes have that intellectual development which makes them appreciate their situation. Take the case, of which there are numerous examples, of the white man with a few drops of negro blood in him. In the United States, as is well known by every one, such a person is classified as a negro. If he is a really superior being, and there are many who are, even according to the white man's standard, whether he lies about his blood to serve his own personal desires and advancement or not, he is in a situation which holds most tragic possibilities.

He may come down from his honest position and lie like the whites do: tell about the good family connections and omit the bad. He can forget or be ignorant of his negro blood, like the white "descendants of William the Conqueror" forget, or are ignorant of the fact, that William was a bastard. If he is clever enough to hide his real ancestry all he needs is a conveniently bad memory about his negro blood, and a noble Spanish or Italian ancestry. There are thousands of them in the United States who pass as white, and who stand in practically no danger of being detected so long as their ancestral lines are not traced. But those who pass as white are constantly afraid of detection, and they have reason for being afraid. What would happen if a highly intelligent, cultured young man should come into a southern town, win confidence, marry into an "aristocratic" white family, and then later be found to have a few drops of negro blood in him?

It is customary for us southerners to think we understand the negro, but our understanding is usually limited to knowledge of how to make him serve our own ends, to dig our ditches, plow our fields, scrub our pots and pans, and furnish us amusement.

Our fathers began our own undoing; they started a new problem, which is growing bigger and bigger and of which we have little or no understanding. Deportation and colonization, segregation—all of the various schemes presented for the solution of the negro problem—are chimerical and practically impossible. The cheap labor of the negro is wanted now as much as ever; any plan which would deprive the white man of the negro's service would have no chance whatever. Education for the negro will not solve the problem; instead it will tend only to intensify it and make it worse. The only solution is the one which the gentlemen of the south started in slavery days: the solution and mixture of the blood of the one in the other; and it seems that that will only make more problems.

The old school of southern writers, when they have brought negroes into their stories as main characters, have been very careful not to let complications offend the taste of their readers. Besides usually making southerners appear as milksops by trick endings to their stories, they have taken nearly all reality out of their writings. Take as an example Tom Dixon's novel, "The Sins of the Fathers." In order to avoid meeting a real problem he swaps babies and gives his white hero a white wife, instead of a white wife with negro blood in her. But it doesn't always work out so nicely as Mr. Dixon fixed it, and the probabilities for the occurrence of real problems of this nature are fast increasing.

And this is where these seven books come in. The authors of these books begin a different treatment of the subject. There are among them white authors who look at our notions of racial superiority questioningly, or consider the problem a hopeless one. There are colored authors, such as White and Fauset, who picture their race as being on a level of equality with and even superior to much of the white race; and there are those who, like Maran and Frank, are content to draw pictures and let them speak.

The seven books are *Batouala* by René Maran, *There is Confusion* by Jessie R. Fauset, *The Fire in the Flint* by Walter F. White, *Nigger* by Clement Wood, *White and Black* by H. A. Shands, *Birthright* by T. S. Stribling, and *Holiday* by Waldo Frank. In these seven books the negro is seen under greatly differing conditions. In *Batouala* he is in the jungle, in *There is Confusion* he is shown in the highest stage he has reached in civilization; in the others he is in all the various stages between.

In *Batouala*, René Maran, a Frenchman by adoption and a mongrel by birth, has given a very clear and impressive picture of the negro in his native habitat. In his preface Maran says a few words about civilization which show something of his attitude:

> "Civilization, civilization, pride of the Europeans and charnel-house of innocents. . . .
>
> "You have built your kingdom on corpses. Whatever you wish, whatever you do, you move in lies. At sight of you gushing tears, shrieks of agony. You are might prevailing over right. You are not a torch, you are a conflagration. You devour whatever you touch . . . ."

But it is only in his preface that Maran is explicitly polemical, and in it he does not deal merely in generalities. It depends all on the reader just how the picture he draws is interpreted. If you are a prudish person and quite sure that your own standards for moral conduct are the only real standards for all people, at all times and places, after reading this book—if you credit Maran with telling the truth—you will be utterly horrified and convinced that the negro is a far lower animal than you had ever imagined. But if you have any capacity for thought you will make a careful study of yourself, and probably you will find that compared with yourself, the negro is not so bad after all, even according to your own standards. The great and growing number of light-colored negroes, of whom many might with truth boast "the best blood of the south," is a living proof of one common characteristic in the two races. The only general difference in this respect seems to be that the self-conscious white feels shame and is hypocritical, whereas the negro does not bother himself.

After reading *Batouala* I admit I have to throw up my hands; so far as I can see the negro has as much reason for existing in his own way as the white. But from the point of view of "civilization" the negro, as Maran pictures him, has already been evaluated, and civilization has found him of no value except as a pawn in its own game. However, there is a joker concealed in this game, and that joker is the inevitable mixing of the white and black wherever they meet.

There is Confusion, by Jesse Redmon Fauset, shows the negro under circumstances entirely different than those in which he is shown in *Batouala*. The scene of the novel is in the northern part of the United States; the chief actors are from the negro "aristocracy." This aristocracy seems very unreal at first, but it gradually takes on a convincing tone as the story progresses. It becomes so convincing, the picture becomes so intimate and real, that if one reads the book without prejudice and with any degree of sympathy, one will probably be quite shaken in his belief that no one with negro blood can absorb and have real culture. The fact that the author, Miss Fauset, has negro blood in her adds quite a jolt and makes the case for the reality of the picture she has drawn much stronger. There is a considerable amount of gush in the book, but compared with much of the stuff written by our leading women novelists, it is very sane and well balanced.

In this novel Miss Fauset makes a plea for the recognition of talent, even if the possessor of it has negro blood. She thinks that art is art whoever creates it, and that it ought to be recognized as such. So she makes one of her main characters a wonderful dancer who cannot get and hold recognition from a white audience because of her color.

Miss Fauset also makes the same old general accusation against the white race of oppression and unintelligent prejudice toward the negro, and she makes a specific accusation against the old slaveholders who grew rich off the proceeds of slavery. She did not mention those who went into bankruptcy because of it. In the way she presented her case against the white man, it seems a rather weak one. However wonderful a dancer may be, however great an artist

she may be, she can hardly expect to get even a chance to perform before a prejudiced white audience, so long as she lets the truth be known about her blood. If her color tells it, her case is hopeless. The only field in which the black has a chance before a white audience, no matter how great his or her talent, is in cheap comedy. The whites are accustomed to think of negro talent as being confined to this sort; this is a part of their "understanding" of the negro.

But if the artist's or dancer's color and features do not tell, that is, not too much, all she needs to do is to fabricate an ancestry. This is one of those cases when it seems to be more ethical to lie than to tell the truth; the artist who refuses to tell a small and inconsequential lie when lying is necessary in order to make a big contribution to art, and get great personal advancement,—that artist *is* a rather queer and rare person. But Miss Fauset's heroine, although she has friends who pass as white and could pass as white herself, does not lie in order to get her opportunity on the stage.

In the aloof and stand-offish air of the negro aristocracy the problem tends to become one of jealousy and morbid introspectiveness rather than definite, actual struggle.

The Fire in the Flint, by Walter F. White, is one of the most powerful and intensely dramatic of the seven books. The scene of the story is in a small town in Georgia, and the story is centered about an industrious, fairly prosperous and well educated negro family. Negro women are insulted and violated by white men with impunity so far as the law is concerned; if the negro man resents, he is a "bad nigger" and he gets lynched. If the negro man is even suspected of liaison with a white woman, string him up! That is the note White strikes, and although he has undoubtedly exaggerated much, actual occurrences show him to be not very far from the rtuth.

In *Nigger,* by Clement Wood, the emancipation of the negro appears in its true light; he is still as much of a slave as the white man can make of him and avoid breaking too many laws. White shows this principally among the negroes on the farms, and Wood shows it in industry. But this is not so grave a charge, for the white man enslaves his own kind whenever he can. The only distinction is that the negro's color is the excuse given for the attempt to keep his whole race subservient regardless of the ability of individual negroes. But Mr. Wood's picture is not exactly fair, for the negro can hardly expect the white man to give him a high place in the white man's business or industry; if the negro wants advancement, he must first create business and industry among his own kind, in which he can place himself and exploit others according to his ability and inclination.

This book, *Nigger,* gives a picture which is more usual than those pictures drawn in *The Fire in the Flint* or *There is Confusion.* It shows the negro more nearly as he is generally known in the south, and except for his color and the hopeless of his position, his family is very much like that of the poor white. Throughout the book stark, naked tragedy stalks and takes its toll. It is a book which the weak-minded should avoid.

White and Black, by H. A. Shands, is far less well written than the others, but its author has seized on a subject which in itself is compelling and can not be disregarded. His negroes are of the more usual type and are nearer the jungle than those of White and Fauset. His white characters are poorly drawn and only take on convincing reality when they are shown in their relations to the blacks. But, though not so powerful a novel as some of the others, the very nature of its subject and its sincere and fearless treatment give it a good reason for existing and make it interesting.

Perhaps the most realistic of these seven novels is *Birthright,* by T. S. Stribling. In it the main character is an educated negro who comes back to his home in the south with ideals and the determination to lift his people, by educating them, out of the poverty, disease and filth in which they live. His efforts are made fruitless by the dishonesty and opposition of the whites and the worthlessness of his own people. He becomes disheartened, loses his purpose and sinks into the great mass who go with the current.

But of all the seven the one which is probably the most distasteful to the orthodox is *Holiday,* by Waldo Frank. In vivid, warm colors he paints a picture of an emotional struggle in two human beings. He reverses the usual order. Instead of using a white man and a black woman, he uses a black man and a white woman, which is a violation of all good precedent in fiction. It is a powerful emotional picture, and another which might cause the weak to suffer.

Throughout these seven books there is a silent or voiced note of protest, and the premonition of struggle and great change. The white race is paying for its enslavement of the black by becoming mixed with the black; the conquering race is being conquered. The black race is paying for its civilization by losing the vigor and simplicity of savagery. It is gradually finding self-consciousness and knowledge of the aching void of unfilled hopes and ideals; it is developing a thirst which there is no liquid to quench; it is becoming civilized. And having started, it cannot stop; it must chase its phantom to the grave.

But meanwhile the leaders of the negroes have not discovered the ultimately chimerical nature of their quest; they have definite wants, and definite protests against conditions existing in the white man's civil-

ization. They want release from the subservient condition in which their race is held, they want recognition for their talent and ability, and the opportunity to rise and "do things"; they want freedom from the prejudice against their blood. They are the modern exponents of democracy. If their ideas should win, it will be interesting to see just how far they will extend them, or whether they will abandon most of their ideas of democracy, as the white race has done, after playing about with them a little. The thought of democracy and slavery, among both white and black, brings to mind a short poem by James Oppenheim:

> They set the slave free, striking off his chains . . .
> Then he was as much of a slave as ever.
>
> He was still chained to servility,
> He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
> He was still bound by fear and superstition,
> By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery . . .
> His slavery was not in the chains,
> But in himself. . . .
>
> They can only set free men free. . . .
> And there is no need of that:
> Free men set themselves free.

This is a typical Anglo-Saxon way of looking at the problem, and it seems to have a considerable amount of truth in it. But the odds are usually too great against the enslaved one; the galley slave had a poor chance to regain his former state of relative freedom, whatever his mental and physical powers were. At the present time, anywhere in the United States the negro has not as much chance to get on a par with the white as the galley slave had to regain his freedom. In truth, he is enslaved by the prejudice against his color, regardless of his other characteristics. His only hope is in the future when his color will have been bleached, and the white will not be able to discriminate against him.

And whether the white race likes it or not, miscegenation is rapidly breaking down the barriers; negro blood is gradually seeping into the white, and it seems to be impossible to stop it. The Ku Klux may hang, burn and terrorize, but it will not stop this mixture of blood. Society may use its most effective weapon, social ostracism, but it cannot stop what was started when the races first met. All history seems to speak in a final voice on this subject: no two races have ever lived in the same territory without mixing. Some peoples have been able to maintain inflexible caste systems on lines of blood; but unless we abandon the little democracy we have, we cannot erect or keep up the artificial barriers which would be necessary to maintain sharp lines. It seems possible that this brewing struggle for racial "purity" may bring to our minds a slight suspicion of the superficiality of our "democracy." For the white race will dispute the claim of the black to a share in power, even if the black should show itself to be capable. The whites will try to erect barriers of every sort, by any means; it will be deterred by no scruples whatever.

But if the negro can become adapted to white civilization—and he seems to be doing so rapidly—it is very doubtful whether race lines can be maintained in any way; and, indeed, there is no surety that it is desirable, even if possible. The negro may possess a quality which, blended with what the white possesses, would produce a superior individual, even according to our prevalent standards.

We are faced with two questions: Are our standards, real, valid standards, and superior to any which might come from a mixture? and, Will racial mixture give an improved or degraded civilization? No one seems to have a dependable yardstick by which to evaluate: our biologists are uninterested in such general questions, and our philosophers are up in the air. Who can answer?

"*Autistic Thinking*"

Had I a love who loved me
And sought some pledge between us,
I'd whisper out of love for my love,
  Leaning against him:

Love, give me no diamonds to mark our troth;
  Diamonds are hard and cruel,
  Diamonds blind and wound.

Give me no rubies of frozen blood,
  Rubies of anger,
  Rubies of heartbreak.

Not pearls that sneer in white purity,
  Pearls stupid with worldly virtue,
  Pearls of smug self-righteousness.

Not emeralds that mock at love,
  Emeralds of cooled hopes,
  Emeralds of self-sufficieney.

If love itself is not jewel enough,
If we must bear some pledge,
Love, give me opals from the bosom of daybreak,
Which partake of the being of heaven,
  That we may warm us with their glow,
  Bathe in the blue of their revelation.

But, alas! I have no love,
Nor any jewels, either.

Revelation

"LORD GOD, what does this mean?"

I knew not. For some time I had been rushing through space at a terrific rate. How long, God only knew. Why and how I knew not. Whither? From out of the black of the night into the black ahead through the black of the present. Long since, the air that chilled, as I passed through, had ceased to exist, leaving me cold to the marrow, devoid of all physical sense of motion. I no longer felt, but rather sensed, the incredible speed at which I was being borne into the dismal, fearful black. Above, below, or ahead I knew not; but into the black it was—the black that has known no light. And as I traveled, fear attacked and conquered me, and in despair I called upon my Lord, my God for help. Twice I had called, "Lord God, what does this mean?"

From out of the black, a voice sounded, a bodiless voice, the voice of a spirit that knows, speaking these words: "Your prayer."

"My prayer," I exclaimed! "What folly is this?" Never could a prayer of mine explain this horrible nightmare. In the brief moment following, I culled from my memory all the prayers of my life and in none could I find an answer. I, therefore, started to ask—

"Your latest; your last prayer," the voice replied in answer to my unspoken question.

"Fool," I said to myself, "it is your conscience speaking."

"But would your conscience have been afraid of the dark?" the thought-reading voice asked and then continued, as I, amazed and bewildered, tried to find a solution, an answer for the spirit voice. Being unable to, I conceded it to be a miracle.

"It is not a miracle, only the answer to your prayer of tonight.

"My prayer of tonight?" I repeated. In vain did I try to connect my prayer of the night with the moment. This night, as I have done for years past, I prayed for enlightment, for knowledge of the Future of Mankind. Thought I, all this is far from being light, and I was about to question further the owner of the mysterious voice, when it answered without my speaking.

"This darkness is light, indeed, for it is to you a new experience. Experience is knowledge and is not knowledge light?"

My mystic companion's unearthly faculty of anticipating my questions, seemingly reading the thoughts as they formed in my mind, added to the rapidly growing confusion and turmoil in my mind; my amazement turned to fear as from out of my jumbled and mixed thoughts there came this one thought that my companion was Death, who had come in the dark of the night, as I slept, to claim me for his own, and was now taking me from the world of living men.

Hardly had this thought registered in my mind when my companion replied, "Fear not! I am not Death. I am with you to serve as your guide, in answer to your prayers, to help you find and to teach you the Truth. You need not speak; I can read your thoughts. Think what you will and I will answer accordingly."

Once more I had been told that the reason for this strange adventure was a prayer of mine. In no way could I connect a prayer for an insight into the future with this void, silent, black abyss. I had asked for a knowledge of the future and surely the future must be a procession of events coming steadily out of the infinite into the recognition and histories of man. Yet here I saw nothing—absolutely nothing!

Seemingly rushing on and on unendingly, through immeasurable and incredible space, my guide, ignoring my wild unspoken queries and chaotic state of mind, at last broke the silence, announcing, "We have arrived."

"Arrived?" I asked.

"Yes!"

"But where?"

"Be patient," the voice commanded me.

The silence was soon disturbed by an ominous sound—earthly but unearthly—which thrilled me, and filled me with the presentiment that something extraordinary was about to happen. Rapidly one new sound succeeded another. More and more audible they became, until at last I could distinguish the familiar sounds of the world—the ringing of anvils, the roaring of blast-furnaces, the whirring of the wheels of industry, and the humming and clattering of the vehicles of transportation; the muttering of the Old, the gay laughing of Youth; the shrieking of the Wretched, the merrymaking of the Happy; the thundering discords of War and Hatred, the sweet music of Peace and Love—all mingling, blending, and varying in intensity to form the music, the symphony, the concerto of Civilization.

Then ere the sounds had become audible there came cleaving the blackness, pushing and shoving it ahead of them, the colours, the colours of Life, twisting and whirling as the very nebulae of the heavens. Plunging on, cutting and dissolving the black were the blues, the vivid, yet soft blues of Faith and Hope; entangling and threatening the blues were the yellows of Fear and Cowardice; supporting the yellows and setting them into relief were the violets of Superstition and Curiosity; and following and absorbing the yellows and violets came the oranges of Education and Knowledge. Licking, eating, and swallowing the colours that came within their reach were the ugly, vivid reds and crimsons of Hate, Murder, and War. Intermingling everywhere and accompanying the colours were the greens of Jealousy and Envy. On the colours sped, accompanied by the weird sounds and crashes of the world, twisting and twirling, a dab here, a dab there, now blending, now dissolving, now controlling as one colour after another absorbed and changed the other, until at last properly balanced they merged into the clear, dazzling white light of Love and Truth.

And so the colours passed; dissolving the darkness and the uncertainty of the Future, leaving behind them contentment and security in the wondrous white light of the Past.

"And now, my friend," said the Voice, "your prayer has been fulfilled. You are back where you started."

"And that is," I asked.

"In the Past."

"But the sounds and the colours?"

"Life and the Present."

"Life and the Present!" As I repeated this in my mind there came to me the revelation that my guide had interpreted the colours as they had passed. "Life and the Present!" I was in the Past; Life and the Present had passed by. Where then was Death and—

My guide interrupted. "There is no death, no end! Man, things, and the world go on and on as did the colours, each somehow and in some way finding its proper place and purpose, to finally lose its identity in the evolution to Perfection."

One thing still remained unanswered—the Future. Where—

"The darkness, my friend, that is the Future!"

"But in the darkness there was no colour, no light; for black is the absence of all light," though I, unable to connect the future of man with the void I had experienced.

"Verily! As in the blackness there was no light, so in space there is no Future! The future of Man is a blank, intangible, and non-existent. Nor is the Future conceivable, for the moment you conceive of a thing you bring it out of the darkness into the light of the Present, which, reflecting from the thing conceived, gives it thereby its tangible existence. Future is a word coined by man to divide and classify his conceived actions, those which he has planned to do on the morrow or in the days to come, from his deeds of the moment. The Future we speak of, dream of, and plan for is but such a separation of conceived acts into the immediate and distant Time. And Time, like Future, is a man-made thing."

"But," I interrupted, "the days to come are in the Future and for them, surely, there are deeds and events planned and predestined?"

"Granted that they have to come," my mentor replied, "but they are blank and black. Nothing is prearranged. What is to happen upon the days to come depends upon the deeds and thoughts of today and yesterday—not only upon your deeds and thoughts of today and yesterday—not only upon your deeds and thoughts but upon those of all mankind, irrespective of race, creed, or country. Upon such depends your so-called Future. There can not, therefore, be a predetermined Future, that is impossible because of the capricious Will of Man."

"Your prayer has been answered. You prayed for an insight into the Future, for a knowledge of it, and for something definite and tangible. You have had that prayer granted. There is no definite, tangible, and preordained Future of Man and Life. Life, contrary to the common saying, is not what you make it but what your fellow men and you make it. Live for the today and the Present; the Future will take care of itself as it is automatically determined by today's actions. Cease trying to solve the "Whither of Man"; that will always remain unsolved for it is unknown, unwritten. Consider the Present; correct the mistakes of the Past. If the roots of a tree rot, if they are insecure in soil of the earth, the life of the tree is threatened—so it is with the Future."

Once more I sensed that I was moving. This time, however, I knew the direction; I was dropping, dropping no longer in the dark, but in a glorious, warm light. Suddenly all motion ceased, I had stopped falling. Gradually in the bright light familiar objects became visible and distinct to my light-dazzled eyes. I was—I rubbed my eyes and looked again—yes, I was at home, in my own room, in bed, with the warm yellow light of sun streaming in through the windows and flooding the room with the cheerful, stimulating light of the day.

The Cycle

By Henry Brandis

It was Indian summer, a time when all men dream. Two small boys were stretched lazily out on the top of a little knoll, smoking corn silks, as small boys sometimes do. From their place of vantage they could watch the smoke from the nearby town curl slowly, twistingly above the tops of the scattered roofs, so well known to them. Their knoll was in the center of a small meadow, bordered on one side by a corn field and on the other by a miniature stream, beyond whose curving banks, rising in sharp contrast to the smooth, grassy surface of the meadow, was a wooded hill.

A crow drifted lazily across their view, apparently coming from nowhere and going nowhere, as crows sometimes do. When it was almost to the hill it was followed by another, the two idly gossiping with nonchalant caws. The crows settled peacefully into the tangle of yellow and scarlet and nut-brown that formed the fall dress of the woods.

The sun shone brightly, but not brazenly, down upon the boys, its slanting rays feeling warm and pleasant. Truly it was one of those lazy, tranquil, smiling days which place us all in the grip of Indian summer and make even babes and patriarchs turn to dreams and air castles. The two refugees were silent, each dreaming his own dreams and construeting his own castles. The floating, far-off whistle of a train, being akin to the thoughts of one, caused him to break the silence.

"Say, Tom, whatja gonna be when you grow up?" he queried.

"Well, I think maybe I'll be a fireman, or maybe a policeman, or I might be a soldier. Any way I'm gonna be a big, strong man that fights for his sweetheart and gets her like the man in the 'Hand of Death' at the movies. I'm gonna be a hero and maybe save somebody's life or anyway I'm gonna be a brave man so everybody'll like me just like they like the man in the movies. What you gonna be, Bill?"

"Well, I reckon maybe I'll be a engineer or a speed cop or a aviator, so I can go just as fast as I want to. I wanta be like Buffalo Bill, only nobody rides ponies no more and there ain't no more Indians to shoot. So I wanta do something dangerous like be a auto racer or something like that. Any way, I'm gonna be famous."

It was Indian summer, a time when all men dream. Two boys almost ready to put on long pants were passing a football in the vacant lot next to the corner. A lone red maple stood at one end of the lot, and its leaves, turning a deep scarlet, contrasted vividly with the drab background formed by the backyards of the houses on the next street. There was a diamond-shaped path around the lot where it had been used for a baseball diamond during the summer preceeding. A lone buzzard hung wavering above the place, seemingly a part of the element in which it floated. The sun, well toward the western rim, shone on the boys with its lazy, cheerful, benign rays. There were few passers by, which was not unusual for that part of the town. No sounds could be heard except the screechings of an English sparrow colony in the gutter of a nearby house and the muffled, symmetrical beat of a bass drum, the only audible part of a distant Salvation Army band. Truly it was a time when men dream dreams and build castles in the air. Even so, the pair were silent, each dreaming his own dreams and construeting his own castles as he mechanically passed the football. The droning motor of a passing oil truck disturbed their silence, and one of them spoke.

"Say, Tom, what you gonna be when you grow up?"

"Well, I think I'll make a lot of money and then buy a big league baseball club and maybe manage it myself. I'm gonna have a club like the Giants and maybe I can be like John McGraw. What you gonna be?"

"Well, I think I'll make a lot of money and buy a big cotton mill or buy a big oil company, like John D. Rockefeller, and give away a lot of money and have my name and pictures in the papers all the time."

* * * *

It was Indian summer, a time when all men dream. Two high school boys, who were both quite evidently willing subjects in the kingdom of the almighty skirt, sat languidly on the loafing bench of the corner drug store, each lazily sipping his coca-cola. The soda-jerker, after wiping his hands characteristically upon his soiled apron, began to arrange a more or less tasteful display of toilet articles on the center counter. The cashier, a new addition to the store in an effort to be modern, sat dreamily on her stool, her elbows on the counter, her hands supporting her chin and her

ehin in turn supporting a large wad of ehewing gum, whieh she chewed with forgetful uneoneern.

A row of the latest magazines strung across the corner of the store set forth luridly the glories of the Ameriean girl or informed one with glaringly vivid illustrations that this was the season of falling leaves, while here and there was a good old human interest eover, the kind that Norman Roekwell draws. The sun, sinking toward the western horizon, penetrated the glass windows in the front of the store and eaused a row of powder boxes to glint brazenly. Truly it was a time when all men dream dreams and build eastles in the air. Even so, the two in the drug store were silent, eaeh dreaming his own dreams and eonstrueting his own eastles. The soda-jerker dropped one of the metal boxes and the silenee was broken.

"Say, Tom, what you gonna be when you grow up?" queried one.

"Well, I don't exaetly know. I find it's awful hard to deeide. I ean't deeide on anything definite. I might not even get married unless I ean marry Mabel. You know she's the sweetest little girl that ever lived. What you gonna be?"

"Well, I'm sort of in the same boat. Funny how hard it is to piek out something you really want to do, ain't it? How is it some of these fellows find it so easy? I don't believe they think about it mueh. Maybe I'm lazy, but I ean't find a thing that really appeals to me."

* * * *

It was Indian summer, a time when all men dream. Two eollege boys sat at the dormitory window looking out over the eampus, engaged in a rather languid bull session. They watehed a red-headed woodpeeker eirele lazily up a limb, every now and then giving vent to an explosive squawk, as woodpeekers sometimes do. There was a slight breeze stirring and periodieally the ground reeeived a new deluge of dead leaves and aeorns. The feet of passing students erunehed noisly through the thiek earpet of those same aeorns. There floated up to the windows bits of laughter, a euss word or two, and ealls for boys in other rooms.

The sinking sun streamed through the windows and shone understandingly on the Indian-maiden ealendars and the blue and white pennants whieh deeorated the walls. The floor was untidily strewn with daily papers, for the most part unread, and slivers of other papers, whose bits gave evidenee of numerous marks in red ink. One of the boys leaned euriously out of the window to get a good look at a passing eo-ed, mentally eomparing her with the pieture on his table. There was a lull in the eonversation, in keeping with the spirit of the afternoon. Truly it was a time when all men dream dreams and build eastles in the air. Even so, the pair were silent, eaeh dreaming his own dreams and eonstrueting his own eastles. The eampus bell disturbed their silenee.

"Say, Tom, what you gonna be?" queried one.

"Corporation lawyer," eame the sophistieated reply. "Gonna be a big bug. You know my unele's gonna give me a start. I'm gonna rate like hell some day. What you gonna be?"

"Surgeon. Gonna speeialize, you know. I don't know yet exaetly what line I'll take up, but you ean wateh my smoke. You needn't laugh. I'll make you open your eyes some day. Wait and see."

* * * *

It was Indian summer, a time when all men dream Two men sauntered lazily out to the first tee of the golf links at the small-town country club. One wispy, thin, ehanging eloud hung in the sky. The red and brown and yellow and surviving green of the little copse of woods offered pleasing eontrast to the smooth streteh of the fairway. Far over by the fair ground fenee, where a glaring poster exaggerated fluently upon the merits of a eoming eireus, another group of golfers were preparing to drive.

The sun, low enough to tinge the solitary eloud with a foreshadowing of pink, shone almost enviously upon the two little ebony eaddies, who grinningly earried the two rather meagre bags of the golfers. Both men made fair drives, so as they walked there was no temptation to mar the silenee with profanity. Truly it was a time when all men dream dreams and build eastles in the air—or do they? The siren of an approaehing automobile disturbed the silenee and made it rather oppressive, so one of the men spoke.

"Say, Tom, how's business?"

"Oh, fair. It's sueh a little bank that it's rather monotonous. But I'm getting so I ean handle the business as well as dad used to. I guess the old man would be satisfied if he was here to see how I'm handling his old bank. How're you eoming?"

"Well, as well as eould be expeeted. When the old man first asked me to help him I thought I never would eateh on, but I ean turn out the editorials now about as well as he did, and about as meehanieally."

"Say," asked one eaddy of the other, as they walked along, "what you gonna be when you grow up?"

Six Sprightly Colyumnists

"OH POP!" cries the Infant Prodigy out of a clear sky, "what's a colyumist?"

"Dunno," says Pop. "Canehasee I'm busy." He was sweating over the income tax blank.

"But Pop——" insists the I. P., not to be put off in this manner.

"Well, son, if you must know," giving up the income tax with a sigh of relief, "a colyumist is a man with an ingrowing sense of humor, an all-inspiring faculty for investigating everybody's business and commenting upon it, a knack of twisting the well-known English language into a riot of fun, a faculty for making you laugh when you're going to buy a pair of new shoes, of increasing the circulation of newspapers, of blandly calling Mr. Jones an ass and making you snicker at yourself; a man whose business it is to keep politicians from becoming too conceited, business men from becoming profiteers, wives from becoming shrews, waiters from forgetting that they are human, and little boys from asking questions," concludes Pop, thereby driving the moral lesson home with a vengeance.

And they do all that and more.

What's this strange animal like? Where does he come from? These colyumists, what are they like? Suppose we go out in the highways and byways and beard a few of the genus colyumnistus in their native habitat. Is it all hokum or is there really such a queer specimen hiding just around the corner behind his typewriter? The Investigating Committee has full charge. What is a colyumst and why?

Well, first off the reel there's Don Marquis who is so aptly called King of the Colyumists. He's a fat man. And he carries out all the traditions of the fat man's humor. He has the rare soul of a poet and writes with that tinge of rare humor and grace which is, after all is said and done, just Don Marquis.

On being asked why he became a colyum conductor he answered, as Booth Tarkington answered on being asked why he wrote his first play, "I don't know."

Don Marquis first began to cry for the moon somewhere in the Middle West. He doesn't remember just where. He is middle aged and portly. And he became annoyed while quite young when people laughed at his serious thoughts and he has been punishing the world ever since through his colyum, the "Sun Dial," in the New York *Evening Sun*. He sentenced himself to live in Brooklyn. He turns out loose-leaf, but darned good poetry, with a moral, a laugh, and a little critical satire tucked around the edges. The colyum has him in its fatal grip now and he says, anent colyum writing:

"I never know today what it will be tomorrow. I keep interested in it by not planning too much for it. I wait on the thing to do next with curiosity; it has grown into a separate personality which uses me as it pleases; if it should stop tomorrow I'd feel as if I had lost legs, arms, and eyesight; I am—I'm fond of the damned thing."

He visited Greenwich Village once and his impressions are wonderful to behold. We quote in part from "In Greenwich Village," where he says,

> The Bloodless Wisp—
> "The Sinner is Misunderstood!
> How can the Spirit enter in,
> Be blended with the Truly Good?"
>
> "Phryne," I murmured, sad and low,
> "I pass the Buck—I do not know."
>
> Upon a mantel sat a Bust,
> Some Hindu god, pug-faced and squat,
> A visage to inspire disgust . . .
> Lord Bilk, the Deity of Rot . . .
>
> Nay, surely 'twas the great god Bunk
> For when I wunk at it, it wunk!
>
> I heard . . . I heard it proved that night,
> That Fire is Cold, and Black is White,
> That Junk is Art, and Art is Junk,
> That Virtue's wrong and Vice is right,
> That Death is Life and Life is Death,
> That Breath is Rocks and Rocks are Breath—
> The cheap and easy paradox
> The Fool springs, hoping that it shocks . . .
>
> Brain-sick I stumbled to the street
> And drooled unto a friendly Cop:
> "Since moons have feathers on their feet,
> Why is your headgear perched on top?
> And since you scorn the Commonplace,
> Why wear a Nose upon your Face?
> And as Pythagoras is mute
> On Sex Hygiene and Cosmic Law,
> Is your Blond Beast as Bland a Brute,
> As Blind a Brute, as Bernard Shaw?
> No doubt when drilling through the parks
> With Nietzsche's ghost and Old Doc Marx,
> You've sometimes seen two Golden Souls
> Drink Suds and Sobs from Crystal Bowls?"
>
> "I ain't," says he, "I ain't Old Kid—
> I would 'a' pinched 'em, if I did!"
>
> "Thank God," I said, "for this at least;
> The world, in spots, is well policed."

Next on our list is that Colyumist Supreme, Christopher Morley, who formerly handled "The Chaffing

Dish'' in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. He is delightful. He though he was a born colyumist; he was. When he first began he was disheartened, fearing nobody would notice his work, but he soon got over that and now he's disheartened because too many people notice it. He says that it's a job which engenders a healthy humility.

Once Morley was about to advertise for a job on some paper, the ad reading, ''Young and untamed humorist of great ability is at leisure and would like job furnishing laughs every morning to about fifty thousand subscribers, etc.'' But he didn't advertise, he went to work and proved it.

Speaking of colyums and colyum-writing Morley says that one of the first discoveries he made after starting The Chaffing Dish was that all minds are like patent medicines, a little of this and a little of that; and that the average man, ''fears spoofing worse than the devil.'' He has his good days and bad in colyuming, some hard and some easy. On one of the latter he saw this sign:

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company
Watches for Women
Of Superior Design and Perfection
Of Movement

Morley wrote this caption over it: ''So Do We All.''

The colyumist is the reporter of the moods and oddities of men. He is filled with an awful and extraordinary curiosity. He paints word miniatures of exquisite fineness. He must be always clever and original. Surely a tactful and at times heart-racking job, but it's lots of fun to the readers and to Morley.

He is the author of what he calls Synthetic Poems. Here are some of his best:

WHAT INDEED?

A brown-eyed girl
Once said to me
''What's the Big Idea?''
And to tell you the truth
I hardly know.

PESSIMISM

I always ask
At least three trainmen
If this is the right train for
where I am going.
Even then
I hardly believe them.

SUSPICION

When I am writing poetry
I often feel
That I am about to be
Interrupted
By a flash of prose.

Then there's Ted Robinson of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. His Colyum, The Philosopher of Folly, furnishes amusement for thousands of daily readers. When he started out he wrote poetry for a year without pay for it. Now he is credited with over forty-five hundred poems.

He says that colyumists ''just happen—they do not take a course or serve an apprenticeship—they happen.'' But Robinson, like most colyumists, served a long and arduous apprenticeship as reporter, editor, managing editor, and in various other capacities around a newspaper office before he became a colyum conductor.

He gives of the very best that is in him to the colyum. Contributors help, he says, but since it is easier for him to write the stuff himself, he does not depend upon them. It creates interest to have a lot of contributors, however, and Robinson organized a Contributors Club several years ago and they have dinners two or three times a year.

Robinson gives a rather clear creed for colyumists when he says that it is their duty ''to battle against Bunk, to flay four-flushers, to have a colyum which sparkles with wit and satire, gives earnest literary criticism, and fights for sincerity in art and literature.''

Ted Robinson is a young man, just beyond forty. He was born in Indiana, is the husband of one wife, father of one son, author of one book, and conductor of one (mighty good) colyum.

One of his best poems is:

RARA AVIS IN TERRIS

(These hats are trimmed with Glycerine Ostrich and Burnt Goose.''—Millinery Adv. in our F. P.)

Oh! pity the Glycerine Ostrich
Who strolls on the glimmering sand;
He weeps for the doom of each glistering plume
And he groans till he scarce can stand!
Oh, pity the Glycerine Ostrich,
No more can he sing or smile;
The glycerine tears they drip from his ears—
He's doomed by the Demon Style!

But sad as I am for the Ostrich,
I'm sadder still for the Goose
Who will honk no more by the reedy shore
Where the Muskrat mews to the Moose;
They are fetching the fardels of faggots,
And building a funeral pile,
They're applying the torch that the Goose may scorch
Offered up to the Demon Style!

Oh! woe to the Glycerine Ostrich!
To the Oxydized Gander, woe
And why the women demand for trimmin'
Such cruelties, I don't know!
(And how do you glycer an ostrich,
And how do you burn a goose?
And I would say more, but my heart is sore,
And anyhow what's the use?)

Hurrying dowtown on the Subway, on the L., on the Fifth Avenue buses, on the surface cars, everywhere in fact, one sees people reading the inside pages of the New York *World*. More than that they're reading a colyum headed *The Conning Tower* and signed with the initials ''F. P. A.'' He is New York's autocrat of the breakfast table. Bankers read his colyum on the way to Wall Street, bus boys read

it between snatches at fares, housewives read it before the daily ordeal with the grocer, and everybody laughs. FPA is New York's eye-opener. And FPA stands for Franklin P. Adams, New York's premier colyumist.

His colyum contains the very latest slang, satire of today, parodies on tomorrow's foibles, and a running stream of fiery comment. His phrases become household words; his morning mail is a terrible thing. He's a critic at heart and beware the slip or the merciless comment of FPA will shower you with unsought publicity.

He writes parodies of Horace's verse better than Horry wrote himself. And what he doesn't know about verse and poetic pyrotechnics is scarcely worth mentioning. He is constantly complaining about the difficulty of the last line. What he eats and where; what he likes and what he dislikes; what he sees and what he hears, all get space and give that spicy and personal touch to the colyum which is inimitable. His colyum is enormously read. And he has to his credit five books of published verse.

The little twist of the last line brings fame to F. P. A., such as in

SHE IS NOT FAIR

"She is not fair to outward view,"
No beauty hers of form or face,
  She hath no witchery, 'tis true,
No grace.

  Nor pretty wit, nor well-stored mind,
Nor azure eyes, nor golden hair
  Hath she. She is—I am not blind—
Not fair.

  What makes me love her, then? say you,
For such a maid is not my wont.
  Love her! What makes you think I do?
I don't.

[Editor's Note: The author of this sprightly article, being something of a colyumist himself, got tired and failed to finish it. The rest of it will appear in the first issue next year —maybe].

Vista

A darkened night and lowering clouds hang o'er us.
  Black sky.

A chilling wind's humidity surrounds us.
  Frigid air.

An ancient castle, strong and mighty looms before us.
  Massive stone.

It's peakéd roof, projecting cornice hang above us.
  Jagged eves.

Its narrow windows with their arches frown upon us.
  Secret dungeons.

A twisted thicket, thorns and briars defy us.
  Entanglement.

Two stately poplars touch the clouds above us.
  Significant.

A winding path with stones and sand beneath us.
  Lonely trail.

A field of odd and unknown plants behind us.
  Arboretum.

An ancient eastle, strong and mighty looms above us.
  Davie Hall.

—E. R.

Evasion

There were great pretendings yesterday
and there will be great pretendings tomorrow;
but who dares say of today
that there are great pretendings?

There is Something today
echoing secrets from the ravished wombs
of the tombs of dead rulers of men
and re-echoing from embryonic ages.

Joan was conceived
in the shadow of the Nazarene's cross
and there were great pretendings.

Hollow-cheeked men
speak of tomorrow's pretendings
in far-away voices.

We do not doubt that middle-ground
which is today.

God must know that we are like little kittens
with matter-scaled eyes
who know of our yesterdays—
dream of our tomorrows—
fear to question our todays.

An Antique Fable With an Antique Moral--- Which After All Is Optional

She was such a woman as I imagine one sees at times at embassy balls; in a Venetian gondola; at the coronation of some Latin prince. There she stood on the wrong side of the stile at the Thirty-Third Street station of the elevated, as much out of place as the scent of jasmine in a boiler factory. She was so exotic, so bewilderingly beautiful that I stared at her unperceived for a full moment before I noticed that she was in difficulties. Her slender aristocratic hand was searching vainly through her hand-bag for a purse. It was not there. She looked up with an expression of mingled dismay and fear Without thinking I leaned forward, dropped my coin through the slot and smiled at her. She hesitated, then acknowledged my courtesy with a slight inclination of her head and passed through to the platform. I placed another coin in the box and followed.

It was some time since midnight. The platform was deserted save for an unshaven wretch asleep on a bench, that wonderful woman, and myself. It was only then that I wondered what strange circumstance could leave her alone and penniless at such a place and at such an hour. She was evidently not going to volunteer the information. She had withdrawn to the back of the platform and was pointedly ignoring me. I did not dare intrude.

The cars were running irregularly. For ten minutes I worshipped that ravishing face and figure. She was not aware of my existence. A South Ferry local swished to a stop and she entered as a princess might enter her landeau. Again I followed. She occupied a lateral seat and I sat opposite. The car was almost as deserted as the platform had been and what other passengers there were were forward in the front-facing seats. Nobody noticed us; she noticed nobody; and I, after a brief glance at the other occupants, noticed nobody but my strange and beautiful lady.

For twenty-five unrealized blocks I created beautiful fictions in my own mind; there was a bit of hope in each. At Eighth Street she rose to leave. I stood behind her as the train slowed for the stop. A sudden jerk at the station threw her back against me. Every fibre in me thrilled at the touch of her body. For the second time she took note of my presence. This time she added an indistinguishable murmur to the shadow of a bow. I answered, "Not at all," but she did not hear me. I followed the lithe grace of her to the street. Instead of turning to the right as I had unconsciously expected her to do, she started walking rapidly toward Seventh Avenue. I had followed for about half a block when she suddenly turned and faced me.

"Say, Buddie, are you trying to make me or d'yu just want yer nickel back?"

It took me a half hour to get back to my uptown hotel. I did not return the desk clerk's greeting. I cursed myself for a fool and slept soundly

John Calvin Clark

I never spent my money foolishly—
Except fifty cents: I went to a circus once.
I never rode a street car.
My neighbors owned automobiles
And had mortgages on their houses.
They'll not leave their daughters the money I left mine.
Four daughters. They were dutiful daughters.
Six hundred thousand dollars.
There wasn't any inheritance tax.
It was in their names in Liberty Bonds.
Liberty Bonds were safe.
I bought them at eighty nine;
Hundred and four they were the day I died.
I lived a godly life; I never cheated anybody—
Just saved.
Henry Fisher said I was stingy.
He is in hell.
Henry was a lewd man.
His son will go to hell, too;
He was never even baptized.

"English" As A Career

WHAT is usually called "English" covers a wide range of study and activity. In one aspect, the word refers to the study of "composition," a term almost as vague as "English" itself, since it includes not only elementary drill in correct writing but also such diverse activities as debating, editorial writing, news reporting, the writing of essays, narratives, and poetry for periodical and book publication, the writing of plays for the theater, and the writing of technical reports for engineers, research organizations, and business enterprises. Oral "composition" has to do with reports, debates, and formal and informal speeches. The training received through this aspect of the work of a department of English therefore touches almost every phase of life. It is not a skill that is complete or efficient in itself; united with special training in the content and technique of business and the professions it gives invaluable aid to a successful career.

From another aspect, "English" means the study of literature, not only the literature produced in England or America but also literature translated from other tongues into our own. It is thus the avenue of approach to all the records of the human spirit which have been expressed in literature since the dawn of civilization, and while the practical application is seemingly less immediate than is the case of composition, it is one of the chief elements in the culture of every educated person.

These two fields may be considered in a little more detail, as an introduction to an outline of the vocational aspects of the subject.

The modern department of English frankly recognizes that the greater part of its work is not designed to train specialists but to contribute to the success of men who are preparing to become specialists in other forms of activity. It therefore does not depend upon lectures about literary works and their writers. It is not much concerned, except in certain specialized courses, with an orderly development of literary history. It is concerned with the training of the boy who will be an engineer, or a research chemist, or a business executive, or a professional man.

To gain this end, the modern department gives proper attention to the study of effective expression. This means: (1) the development of the power to use crisp, incisive English in letters, oral and written reports, advertising and promotive campaigns, even in conversation and business interviews. No matter how able a man may be, or how great his mastery of his special field, if the expression of his ideas is slovenly, ill-arranged, and inexact, he suffers and is the cause of suffering in others. (2) It means the development of ability to gather facts from primary sources of information in place of depending upon hear-say and opinion. No principle of business or professional success is more fundamental than this. (3) It means the development of the power to use facts effectively. The lawyer's brief, the engineer's report, the salesman's story, as well as the thousand examples to be drawn from banking, mercantile, and manufacturing enterprises all depend upon this power.

For material to be used in giving this training in effective expression the department does not limit itself to literature in the usual sense of that term. It draws upon history, economics and the social sciences, the sciences based on the study of nature, the life and experience of practical life. With this material, as in the case of *belles lettres*, it is not concerned in the historical sense, but only as primary sources for the development of method. It helps the student in other departments, therefore, through leading him to give attention to the method he employs in gaining information and in making use of such information.

Specialized forms of the practical uses of English need only be named here. Among them are journalism, all forms of public speaking and debate, business correspondence, advertising and salesmanship. Some of these are professional, such as journalism. To others the study contributes directly but in combination with other forms of training. Thus, public speaking and debate are important elements in preparation for the church and for law.

The Contribution to Culture

1. Modern life seeks constantly to increase the margin of leisure. As a man grows older and achieves his success in practical affairs, he has a right to expect that his margin will become greater. Many men who have won great places in business and finance have found in books a source not only of refreshment but of increased personal power. The late J. P. Morgan, whose splendid library has recently been made available for public use, was a striking example of this fact. The companionship of books is one of the noblest of human joys.

To the youth conscious of high gifts, therefore, the university brings no higher service than to help him

form a taste for reading good books. Given such capacity, he need never fear vacant hours.

2. Apart from this high aim, by which men know and love the masters, there is the more workaday service of books as a source of relaxation and amusement. They offer escape from life that might otherwise grow monotonous. With books, a man may take a vacation without ever leaving his evening lamp.

3. Culture is not external, something to put on like a dinner coat. It is a part of the man himself. We do not read Dante in order to talk about Dante. Indeed, if some one tries to talk to us about Dante when we are busy with other matters, we usually escape as soon as possible. This is why *The Mentor* and other similar short cuts to culture are as pale and ineffectual as Homer's ghosts.

Culture is a mode of living. To it many agencies contribute. It makes up what we call personality. To the development of personality, acquaintance with literature contributes subtly but inevitably.

4. Literature is a corrective of the doctrine of progress, which is the fundamental idea of modern civilization. Now the idea of progress, unchecked, makes men provincial, because they live only in the present and future, omitting the past. Radio is a wonderful invention, but many radio fans are more intent on getting WEAF than in getting anything worth while from WEAF when they have tuned in.

Through literature we who live in a shifting, fluttering world come into contact with that which is changeless. For "progress" is not a word to conjure with in literature, as it is in science. The scientific knowledge of a century ago is valueless except for antiquarian interest. It is not so with Shakespeare or Dante or Homer. A book written ten centuries ago, or twenty, may have a more direct message to the human soul today than a book by a famous author published last week.

Literature is the expression of the human spirit, an interpretation of the meaning of life. The dramas, stories, songs that we read, no matter when they were written, provided only that they have truth, beauty, and vision, are chapters or paragraphs in the great Book or Bible of the Human Spirit.

The department of English seeks to lead you to a realization of these facts.

It is apparent from what has been said that by far the largest contribution of the study of English is indirect rather than direct in its application to the business of getting a living. It is thus unlike Electrical Engineering, or Architecture, or Commerce. In these departments you expect to get a training which you may immediately apply, as in the case of law or medicine. Nevertheless, a specific career is possible for those who are thoroughly trained in English. This career may take one of three forms, or may combine two of them. The three forms are school and college teaching, the career of scholarship, and creative work.

Since some training in English is required of every school and college student, it follows that there are many opportunities for teachers. In the old days it was held that any one could teach English. That idea is pretty thoroughly exploded now. Teaching English requires high native gifts, power of personality, and thought training. The training required is a distinguished record in English and allied subjects in the undergraduate course, and one to three years of graduate study.

Some or all of the following qualities should be possessed by the prospective teacher of English:

1. Interest in books. This does not mean merely desire to be always reading novels, plays, and magazines. It involves something of the spirit of Chaucer's scholar with his love for his twenty books clad in black and red, or of Erasmus who said that first he bought books and then clothes. The books that we have to deal with include, of course, the major-works of the great English authors; they also include the masterpieces of world-literature: Homer, Virgil, Plato, Dante, Montaigne, Cervantes, Goethe, and the like. They include books as the instrument of thought and learning, such as the works of Bacon, Descartes, Gibbon, John Stuart Mill, and others. The requirements are not met through completing with distinction a sophomore survey course.

2. Interest in history. Literature is a form of history. Its greatest products cannot be understood save in connection with the times in which they were produced. In turn, they illuminate their times. The necessary historical knowledge may be gained through the use of handbooks, but the study should be accompanied by the reading of classic histories that are also literature. The gift of the historical imagination is as needful for the teacher of literature as a knowledge of the structure of the sonnet.

3. Interest in the fine arts. Literature is one of the fine arts, with intimate relation to the others. Therefore a knowledge of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music should be a part of the personal equipment of the teacher.

4. Interest in the modes of literary expression. This includes study of literary technique; a knowledge of the history of the various *genres* or forms; acquaintance with style and sensitiveness to it. It also includes a sense of form. The quality of unity, for example, is not merely formal or rhetorical, but organic. Finally, it includes what is called literary criticism, which is both historical and interpretative. For criticism sound knowledge is the first requirement; sound judgment is the second; and taste or aesthetic sensitiveness is the third.

5. The ability to express one's judgment, set forth one's learning, and to explain difficult and complex subjects with skill, clarity, and charm. This quality is the result of personality. Slovenly, muddy, blundering comment on a masterpiece is as absurd as the presentation of the play of Pyramus and Thisbe by Bottom the weaver and his fellows. It is also an intelleetual quality. Merely rolling the eyes and a gift for dithyrambics do not qualify one to teach poetry.

6. Interest, intelligent and broad, in the life of today. The teacher of literature is the means of communication between the mind of the past and the mind of today. Without knowledge of present day thought and expression, his knowledge of the past is dead and inert. Rightly apprehended, the masterpieces of literature possess quickening power. The teacher is the agent, the interpreter, the one who helps to make it possible for the souls of the mighty dead to communicate with the living.

What has been said implies spiritual and intellectual responsibility and the joy of working in a subject filled with potentialities of incalculable value to our generation. The requirements are high, because the opportunity is immense. Teaching literature is not an occupation but a divine calling.

In past times scholars contended against poverty, indifference, the difficulty of securing proper training, and the inability to secure posts that would supply a living. It is not so today. The training given by the modern department of English, and allied departments, is far superior to any that the world has previously known. Books are abundant and cheap. Great libraries are scattered through the country. Fellowships are available for those who wish to continue their studies to the point of mastery. An honorable career is open to all who are qualified.

English is the most widely taught of subjects. The demand for qualified teachers was never greater and is far in excess of the supply. Salaries are good, and are getting better.

One may become a teacher of English in school or college without that mastery that is implied in scholarship. Teacher and scholar are not synonymous terms.

For scholarship more-intensive study is required, in this as in other fields of learning. Originality, initiative, the passion for discovery are necessary qualities.

The student who desires to become a scholar should determine just wherein his special genius for investigation and mastery consists. An elementary test is to study carefully the qualities of the English teacher as set forth above. Test yourself, as in a personality test, in accordance with these suggestions. Then add the special qualities just named, qualities which are not peculiar to the English scholar but are shared with the scientist, the historian, and the investigator in other fields.

Scholarship as a career, in this country, is usually possible only to men who are connected with universities in which research is being carried on, as distinct from colleges, which are primarily teaching institutions. Teaching has to do with the tradition of knowledge; scholarship is interested in the advancement of knowledge.

Special attractions in English scholarship are the sense of dealing with living matter, possessing high spiritual and intellectual values, and the opportunity to become intimately acquainted with great personalities and the masterpieces of human genius.

Instead of a career as a scholar, English offers attractions to the man or woman possessed of a different order of creative gifts. While there are exceptions, the world's greatest dramatists, poets, and writers of prose have been thoroughly acquainted with literature.

Drama, poetry, fiction are yet to be written. Opportunities for such training as is possible are offered by the modern department of English. The department has, however, discovered no magic formula for the creation of genius. That must be supplied from some other source.

Futility

Great Zeus, whom I had sheltered, unaware,
Departing bade me offer any prayer,
And pledged consent. I could have prayed for truth,
Or heart's content. I begged eternal youth.
Poor blinded fool! I should have known that spring
Without the summer and the harvesting
Is waste of blossoms, born but to expire.
Eternal youth is unfulfilled desire.

—A. F. L.

Finding Out

This Being a Fugitive Piece From Our Leading Institution for the Edification of the Adjoining Sex

By Jo Grimsley

A girl stood upon the curbing of a questionable street corner. She knew that every girl or woman who stood there was questioned and most of them questionable. But she did not care; she would find out as many things for herself as she dared. Already she knew enough from the quiet and respectable streets, and the busy ones; but she would find out more, for men were bolder and less busy here. As she stood there she reflected that all the men who knew her had sought to protect her by warning her against or forbidding her even to walk by this street corner. She threw back her head and laughed mirthlessly. Were they afraid that she would find them there without any obvious reason? Ugh! Why should they seek to protect her more than any other woman? Because she was "respectable," a college girl, a quiet teacher-to-be, perhaps? She smiled a little bitterly as she remembered the delicate shivering of a youth who had taken her to dinner—shuddering at her indecency, she supposed. They had been driving by this corner when she had carelessly remarked something about the Red Light district through which they were passing. Why had he shuddered? She was puzzled at the delicacy of men concerning this topic. She would find out—a little.

She had been oblivious to the people who were passing. Now a man drove slowly by in his automobile, almost stopping, with a smiling invitation to her to ride. She looked squarely in his eyes and wore no other expression than a puzzled look. His expression changed rapidly and he made the car bound off swiftly with an angry whirr of the motor.

A tall, bony man in a soldier's uniform came by leading a bull dog. He must have been forty-five; his skin was shrivelled and he smirked with his thin lips and faded blue eyes. The girl was so overcome with laughter that she could not look at him. O vanity of men! She shook with laughter, almost choking. And it was broad daylight; oh, ridiculous!

She noticed that women hurried by this corner, faces averted or bent upon the side walk. They walked swiftly. She supposed that it was because they had just run the gauntlet of loafing men on the corner opposite. They looked at her curiously, angrily, pityingly, scornfully. Oh, ludicrous fat, respectable women with husbands!

Two negro women passed by with a little girl who was proudly carrying a bunch of chrysanthemums. The women looked at her suspiciously! but the negro child smiled in response to the girl's smile.

"They're beautiful flowers you have," said the girl. still smiling.

"Yes, dey is," answered the colored mother, grinning broadly. "Tell her thanky, Car'line." They hurried on. On any other curb stone of the town, the negro woman would have said "yes'm" to her.

The girl's next open admirer was a country youth in high cowhide boots and a sweater. He did not take his eyes from her and the girl looked at him, too. After he passed, he kept looking over his shoulder so that he stumbled precariously at the next curb. She tried heroically to keep from laughing. He went on, angry and abashed.

Her laughing eyes, following him, fell upon a creature debauched, sensual, ugly—a frequenter of low hotels. His face was hideously weak and his eyes sickened the girl, but she looked at him; with all the strength of her soul she looked at him, through him, and beyond him. Her expression was one of wide-eyed wonder, a great blankness. He had made some sort of sign to her as he passed, slowly leering. She did not know the signs. Then the creature rattled his pocket and she heard the sound of money. She was like a stone figure, frozen. She had imagined hideousness, but not this. Ugh!

She began to think that perhaps there was something wrong about her position. Perhaps none except the cheapest, most-tired women stood upon the curbing, the three-dollar ones—and not even they in the daylight. She knew too little. It was evident that the men who questioned her with their eyes were puzzled, though she could not tell to what degree or why.

Three negro girls passed by her. They looked at her half-enviously and yet a little scornfully. Two of them were very light and these half tossed their heads as if to say: "We know how you get the clothes you are wearing. We could get them, too, if we would." The girl knew that they were right. She thought of their light colouring, their buxom figures, their twisting walk. Yes, they could get them easily; but they could not stand here on this curb safely as she was doing. White men would not be as secretive

in their propositions to colored girls as they were to her; nor would they be awed or frozen by any look that a colored girl could give them. The girl sighed wearily. She was very tired. She noted gratefully that two or three men passed without seeing her. They were either too decent or too wise to believe that she was what she was trying to represent. Her heart warmed toward the men who looked at her once and passed on without seeing her: a dear, respectable old gentleman: an ordinary and dutiful husband with drooping mustache; and an eager-eyed, hurrying college youth who wore a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Two travelling men, walking fast to the station, looked at her searchingly. One took out his watch; the other continued to look at her and between them they made some evidently funny joke at which they laughed loudly.

Numbers of negro men had passed her. Many of them had not appeared to see her, and not one of them had looked at her with an expression which was lacking in respect. They all turned away their eyes from her quickly as if in fear that she would think they were looking at her. One of them was a finely built man, athletic of figure and handsome of face. He was a light tan, the typical foot-ball type, and might have been the brother of a white college foot-ball hero. Puzzled, she frowned. Where had she seen him befor? No, it was some one like him, on the street with a great grey overcoat on; one of a gay group of college youths. The light colouring and clothes of the negro were the only apparent difference. He even had the scowl of a foot-ball man, although his was more sullen than pampered. The girl's thoughts followed him—a resentful, hopeless, tragic figure.

She was too tired to stay any longer now. Her eyes were bitter. She barely noticed the well-dressed college man, carrying a travelling bag, who looked at her quizzically, hesitantly, as if trying to decide something. She looked with scorn into the calculating eyes of a prosperous, middle-aged business man. He smiled at her questioningly and stopped as if to speak. Her eyes answered him with all the stored up hatred and contempt of that hour passed, a look so searing that he half-started, shifted his eyes, and uncomfortably resumed his dignified way. The girl turned and walked, sickened and unseeing, back to the busy street.

Oh, what was life to her, to anyone? Was it a thing to fool with, to deceive with; one-half being hid from the other? What was the blank wall, the vast speechless space, that rose up between the minds of different people? A thousand, thousand times she had felt it; laughing with people or talking, suddenly she had felt her mind recoil. All interest and savour were gone; the rest was just a dull dryness because they were talking at each other and her brain's thoughts had gone racing down an endless tenpin alley She could not see the end, where the ball stopped rolling, but she knew it, for she shrugged then. She was fortunate if she did not say "Awk!" Such falseness. It was better not to talk at all; so she would remain silent and indifferent. One never knew what to believe or how much and so it was better to be dumb. A thousand times she had felt the impulse to break forth into speech, to talk amazingly, but she restrained herself; she knew the wall, the vast impenetrable space between brains, and that took all her energy, just thinking about that. It was hopeless, hopeless ever to explain one's self even a little. Better not to try. It was almost as difficult being one's self because other people were so determined that one should not; they tried to interpret what you were and make you be that whether you would or not. Her wise grandfather had warned her not to stand alone; one was always hurt by it. It took even Sarah Bernhardt a long time to do that. No, she would not do that. She might be an ugly bird, but she would not change her feathers. She could not; nor would she run away from this. It was one of the silences between people.

Here was another blank wall, a silent, ugly one. All red light district walls were like that; one almost felt it necessary to speak in a whisper there. She felt the same, sick hopelessness; she could do no good by standing there. It was like reading a Russian novel in which the hero was a hypochondriac and the other people were dirty and always shouting. But you could not put the book down. It was too vivid, the life was so real and the happenings so poignant that your heart beat faster as you read and the hero's moods were your own. It was ugly and dirty; but it was alive, and true, no matter how hidden.

Idle Speculation

A little bug,
a speck of life,
alights on my arm.

A casual glance,
a finger placed upon the bug—
intolerant, as a god is intolerant—
and the little bug
becomes a smudge of dirt.

A little idea,
a fleck of thought,
flits through my mind.
Am I, a man,
a speck of life,
only awaiting the finger of the one god, Death,
to end in a little smudge of dirt?

His Jacet: A Smile and a Tear

Editor, Carolina Magazine,

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find a little poem that I wrote last night after having a girl friend tell me that she loved some one else. Thinking that there might be some other fellow on the campus in the same fix, I am sending it to you. Not that I think you are in the same fix, but thinking it might help you out in next month's poetry section of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE. If you can use it you are welcome to it. If you can't then lay it in the waste basket very gently as you discard it.

Sincerely yours,

We've met, we've loved, and now we've parted,
We've had our romance and our fun.
We've talked of life, of love, and happiness,
But now—it all is done.

'Tis hard to part from such a friend
As you, who once loved me.
Now you love some one else
And our love cannot be.

At first my heart was almost broken
When I found that I was not the one;
But now my heart shouts gladly,
For in defeat I've won.

I have no doubt that you will marry
And be his pretty bride;
Then throughout life he'll turn and look
And find you at his side.

His land of dreams is now fulfilled
And you are all his own.
You should live happy ever after,
But you know, it can't be done.

'Tis he who has to provide for you,
To give you the necessities of life.
There will be quarrels, as every one knows,
Between the man and his wife.

There will be children, two or three—
God's gift to every wife—,
But they must be fed and clothed and taught
On the practical side of life.

'Tis this he's won in winning you
And I stand aside in defeat,
But still I love you in my dreams
And to me it is he that was beat.

In my dreams of you we live and love
And continue as our love started.
I love you still and always will—
As though we met, and loved, and never parted.

Conte Triste

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more."

"THAT is the *Chanson Triste*," he whispered, "a beautiful thing isn't it? It was written. . . ."

I could have cursed him; my evening was ruined. Perhaps it was the *Chanson Triste*, perhaps it was not. I did not care. For thirty seconds I had been out among wind-swept pines. I had hurled a futile challenge to the pitiless stars. I had boasted my heritage of hate to the sneering moon. I had been Zarathrustra defying God, despising man and myself of men.

A Russian mother had lain half naked on the dirt floor of a hovel, her bare and shrunken breasts crushed against the ground. Between her outstretched arms was the skin covered skeleton of a child. I heard a weeping croon that was all the hopelessness since time began.

I heard a feeble echo, "Ca ira." Even more gently I heard human heads fall on human heads. I saw a great woven basket dripping blood beneath the steady swish-swish of a guillotine.

The shadow of a cross was rising on a lonely hill when: "That is the *Chanson Triste,* a beautiful thing isn't it? It was written . . ."

Down at the office the great safe guarded its valuable ledgers. The long green rack of file cases awaited the next morning's activity. There had been a flurry in cotton. It would be a busy day.

Enigma: Or Is It

Blue sunk in red—
Thereby the purple of my soul.
Depths are but more deep
Neath high towers—
Not high:
Once dreamed
From little marble feet or
Secret-telling
Ageless—

To one!
To many?

Inward everythings
Outward nothings,
Sleeping or dead?
Dreaming surely—
Else, no infinity.

Viewpoint

"Garrett Gompers is a bloated toad of a man; a travesty on all that is good in human nature. Selfish, ugly, cruel; without honor, without intelleet, he is a menaee to soeiety and an oppressor of those in his power. Power he has in quantity. From a grasping, biggoted middle-western farmer he has beeome through imposition and treaehery a political boss and the millionaire owner of burlesques theatres and tenement houses. I am only one of the many poor devils who exist miserably in one of his hell holes." These things thought Manuel Service as he sat in the eold of a wretched, dark room. The rain beat outside and with every gust of the Deeember wind sprayed in at the broken panes.

"Garrett Gompers is just an old dear. He is so kind and understanding, sometimes I almost believe that I have a conseienee when I feel bad about stringin' him so. Still, I'm lookin' out for number one and I'd be a fool to marry him. He ealls me his mistress. Well, it sounds better than sompthin' else and it's got it over wife from the go. He says he wants me to ornament his home. I'll tell the world it's some home. Just the same I'll tell the world this is some apartment; thirty thousand a year it costs him. He is sueh an old darling; but I ain't going to have no brain storm—that is, unless he begins slippin'." These things thought Claire Durranee as Feliee stood patiently by the bedside waiting to eonduct her to where eould be heard pleasantly the sound of running water—water that was warm and perfumed.

* * *

Swiftly and smoothly the big town car swept down the avenue. Manuel Service made a natty looking ehauffeur. Felice had told him that Madame was going to Reno for a divoree. What a fool Madame must be. Mr. Gompers was too good and fine a man for any woman to leave.

Throned in the back, one who had been Claire Durrance thought scornfully of her big, fat, slob of a husband.

The Seasons

Spring is flashes of many colors, bright colors, scarlet, blue and gold. Spring is like the clear, eool rush of a silver brook over elean brown earth.

Summer is green and gold, patches of sunshine and shadow. It is full of harmonious monotony, like the droning of bees lazily extracting the honey from elover, like the smooth flow of a great river between green banks.

Autumn is brown and russet, varied by an oecasional toueh of scarlet, gold or green. Autumn is the swirling of brown leaves, eddying down, the crispness of a world touehed with frost, the odor of burning leaves, the elear coldness of starlit night.

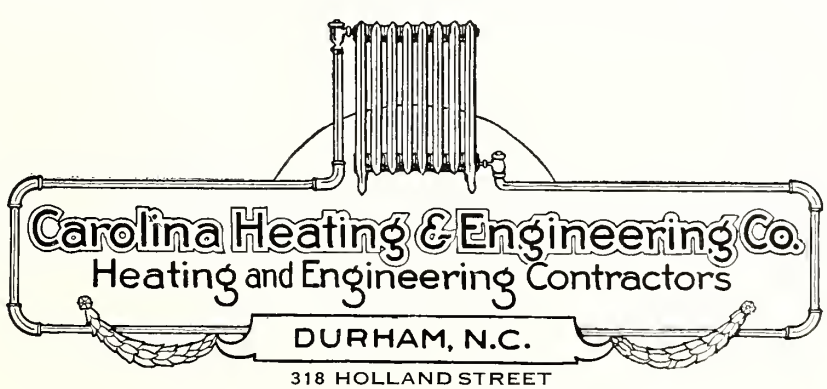
Winter is gray, or icy white, or cold, glittering blue. It is like the whistling wind, like the dull gray of thick iee, like the steady ice tinkle of sleet falling on frozen ground.

—Betty Winston.

Metaphysics

To me you are a prism
Crystalline,
From polished surfaces
Reflecting light,
In many colored rays,
Releasing beauty.

Everything on the Campus for the Last Six Years



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Baudelaire

Let who will sing the wonders of spring. Twelve months of the year I live for the time of autumn. It is then that a mellow sun shining on the highways gives more emphasis to the woodlands than to the signboards; it is then that my blood courses through its channels and still is cool when a maiden's lips quickens its flow.

It is in the spring that I am happy and sad; when the harvest moon hints at things unknown. I am sad and happy. It is a sorrowful thing to be happy; but what wonder of joy I find in the sorrow of a dying season. When the birds are winging northward I would follow them; but there is no urging to weary wandering when they course to the south. There is pain for me in the green needles of the pine; my soul vibrates in tune with the brown of an never had enough money to check out. After teleoak leaf.

A Brief Undulation of the Ego

I am by nature unable to derive a tremendous amount of pleasure from the pseudo dances with which they appease their sex perversions; I am not capable of imbibing the distillations which they guzzle; I cannot attain the lewdness of conversation which is prerequisite for membership in their brotherhood. These things are true; so not for me is the cordial greeting of friendship; no crowd assembles with me as its center; nor are narrations of my doings worthy of conversation.

I am not of them. They know this and it is known to me; why, then, in God's name, do I desire the admiration of beings I despise; why should I despair that I am despised of them?

Which I Maintain, in My Feeble Way, Is Poetry---

My heart is a snug little house.
But it is so warm and nice outside.
Why do you beat at the windows?

Which Means Nothing, Perhaps

I had never imagined that one human mind could could treasure so much venom; so much of hatred, of cynicism.

The bed springs sagged beneath his weight, deeper and less deep as he roeked baekward and forward over the side of the grey iron bed pouring out a relentless, profane diatribe against life, society, conventions, friends, family and God.

I had never thought of him as being an extraordinary boy; a trifle more reserved, perhaps, than the usual college senior, but not noticeably so; a little above the average mentally, but by no means brilliant. I had known him before we entered college together. He was of a good Methodist family, well-to-do and more or less socially prominent. He was only twenty years old. It was rather startling to see him on a sudden turn agnostic, misanthrope and insurgent.

When I had walked into the room he had been sitting there, seemingly lost in thought. I had made some trivial greeting and without making a direct reply he had begun his insane harangue For my own part I was feeling rather top-hole and found nothing attractive in his discourse. I attempted uselessly to stop him. It occurred to me that he was drunk; but there was too much of method in the madness of his condemnations. His bitterness was too genuine to be maudlin.

I left him unceremoniously. I have not seen him since.

Content with pleasant days, I scarcely knew
How much I lacked, how much I wanted you.
Within my heart the loneliness lay deep,
Hushed out of pain, like a hurt child asleep.
But when I saw you, then I felt relief,
And sudden rush of pleasure past belief.

—A. F. L.

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What the Church Means to Me

By John E. Farrior, Jr.

A good deal has been written in this magazine of late about religion and the church. One gentleman in particular has favored us with a large amount of his theories and opinions. And there exudes from his writings the same complacency and self-satisfaction that we might observe in a small boy who has just destroyed a wild bird's nest or captured and killed a brood of young rabbits. With a vast enjoyment of and belief in his ideas this gentleman proceeds to tear in pieces and show the utter foolishness and uselessness of such an institution as the church.

From the earliest history of mankind the religion of a nation has been its greatest social force. The primal instinct of human nature is one of worship, the recognition of a greater and higher power outside itself. The rudest savage bowed down in adoration or in terror to the image of a spirit that all his being told him existed. As men gathered into tribes the fear of their gods formed the laws of their nations. And as their gods became less of terror and more of love, so the state of man became less of misery and approached nearer to that condition which the Creator of all life designed it should be.

In all the world there are no rules of living so beautiful as the teachings of Jesus Christ. All the centuries of man's experience and his strivings for something to regulate and give purpose to his life were but a background for them. To the terrible righteousness of justice was added the tenderness, the beauty of love. From the old Mosaic laws as transformed by the teachings of Christ have come the laws that govern the world. In these teachings are embodied the forces that lift the human being above the life of the beast—justice, mercy, righteousness, truth.

We have not learned all about these teachings. Misunderstanding of them in former times led men to wage wars and to torture and kill each other. Misunderstanding of them today leads to denominational fights and unseemly bickerings between theologians who forget the real issue in their bootless squabbles over superficial dogmas. But the folly of men is no reason to condemn the church, the school that Christ founded. It is not intended to be a cure-all for the ills of humanity nor is the saving of a man's soul a simple external operation like vaccination.

What our present civilization owes to the church cannot be questioned. The preservation of what was best from the civilizations of the past, the encouragement and development of art and literature in the middle ages—these things need not be enumerated. There can be no question that our civilization is built almost entirely of materials furnished by the church.

No thinking man can deny the necessity of the church as a social force in this country today. Suppose it were suddenly eliminated, what would be the result? What has been the result in the cases of France and Russia? An abandoning of all moral standards, a terrible confusion and chaos are the inevitable aftermath of such a step. When the balance wheel is thrown off, the engine will tear itself in pieces of its own mad power. The first step in the return toward normalcy of these two nations has been to return to some form of religious worship. It was the apparent necessity of this that caused the greatest of all atheists, when France was in the throes of madness, to say "If there is no God it behooves man to make Him." No civilization can outgrow the church. When it is thrown aside growth ceases and decay sets in.

Thus far the church has been spoken of only as a social force. Of its spiritual side, I do not purpose to treat. I can only say that I cannot bring myself to believe that this present life is all there is to existence. Just as surely as God is the source of all life, so he had a purpose in the creation of man and a work for him to do after he passes from this world. I cannot visualize heaven as a place where one will idle up and down golden streets for endless ages. Life is action; and I believe that a life more glorious, more wonderful than the imagination of man can conceive awaits, in the next stage of existence, those who have proved themselves worthy here. The church on earth is the association of those who are trying to fit themselves for this greater life. Its primary purpose is the worship of God and an attempt toward a fuller understanding of His will. The saving of a man's soul is largely a matter of his own volition. I do not think that a man need necessarily be damned because he will not unite with the church and receive baptism. But I do think that if he believes in what the church stands for, he is a contemptible slacker if he will not join with and support it.

And after all, my religion does not ask so much of me. It only asks that I live decently, honorably and with love toward my fellow man; that I worship a God that my whole being, that life itself, tells me exists; that I accept and obey certain laws which common sense alone would tell me are the highest and best to govern my life by; that I live my life with a purpose and move toward a definite goal. And if there is any greater thing in life I have never heard of it.